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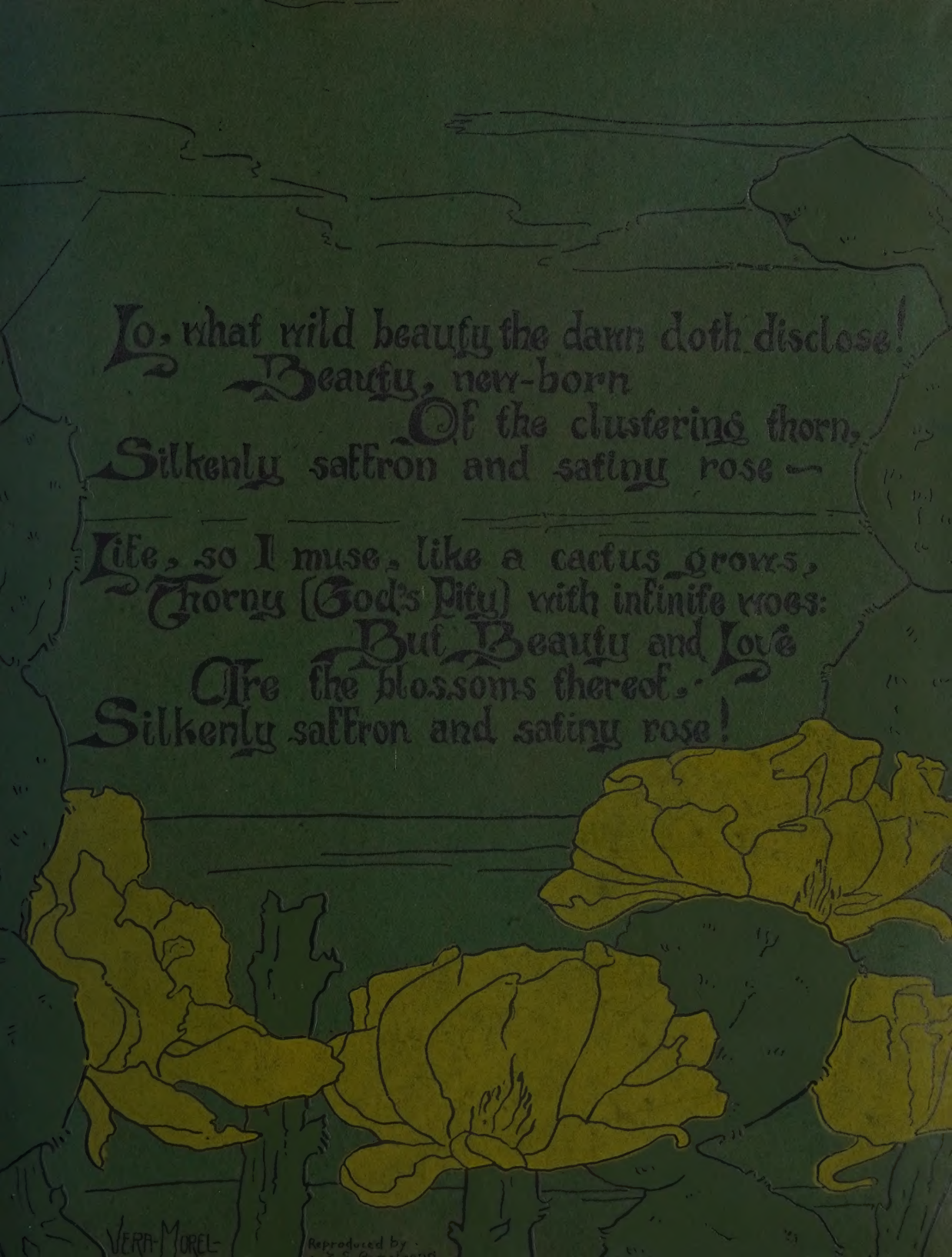
Lo, what wild beauty the dawn doth disclose!
Beauty, new-born
Of the clustering thorn,
Silkenly saffron and satiny rose —
Life, so I muse, like a cactus grows,
Thorny (God's Pity) with infinite woes:
But Beauty and Love
Are the blossoms thereof,
Silkenly saffron and satiny rose!
VERA-MOREL-
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Lucille Bell.

The Ideal Varsity Girl

# The Cactus

# 1910

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**PUBLISHED ANNUALLY BY AND FOR THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS**

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# Greeting

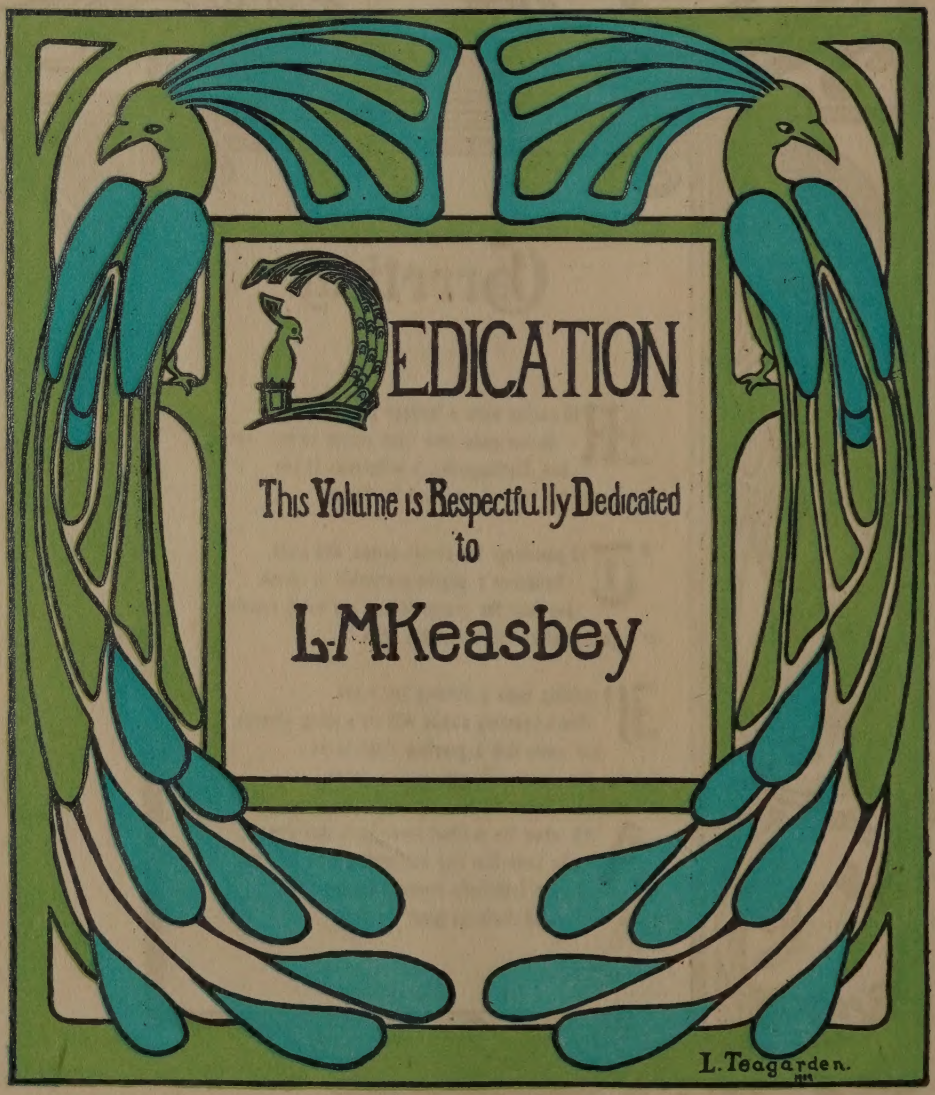
MID cactus wilds a fortress grim I saw—
By war-gods' time 'twas scarce an hour ago—
And, Carthage-like, a wilderness of awe
O'erbroods the land where stood the Alamo.

'TIS perishing: the sinner comes, and saint,
Reflection's pilgrim-sacrament to drink,
And hear the martyr-stones low weird complain
At lingering yet on Life's unstable brink.

IN smiling vales a building fair I see,
Where Learning climbs with ivy's young advance,
And merry lark a greeting sings to me
Out o'er the slopes with poppies all a-dance;

AND when the sentinel tower-lights look down
On Lone Star flag outstanding from its mast,
I hear Tradition's sweep of trailing gown,
I see the Present challenge-greet the Past.

Brunet


DEDICATION
This Volume is Respectfully Dedicated
to
L.M.Keasbey
L. Teagarden.

L. Teagarden.

# The Prince of Truth

MARKED with Allah's mystic symbols,
Ranged in quaintly queer designs,
Time-encrusted, tarnished, serried
Here and there in rugged lines
Playthings by each Age discarded,
Soiled as if by vandal hands—
Somber in Earth's massive Temple,
Life's most precious Pottery stands.
Richly wrought, yet always empty,

Allah's own, ye say, they are:
Canst not read them? then why hoard them
From Earth's treasure-mines afar?
Ah! those symbols bear some meaning—
Fain would they themselves translate!
Deep beneath those mouths majestic,
Life's sweet songs reverberate;
Deep within the bowls titanic,
Whisper-soft, in cadence grand,
Swell the notes for him who hearkens
Allah's voice to understand.
Boldly stand the mystic symbols,
Stand the Ages rapture-still,
Superstitious, awed to silence,
Reading not great Allah's will.

CAME the Centuries, viewed the Vessels,
Worshipped at the golden shrines,
Saw the symbols carven on them—
Trinkets from Earth's treasure-mines!
Came savants in ermined garments,
Schooled in all of Learning's lore,
Wisely silent, always eager,
Adding to their wisdom's store.

Come the priests of the Temple
Robed in Vestments costliest worn,
Speaking silver-tongued language
Mirrors of Allah's mind!
In the Temple's frescoed hallways
Stalk the Ages to and fro,
Walk the Vessels, marbled, with exotics
Strangely wrought in leather grey.
Golden goblets, ewers, chalices
Whispers words the Vessels bear.
Sadly sweet the sound of music:
Ages neither see nor hear!

LONG the Night's ensweeping Darkness
Lays on all the Temple stairs:
Altar waits and long is past the
Solemn and sure as Arabic hands
Swiftly Heaven's Lent Hand! approaches,
Lights the Rose in trembling sweep,
Glows the windows of the Temple,
Has begun its secret routine,
Forth from Egypt's charmed chasers
Thin conscience of the night
Unperceptions glass mining
Sweeping not a dust nor speck.
Steps a mass of priests bearing
Princes bold in lofty hall
Views the Temple in the Ages past
Temple in the Ages cast
Still in hand of priests to serve not,
Naught about matters amount
Entitled Edge, or scope to wars not
Sceptered he with sacred Truth
Fearless o'er the Temple's tiling,
Forward on his mission bent,
Sees the Prince; and soon he reaches
Arises with reverent salute
Sacred desks, where Kings and Sages,
Rich and poor, have come to God.
Famed friar through the Ages,
Where men would be Worthy and God!
Unabashed with troubles cast it,
Master not of Passion's Fire.
Walks the Prince in simple grandeur;
Reads the golden-glinted name
On each parti-colored pannel,
On each statue's marble base,
On the windows of the Temple,
On each jeweled holy-vase:
Names of kings, the noted rulers,
Each commissioned "Allah's thane"—
Gifts of all the buried Ages,
Beautiful—but all inane!
Past the Altar's burning incense,
Past the Temple's Mercy Seat,

THROUGH the mystic sable Sanctum
(Crime's long secret safe retreat),
Walks the Prince with flaming ardor,
Sword of Truth within his hand.
Templed still in myriad numbers
Allah's mystic Vessels stand.
Gazing at these Pots majestic
(Austere Ages viewed them long),
Sees the Prince the graven symbols,
Hears the inner whispered song.
Look! upon those somber Vessels,
Stately in these ancient halls,
Looms each burnished golden letter—
Hark! what music now enthralls!
Leap the letters into meaning
As the Prince his scepter lifts;
Down the Temple's vessel-vistas,
Murmurous perfumed music drifts.
Adoration of the Ages!
Meaningless these Pots of gold?

Why do not the [illegible]
"Who can [illegible] tell?"
"Look, within!" [illegible]
Of [illegible]
While so kindly [illegible]
How [illegible]
"Look, [illegible]
[illegible]
Looks [illegible]
Gazes [illegible]
"Ho! [illegible]
[illegible]
Just [illegible]
[illegible]
Hoarded [illegible]
Of [illegible]
Creeping hoarfrost [illegible]
Circles [illegible]
[illegible]
Why the Vessels [illegible]

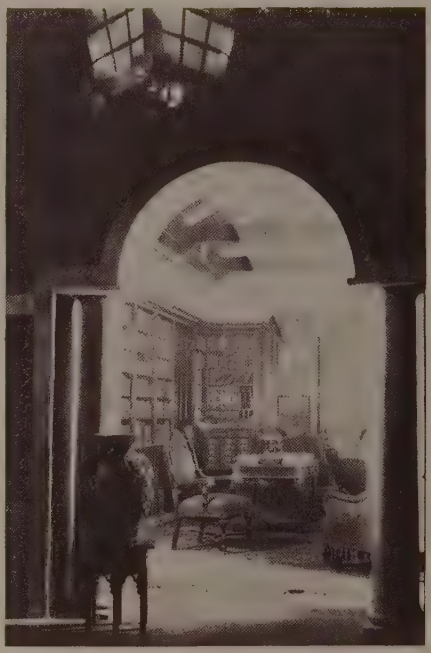
WHEN the Prince his soul enraptured
By the symbols [illegible]
[illegible]
As the gaze of [illegible]
Gorgeous-grand, arrayed in splendor,
[illegible] in misered [illegible]
Hoarded [illegible] Ages'
All [illegible] Temple hold;
From the Temple's vaulty cellars
Brings the Prince the rarest wines,
Fills the empty, thirsting Vessels—
E'en their mouths in carmines,
Till the Vessels, Life-enamored
[illegible]
Ruddy with the joy of living
In Life's swelling carmine flood.
Now the Prince, in watchful silence,
Stands with calm prophetic smile,
Looks about the ancient Temple,
Gazes down each wealthy aisle;
Turns again upon the Vessels:
Look! what doth his eyes behold!
Whence those sweet "cascades of cadence?"
Will a closer view unfold
Mysteries of some strange dreamland
In mirage's subtle lure?
Will the mystic carven symbols
Scepter-touch of Truth endure?
Look again! what spirit-vision
Paints itself upon each Pot,
Growing in senescent beauty,
As from nothingness upshot?
Half inhuman—no! they're human!
Replicas of forms divine:
Lifeless things transformed—they're living!
Miracle it is—'tis Wine!
Ceased the Vessels' sad-voiced sighing,
Joyous-sweet the music rolls,
Human-hearted swell the anthems:
Harmonies from human souls!
And the Prince [illegible]
To his Comrades [illegible]
Modest still in righteous triumph,
Points them to the Cellar Aisle,
Where, as stored, in casks exhaustless,
Wine of Life, and Joy, and Youth,—
Spoils of one, in bloodless conquest,
Sceptered with the sword of Truth.

—EUGENE A. HARRIS.

# Inshallah

LONG and arduously toiled the Arab through the Desert Bourgeoisie. Beneath his feet and away on all sides lay an endless and untilled plain, which blinded his eyes to all save the distant horizon, where he discerned, but dimly, the goal of his labors, the yellow cloud of Fortune. So blinding was the light from the ground that ever and again he strayed from the beaten path of Enterprise and staggered forward toward the other horizon, where he saw only too plainly the black cloud of Despair. Once and again to his thirsty soul the mirage of Greed appeared like a good spirit and drew him on into the meshes of Agony, where he treaded upon soil beneath which lay buried the bones of youths and maidens who had perished in that same Desert Bourgeoisie. Now and then, as he trod gayly, beckoned by the yellow cloud, or groped his way, charmed by the black cloud, as the sun of Discontent beat down upon him with such brazen heat that he must ever quicken his breathless pace and tread upon still more bleached and unrainwashed bones of starving mothers and hungry babes, he encountered ghosts of men,—and better men,—whose souls had died and had left the depraved shadows of their erst-glorious manhood to strive on. Thus pondering and laboring, halting and falling, he chanced upon the oasis Inshallah.

Then for a time was the heart of the Arab glad within him, for here found he food and comfort and good cheer. In place of glaring sand found he fruitful soil and well-tilled, pouring forth its plen-



As he paused in rapt meditation the great Sheik came that way and chanced upon him. At first the lonely Arab was abashed by the countenance and the majesty of the Sheik, although the Sheik dresses ever simply but beautifully. But soon he saw that the Sheik had only kindness in his heart and was fain to smile upon him. Soon he overcame his fainting heart, and engaged in conversation with him. The Sheik, full of a great dream, and wise in worldly lore, told him of a great plan whereby the Desert Bourgeoisie could be made fair even as the oasis Inshallah. He showed how the untilled soil could become fruitful; how the cloud of Despair, by the fair south breeze Service, could be driven from the horizon; how the spirit of Opportunity could be made to strengthen the feet of Youth and hold them ever in the true path that leads toward the Mecca of Achievement; how the mirage could be changed into a flowing rivulet, beside which flocks would graze for the good of man, and beyond which would be harvest of vine yard and field for the weal of the people; how year by year the yield of earth and stream and breeze could be made greater and more pleasing to the taste of the Arabs who should pass that way; how the bleached and unrainwashed skeletons could be replaced by joyous mothers, happy youth, and laughing children; how the souls could be restored to the phantom shadows who dwelt in the Desert; and how the Desert Bourgeoisie could be made to blossom like the primeval paradise.

And the Arab wondered at this, and inquired; and the great Sheik, ever ready to answer honest inquiry, told him how Inshallah was builded upon the only sound principle of progress. He told the listening Arab how, in all ages past, social advancement had ever been dependent upon the wants of mankind; how, in every age and every clime, progress had been achieved alone by the training of the five senses of man; how the realm of the aesthetic was boundless, illimitable, and vast—sufficient for the sons of men forever and a day; how each and every man

had only to cultivate his senses to an appreciation of the peculiar, the new, and the distinct to share in the yield of that fruitful realm; how the children of Allah needed to demand not more things, but better things, not greater quantity, but greater variety; how the eye needed to increase its cunning, the ear its acuteness, and the taste its delicacy; how Inshallah was but an imperfect dream of the great world-wide oasis, where self-realization is man's honest endeavor, where equity and truth and Allah's own will are the laws of man, where peace and good will and honest labor and good cheer are for all, where one shall be rewarded according to his deserts, and where gladsome service reigns in the midst of varied plenty.

The Arab listened intently to the great Sheik's plan, and, ever as he listened, his eyes were filled with the simplicity and the wonder of it; and he was persuaded in his mind. But he had not drunk of the waters of Inshallah, and his heart longed for the sands and the barren wastes, for the skeleton-paved ways and the companionship of soulless ghouls; for the yellow cloud of Fortune loomed large on the horizon. So, silently and deliberately, the Arab arose, walked to the edge of the oasis, and, leaving Inshallah and the great Sheik's plan behind, buried himself once more in the Desert Bourgeoisie.

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# Texas

THIS is no strippling, sirs, no yokel youth,
This bronze-limbed Hercules of giant girth;
This is the stoutest-thewed, the staunchest-souled
In all the brawny brotherhood of States!

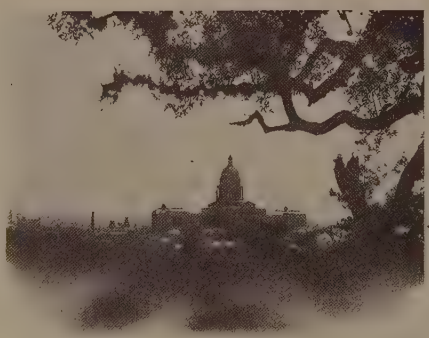
TIME was, perchance, when, indolent, outstretched,
Sprawled like a lazy urchin at his ease,
He dozed and dreamed the drowsy hours away
Beside the shallows of some singing stream,
Or else, upblinking at a Southern sun,
Watched while a snowy squadrony of cloud
Waged mimic Trafalgars on skyey seas.
His was the fragrance of the fallow field,
The burst of bird-song and the ample air,
Purple expanses of primeval pine,
And undulant wide reaches of the plain.
But, with the lapse of adolescent years,
Through his slow pulses swept a sudden thrill,
The quick, keen impulse of an ichor new
That stirred his slumbrous soul to stinging life;
And swift off-flinging from his lithesome limbs
Inaction's shackles and the gyves of ease,
Up to the stalwart stature of a man
Leaped he, erect, and Godlike in his mien,
And looking worldward with a questing eye
Saw where his kindred commonwealths had swept
Far past him on the stretching slopes until
Dim showed their outlines on the upper steeps!

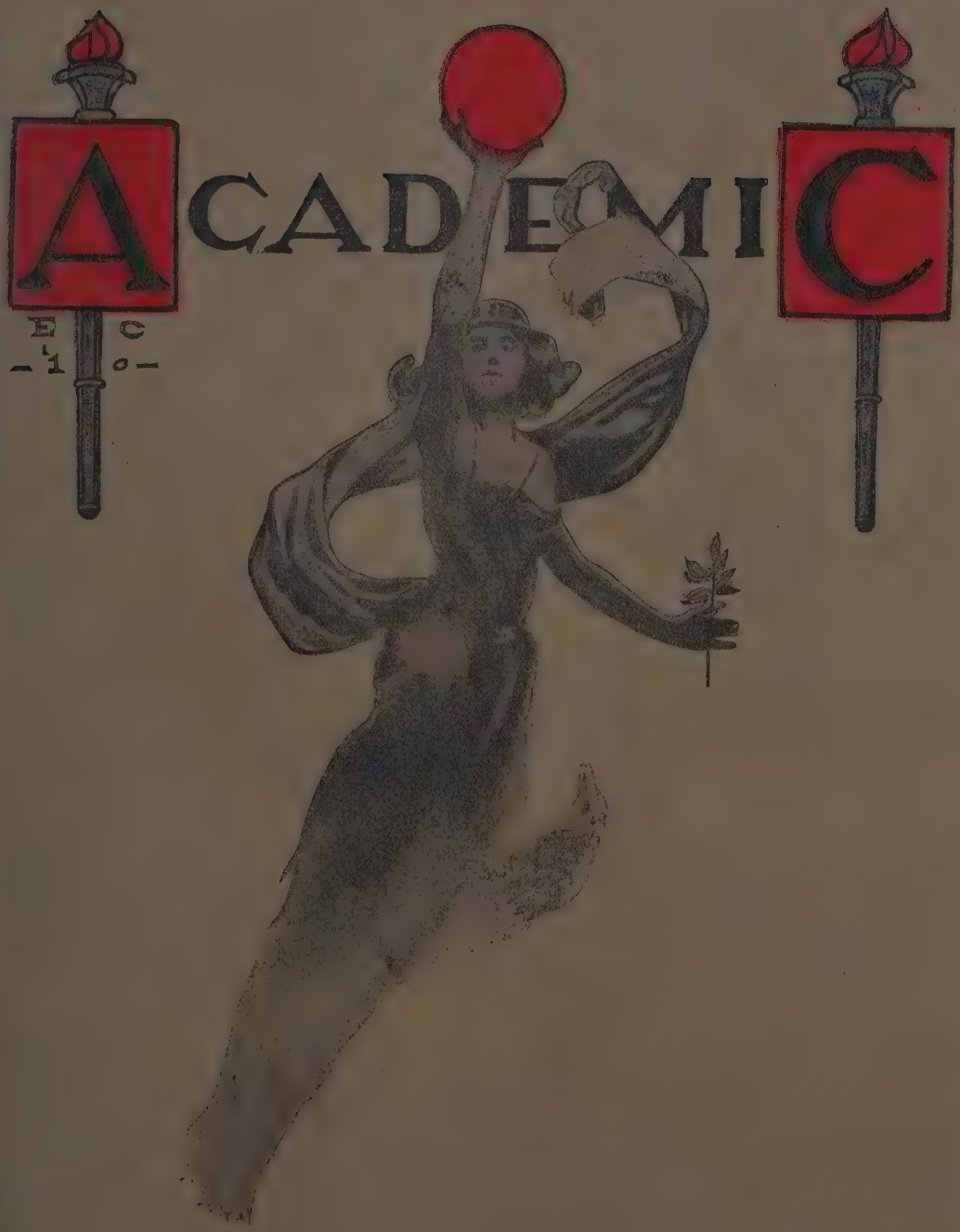
THRILLED by the thunders of their Titan tread,
Stung with a sense of sluggish slothfulness,
Waked to the wanton wastefulness of years,
He turned his back to ease and dull content
And, upward faring, set his steadfast step

Straight toward the peaks of high emprise, nor breathed
A half-regret for deedless days forsworn;
Nor paused he in his pilgrimage until,
High on a proud plateau of aims fulfilled,
For a brief breathing-space he stood and swept
World-ways with gaze far-reaching in its scope;
Saw the dusk pine lands, that were wont to lie
Flecked with the saffron sheen of summer suns
And flinging lures of balsam to the breeze,
Freighting the creaking cars and groaning ships
With the upyielding of an eon's growth;
Looked on the prairies, girt with golden sheaves,
Where full-flanked cattle stalked in sleek content;
Saw the old haunts, which erst were overgrown
With brier and bramble, and where roamed at will
All countless crawling creatures of the wild,
Ribboned with streets of stretching steel that led
To city steeples signalling the skies;
Heard the low croon of commerce and the hum
Of whirring engines and the lisp of looms,
Panting of pistons and the strenuous stir
Of keels, outveering from the harborsides!

THEN with fixed purpose and a large resolve
Upward again and upward turned his tread
Forward and starward to the highmost peaks!

—HILTON R. GREER.

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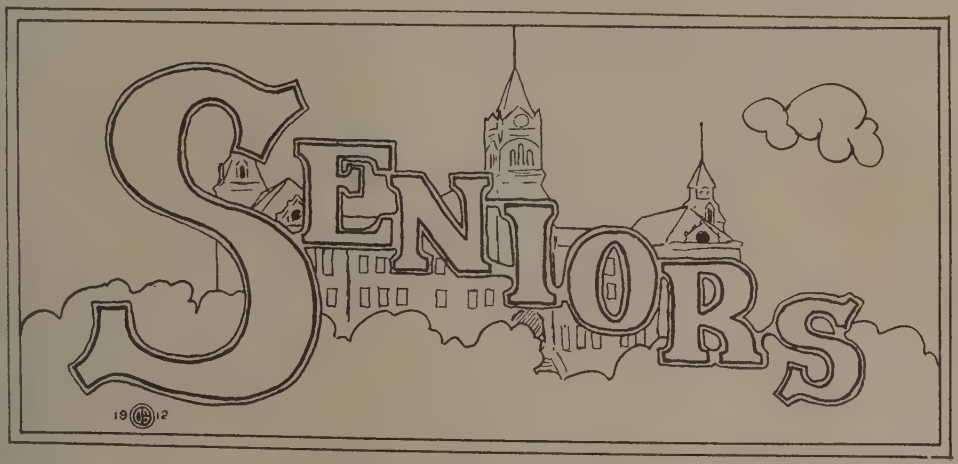


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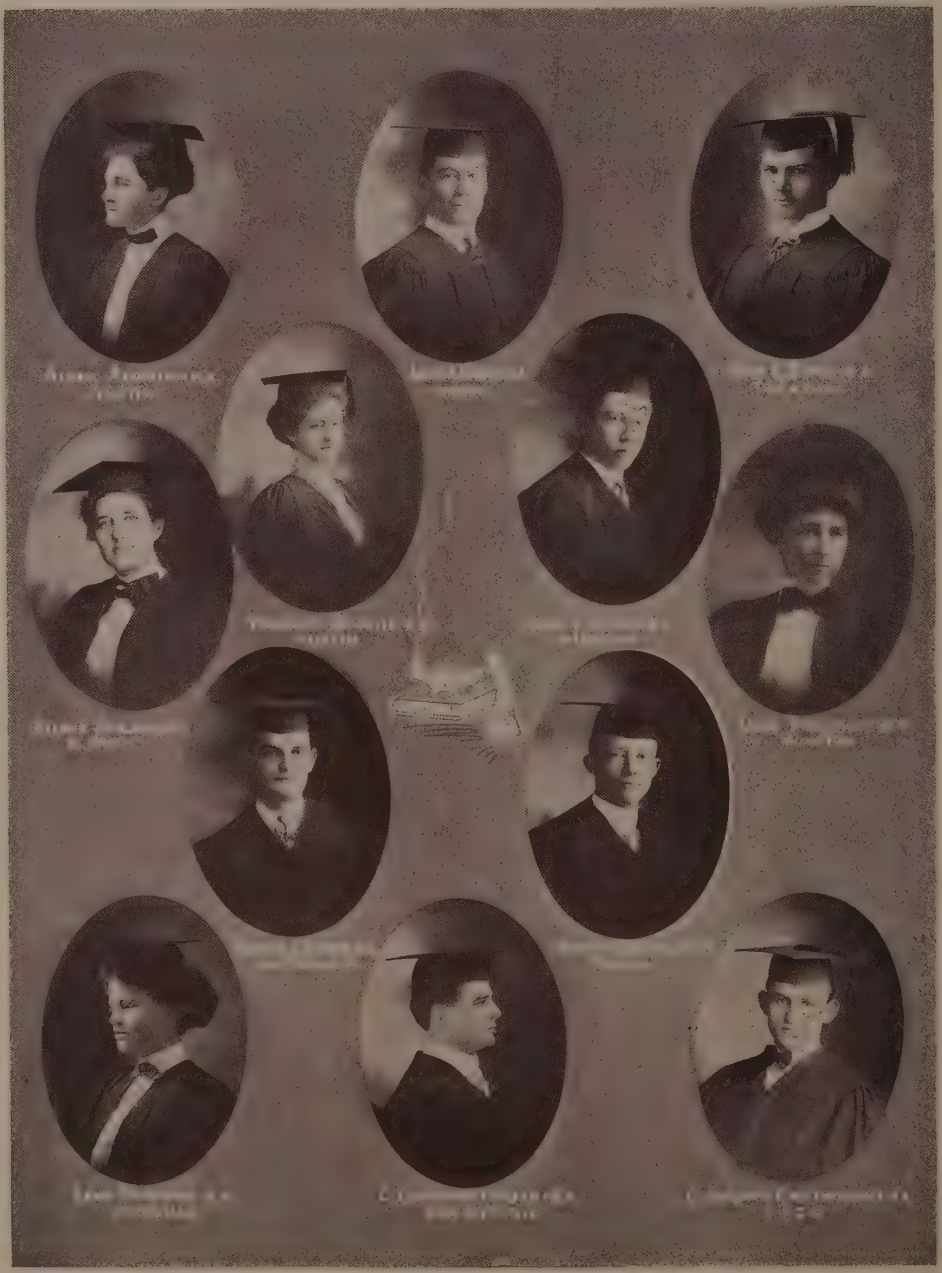

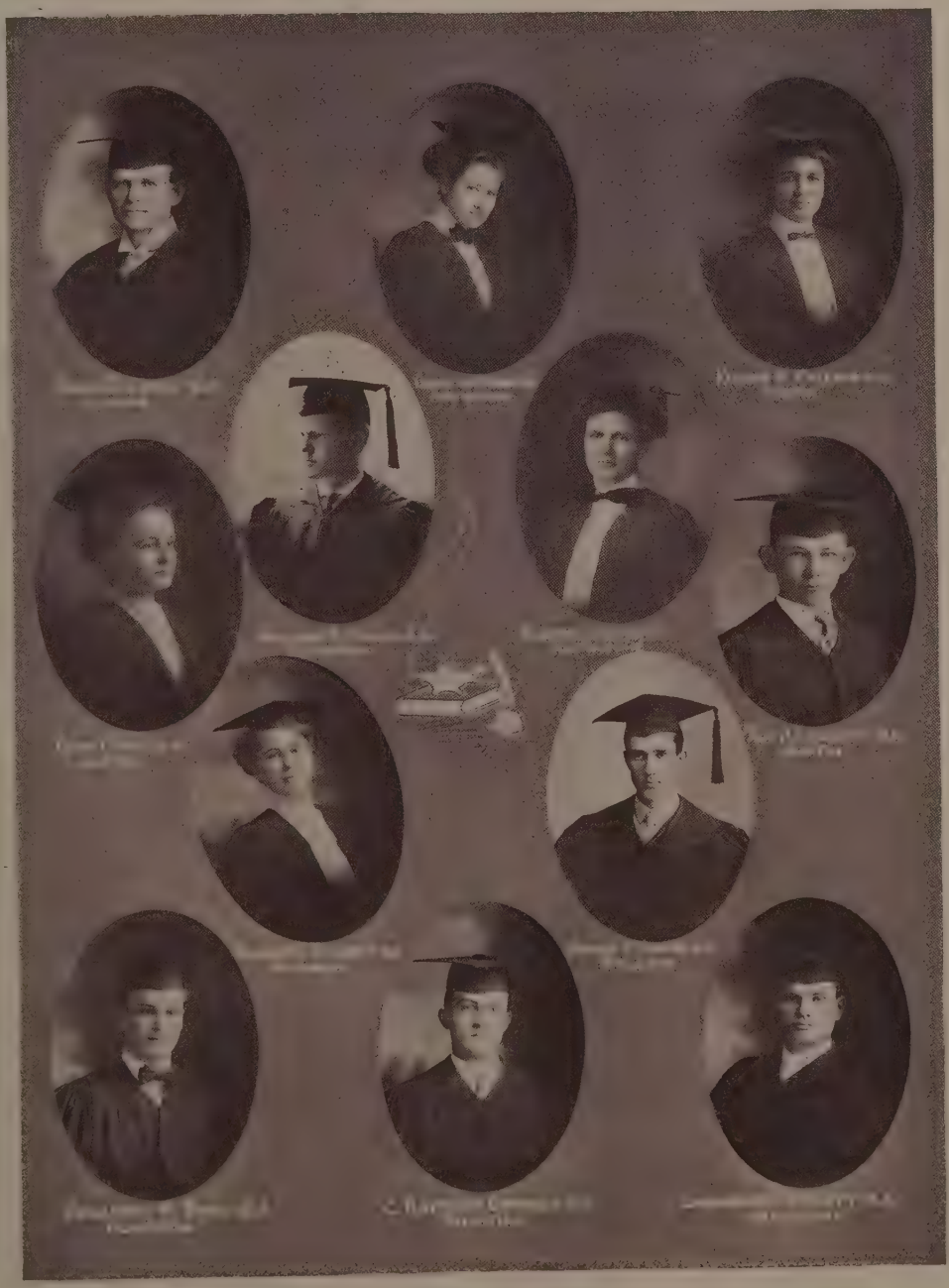

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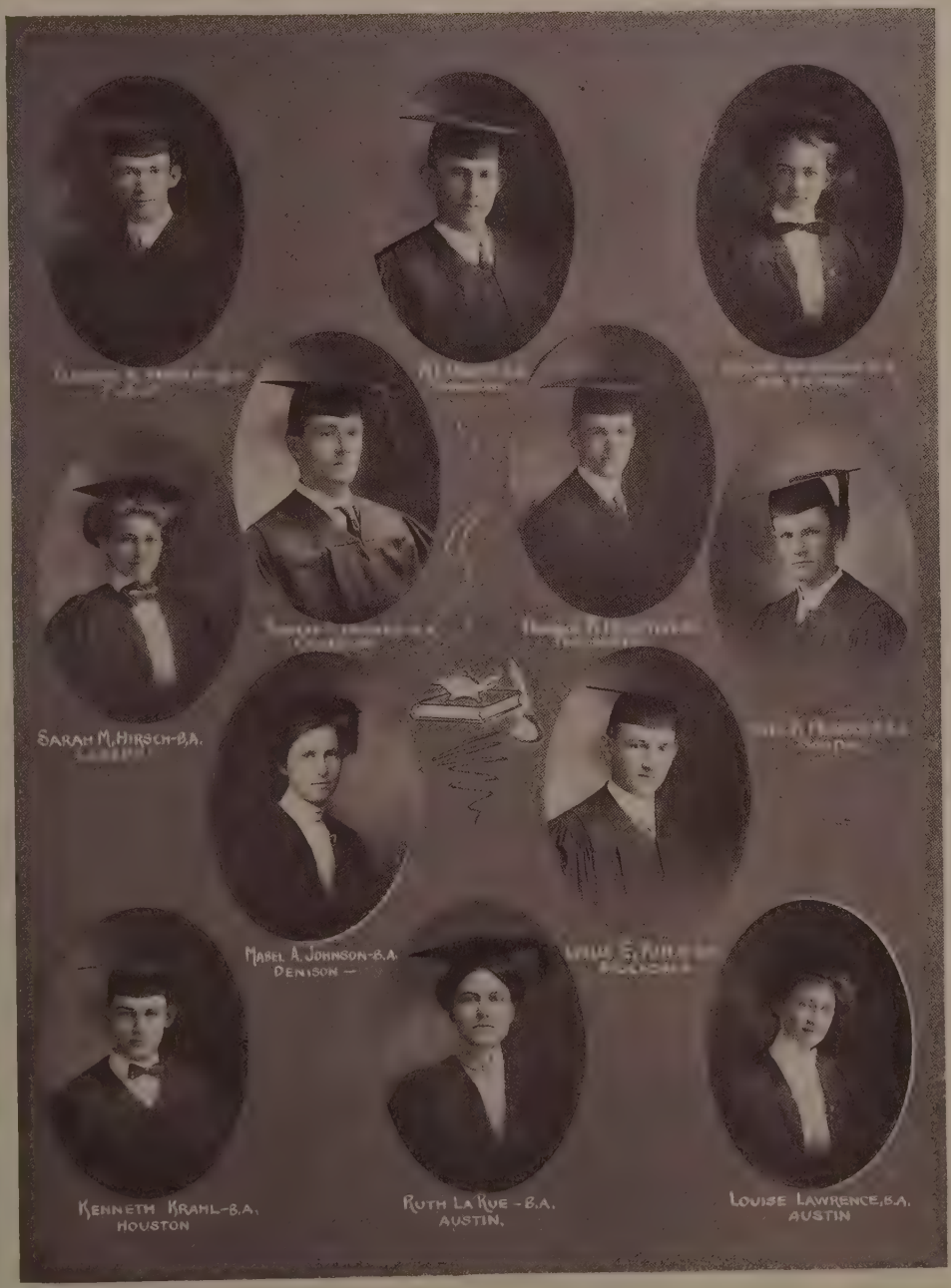
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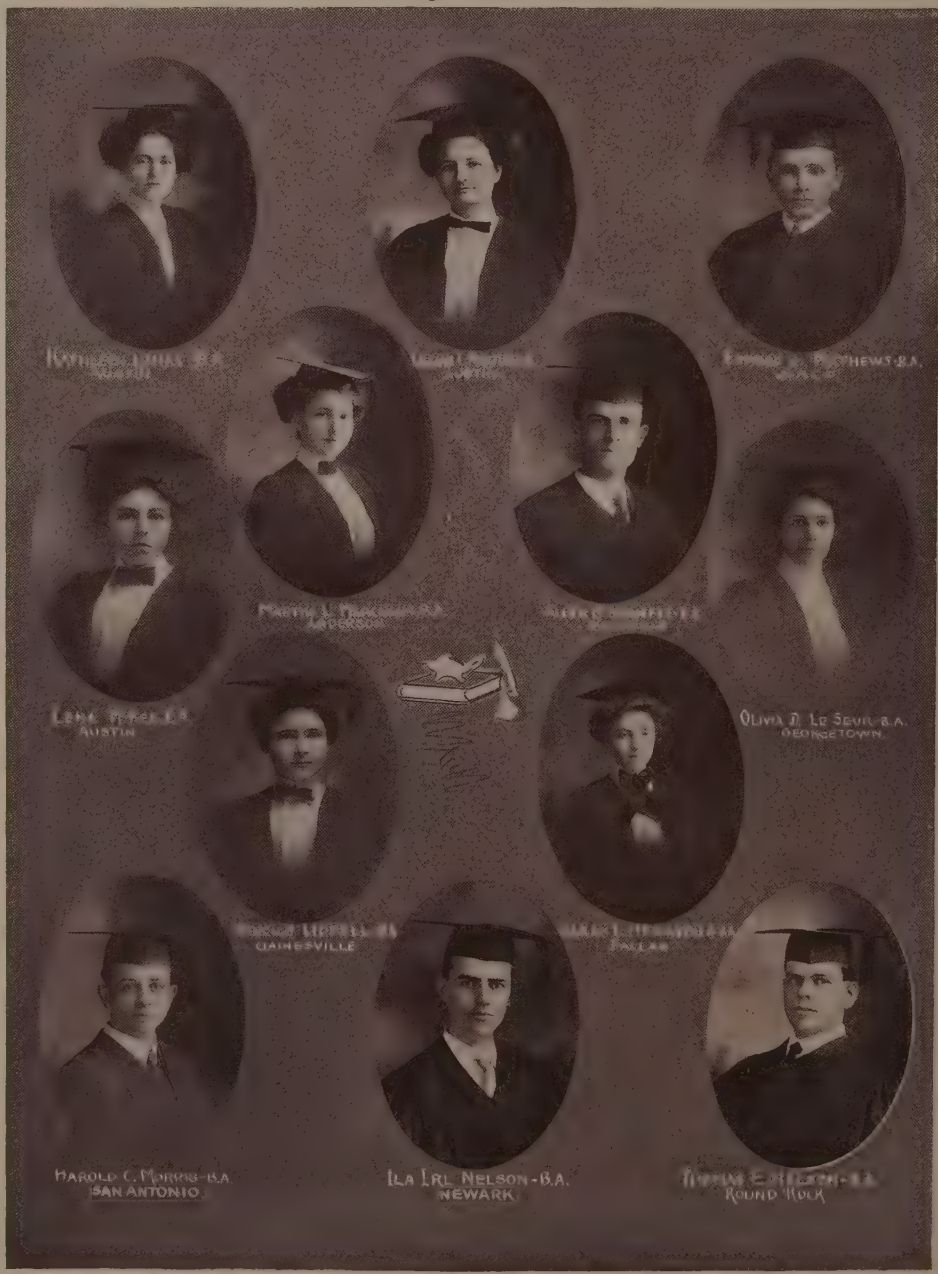
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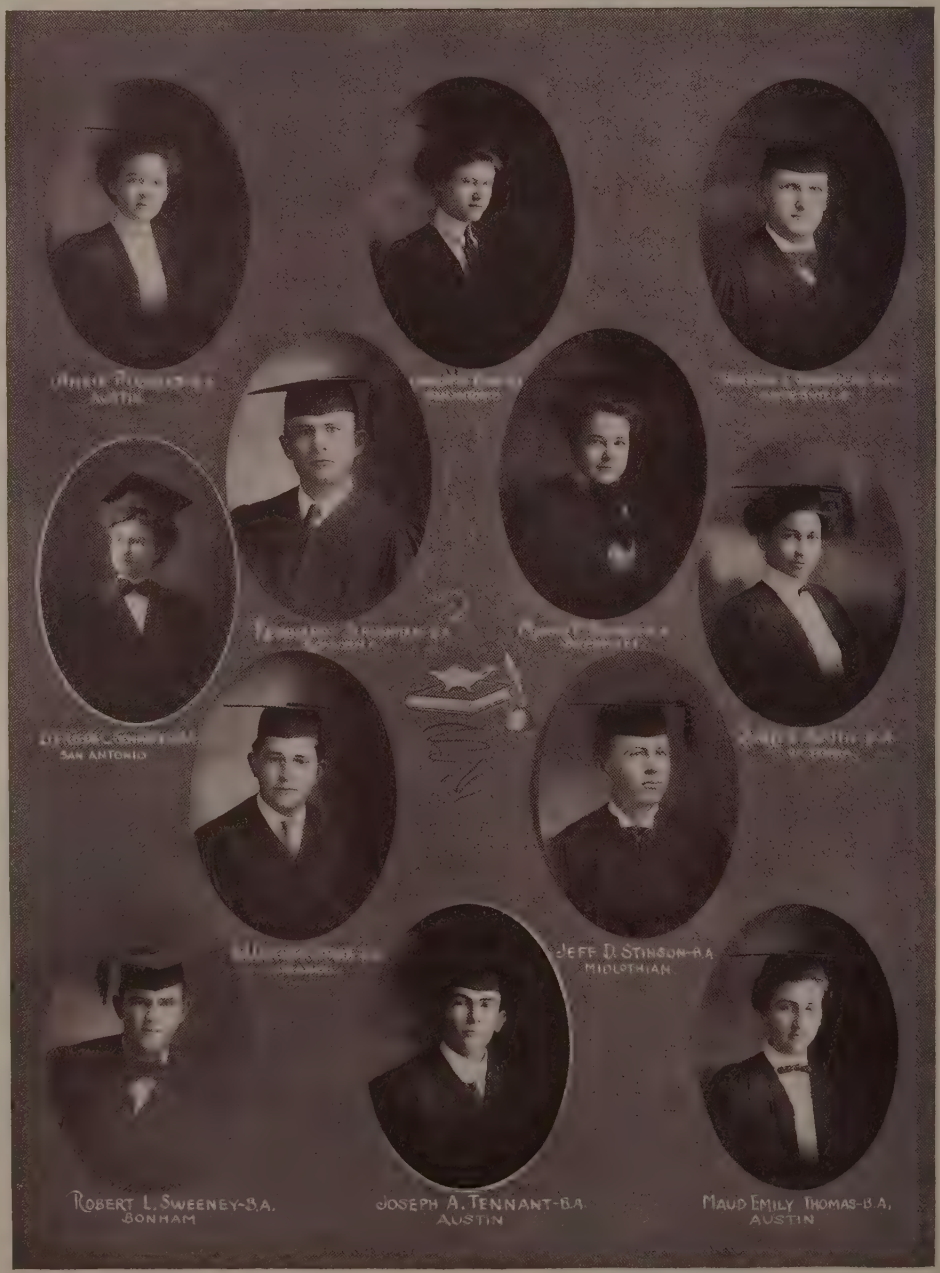
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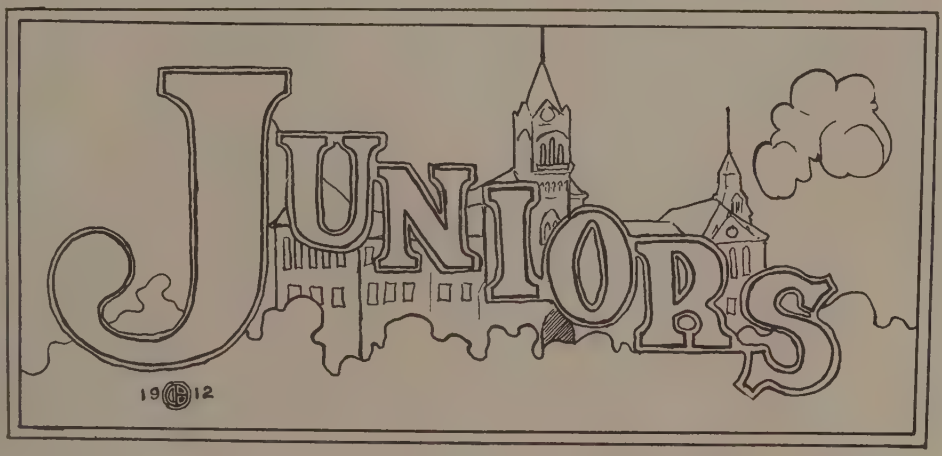




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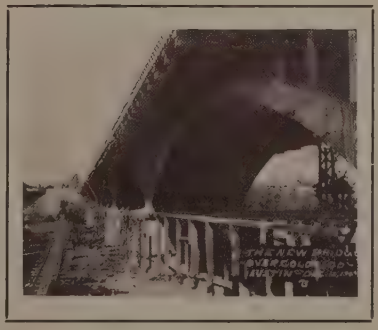


THE CACTUS 1910

W. H. McNEILL-C.E.
EVANT
STACY
WAXAHACHIE
BELTON

# JUNIORS

## Class Officers

### Fall Term

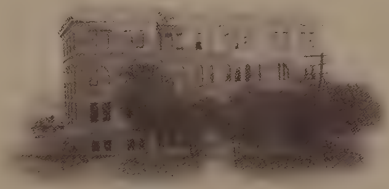
G. H. BRUSH . . . . . *President*
C. G. SMITH . . . . . *Vice-President*
CROW BROTHERS . . . . *Secretary-Treasurers*
W. H. GARY . . . . . *Sergeant-at-Arms*

### Winter Term

TOM HART . . . . . *President*
J. T. PERSONS . . . *Vice-President*
H. LEONARD . . . *Secretary-Treasurer*
N. N. LACY . . . *Sergeant-at-Arms*

### Spring Term

C. G. SMITH . . . . . *President*
W. P. SHAFER . . . *Vice-President*
ERNEST VON ROSENBERG *Sec.-Treasurer*
W. H. GARY . . *Sergeant-at-Arms*



# SOPHOMORE

## Class Officers

### Fall Term

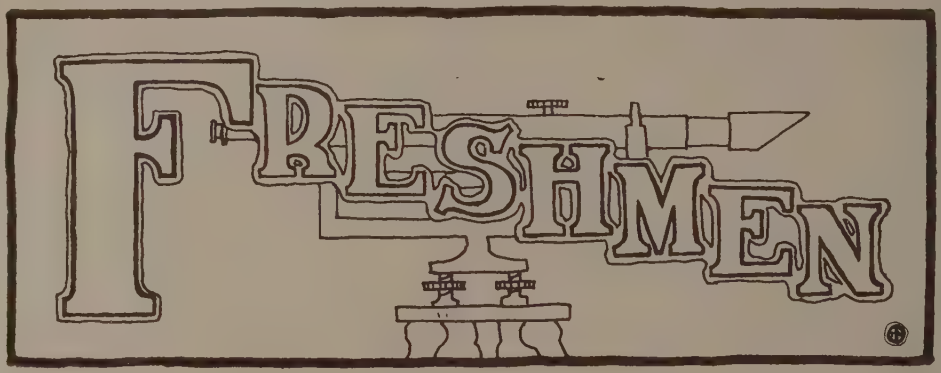
F. W. DENISON . . . . . *President*
E. K. ROWE . . . . . *Vice-President*
K. G. HOWARD . . . . . *Secretary-Treasurer*
L. H. CULLUM . . . . . *Sergeant-at-Arms*

### Winter Term

F. P. HOLT . . . . . *President*
T. JARRELL . . . . . *Vice-President*
W. A. SMITH . . . *Secretary-Treasurer*
F. W. DENISON . . . *Sergeant-at-Arms*

### Spring Term

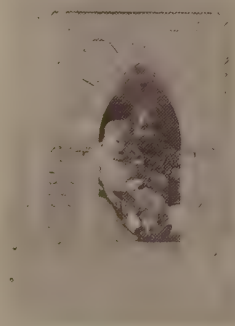
ROSS IRWIN . . . . *President*
CEDRIC BURGHER *Vice-President*
J. V. CLARK *Secretary-Treasurer*
F. P. HOLT . *Sergeant-at-Arms*




## Class Officers

### Fall Term

J. F. GOODHUE . . . . . *President*
L. L. JESTER . . . . . *Vice-President*
CLAY PRESTON . . . . . *Secretary-Treasurer*
L. C. GUTHRIE . . . . . *Sergeant-at-Arms*



### Winter Term

L. C. ALEXANDER . . . . . *President*
J. B. ANDREWS . . . . . *Vice-President*
R. U. ANDREWS . . . . *Sergeant-at-Arms*
J. F. GOODHUE . . . . *Sergeant-at-Arms*

### Spring Term

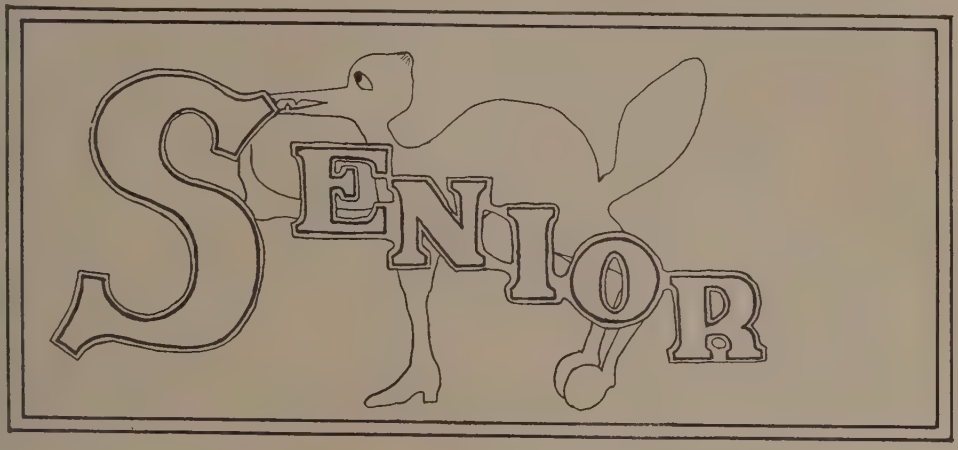
LESLIE SPOONTS . . . . . *President*
D. F. EVANS . . . . . *Vice-President*
P. P. COOK . . . . . *Secretary-Treasurer*
L. C. ALEXANDRER . . . *Sergeant-at-Arms*

A SPANISH MISSION
LANDA'S PARK
SILVERY COLORADO
WESTERN HILLS
COLORADO RIVER
SPANISH MISSION

THE LAW
E.C. Connor.

# Officers of the Law Department

| | |
|---|---|
| F. P. McElwrath | *President* |
| J. Y. Powell | *Vice-President* |
| G. W. Cole | *Secretary-Treasurer* |
| J. M. Ator | *Sergeant-at-Arms* |




# Class Officers

## Fall Term

| | |
|---|---|
| Mills Reeves | *President* |
| Henry Stieler | *Vice-President* |
| W. A. Parish | *Secretary-Treasurer* |

## Winter Term

| | |
|---|---|
| J. M. McMillan | *President* |
| R. L. Eaves | *Vice-President* |
| C. V. Hall | *Secretary-Treasurer* |
| J. D. Willis | *Sergeant-at-Arms* |

## Spring Term

| | |
|---|---|
| John Gracy | *President* |
| J. M. Ator | *Vice-President* |
| E. H. Persons | *Secretary-Treasurer* |
| J. E. Hickman | *Sergeant-at-Arms* |

THE CACTUS 1910

R. L. EAVES – LL. B.
GRAPELAND
H. E. FLOREY-LL.B.
OVERTON
AUSTIN
BACON
VAN ALSTYNE
HENRY S. GROESBECK. – LL.B.
SAN ANTONIO
C. V. HALL-LL.B.
FLOYDADA
R.A HALL – LL. B.
HALLVILLE
JOHN C. HARRIS-LL.B.
DALLAS
J. E. HICKMAN. – LL.B.
LIBERTY HILL

I.C. HONEGGER-LL.B.
HONDO
HALE HORTON-LL.B.
GREENVILLE
DAVID P. HUGHES-LL.B
LAMPASAS
MURRAY B. JONES-LL.B
HOUSTON-
P.E. JOHNSON-LL.B.
STOCKDALE
J. N. KEITH-LL.B.
AUSTIN
FLETCHER LANE-LL.B.
AUSTIN
F.P. McELWRATH-LL.B.
AUSTIN
JOHN L. McMEANS-LL.B.
GALVESTON

WHITEWRIGHT
W.L.L. Moore - LL.B.
CRockett
Honore L. Nicholson - LL.B.
HOUSTON
MONTAGUE
SAN ANTONIO
SAN ANTONIO
HUNTSVILLE
J.H. Pattison - LL.B.
HOUSTON
T.P. Perkins - LL.B.
MOUNT PLEASANT
Edgar H. Persons - LL.B

AARON W. PLEASANTS - LL.B.
GALVESTON
WINSBORO
PLATONIA
J.W. SANDERS - LL.B.
GEORGE G. ROBINSON - LL.B.
MISSOURI CITY
C.C. SHALLER - LL.B.
CANADIAN
MARBLE FALLS
WILLIAM I. SIMS - LL.B.
PAINT ROCK
W. D. SMITH - LL.B.
GARNER
C.R. SMOOT - LL.B.
WICHITA FALLS
HENRY STIELER - LL.B.
COMFORT

JOHN W. TURNER-LL.B.
HILLSBORO
CHARLES C. TRUITT-LL.B.
BRISTOL
E.A. SWOFFORD-LL.B.
WEATHERFORD
W.J. WALDEN-LL.B.
HOUSTON
J.A. WEST-LL.B.
CANTON
C.C. WESTERFELDT-LL.B.
ROYSTON
J.E. WHITE-LL.B.
(DECEASED)
C.A. WILLIAMS-LL.B.
MILES-

FRANK WILLIFORD, LL.B.
HOUSTON
LOUIS S. WISE, LL.B.
WAXAHACHIE
E. R. VARNER, LL.B.
MADISONVILLE

# MIDDLE

## Class Officers

### Fall Term

| | |
|---|---|
| V. W. Taylor | President |
| J. Y. Powell | Vice-President |
| C. F. Cable | Secretary-Treasurer |

### Winter Term

John F. Onion, Jr., President
Mike Hogg, Vice-President
Z. V. Nixon, Secy.-Treas.
V. W. Taylor, Sergt.-at-Arms

### Spring Term

G. O. Bateman, President
R. E. Hardwicke, V.-Prest.
Ben H. Dyer, Secy.-Treas.
E. E. Hurt, Sergt.-at-Arms

THE CACTUS 1910

# Class Officers

## Fall Term

C. W. Bailey . . . . . *President*
E. L. Fulton . . . . . *Vice-President*
R. I. Sansom . . . . . *Secretary-Treasurer*
E. S. Boyles . . . . . *Sergeant-at-Arms*

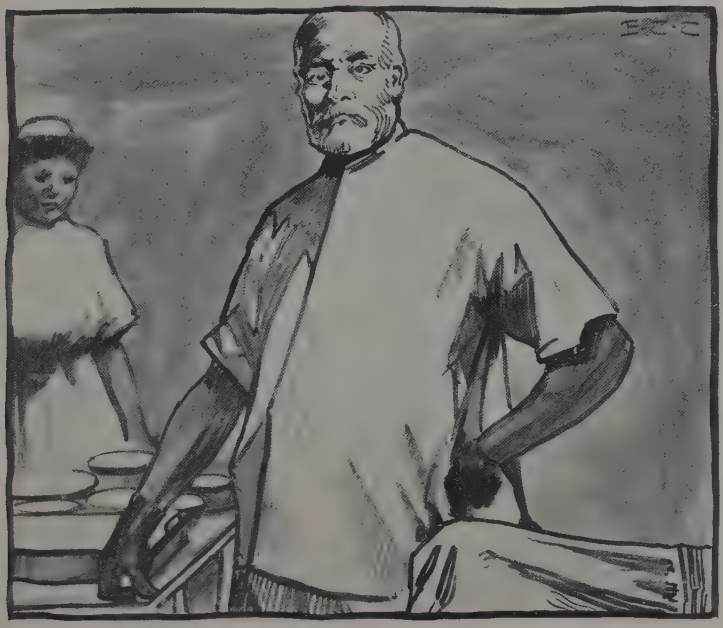
## Winter Term

Arnold Kirkpatrick . . . . . *President*
J. I. Perkins . . . . . *Vice-President*
R. Rugely . . . . . *Secretary-Treasurer*
E. S. Boyles . . . . . *Sergeant-at-Arms*

## Spring Term

M. L. Massingill . . . . . *President*
J. O. Douglas . . . . . *Vice-President*
J. M. Harris . . . . . *Secretary-Treasurer*
E. S. Boyles . . . . . *Sergeant-at-Arms*

# Medical Department



# Spring on the Colorado

Through all the echoing aisles today
A blithe wind whistles like a boy;
The long grey mosses swing and sway,
The ripples sing a song of joy.

Here where my live oak, leaning o'er
To scan the quiet pool's expanse,
Sees, gliding down the crystal floor,
The leaves in rhythmic shadow-dance.

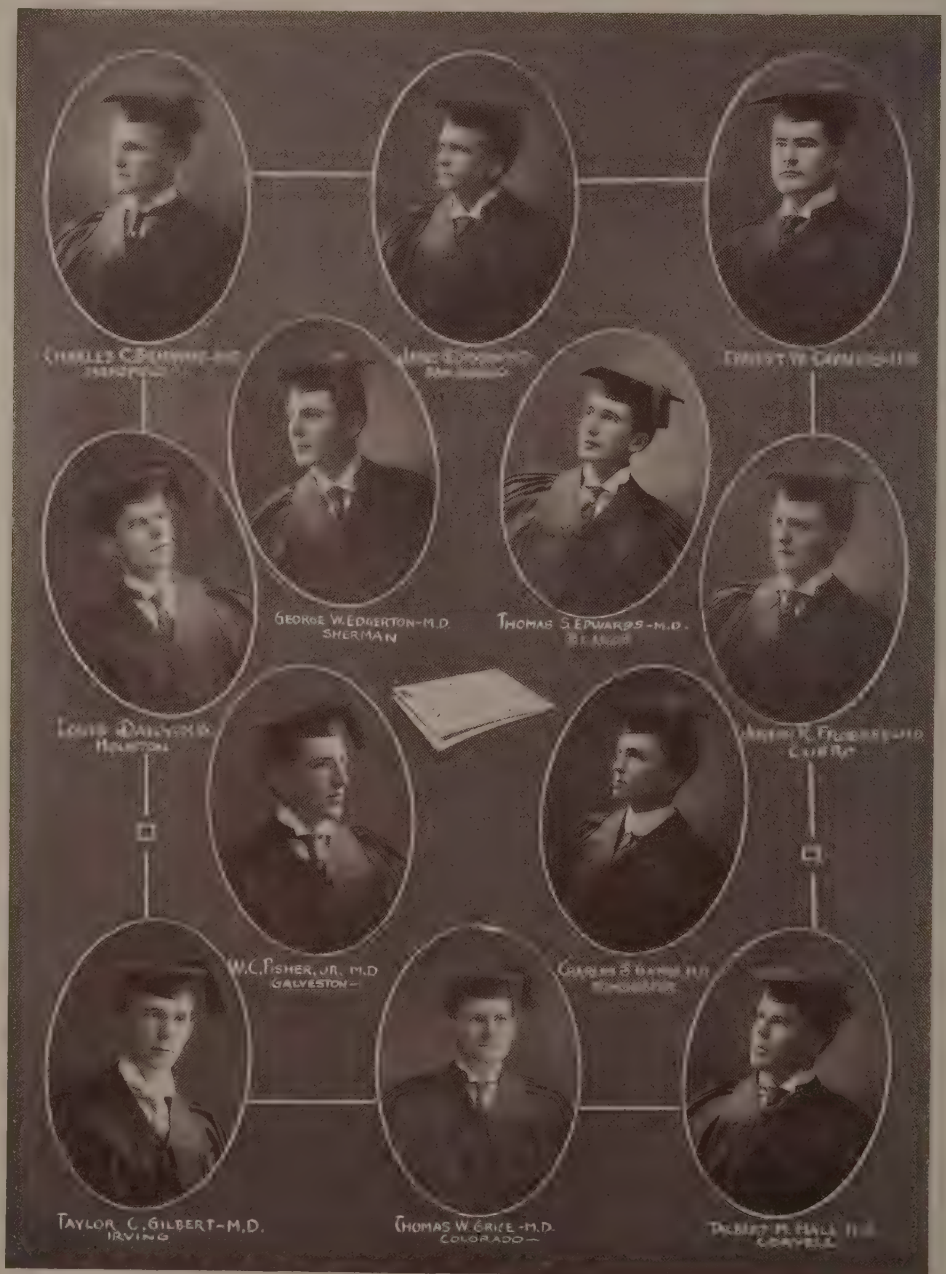
Outstretched on silken sward I lie,
And while I quaff from lyric streams,
Low flute-notes from some covert nigh
Make music for my April dreams.

Above me bends a sky as soft
As Love's deep eyes when rapture-wet;
Afar the dark hills lift aloft
Their misted peaks of violet.

The Time's mad fever throbs not here
Where slow white sunbeams filter down,
It pulses yonder, where uprear
The clustered towers of the town.

But here the truant dreamer flees
A cramping world of little men;
Beneath these brave, unselfish trees
Clasps heart with good warm earth again.

*—Hilton R. Greer.*

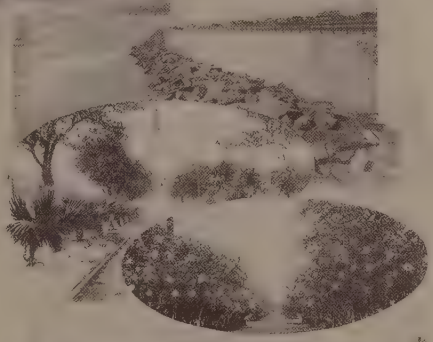



THE CACTUS 1910

MARY C. HARPER M.D.
SAN ANTONIO
WALTER F. HASSKARL M.D.
GALVESTON
CHARLES H. HOLK-M.D.
AUSTIN
QUINCY F. LEE-M.D.
HUNTS
THOMAS E. MANGUM- M.D.
MASON-
EDWARD F. MIKESKA-M.D.
BELLVILLE
HENRY H. OGILVIE-M.D.
MELISSA-

THOMAS E. PAYNE – M.D.
SCRANTON
THAD SHAW – B.A. M.D.
GALVESTON
EDWARD D. SHIPMAN – M.D.
SAN ANGELO
GOALIE FRO SMITH – M.D.
UNION
BENJAMIN O. THRASHER – M.D.
GAINESVILLE
JOHN H. THORNE – M.D.
GALVESTON
WILLIAM H. WARREN – M.D.
CENTER
Rx

# GALVESTON SCENES



# Junior Medicine Class

## Class Officers

### First Term

| | |
|---|---|
| Carl McCurdy | *President* |
| Carl Chambers | *Vice-President* |
| Sam P. Beeson | *Secretary-Treasurer* |
| R. V. Murray | *Sergeant-at-Arms* |

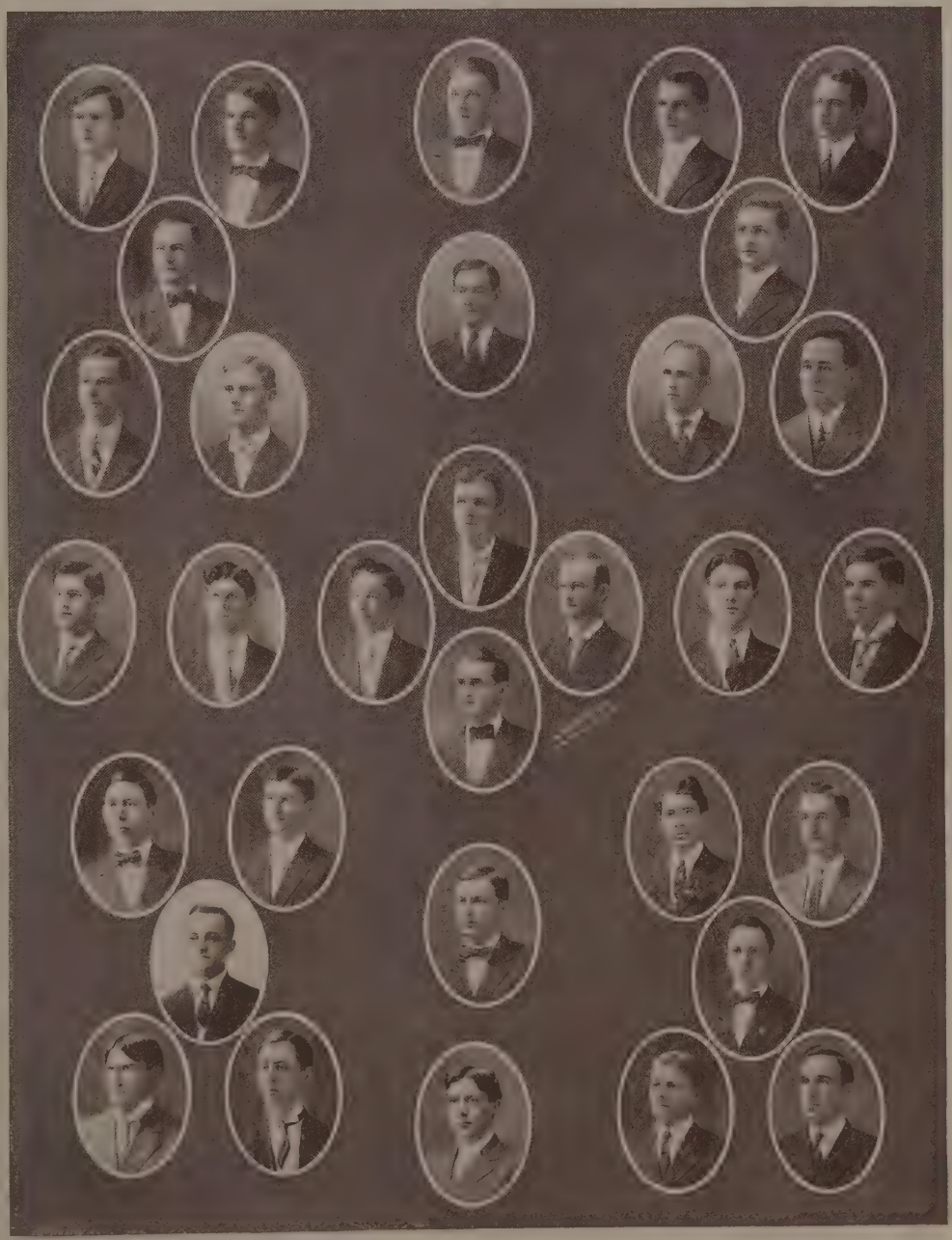
### Second Term

| | |
|---|---|
| J. A. Flautt | *President* |
| R. S. Sutton | *Vice-President* |
| John Kaskervich | *Secretary-Treasurer* |
| B. S. Bruce | *Sergeant-at-Arms* |

### Third Term

| | |
|---|---|
| Guy F. Witt | *President* |
| J. V. Wright | *Vice-President* |
| Ralph C. Davis | *Secretary-Treasurer* |
| B. S. Bruce | *Sergeant-at-Arms* |

| | |
|---|---|
| R. V. Murray | *Honor Roll Committeeman* |
| G. V. Brindley | *Class Editor Medical* |
| R. T. Wilson | *Class Editor The Cactus* |



# Junior Pharmacy

## Class Officers

### First Term

J. R. MAN . . . . . *President*
ROBT. A. JONES . . . . . *Vice-President*
MISS BERTHA URDONG . . . . *Secretary-Treasurer*
E. A. LESLAY . . . . . *Sergeant-at-Arms*
D. M. HOWARD . . . . . *Honor Man*

### Second Term

D. M. HOWARD . . . . . *President*
E. A. LESLAY . . . . . *Vice-President*
MISS BERTHA URDONG . . . . *Secretary-Treasurer*
C. A. EILAND . . . . . *Sergeant-at-Arms*

### Third Term

E. A. EILAND . . . . . *President*
L. M. ROGERS . . . . . *Vice-President*
MISS BERTHA URDONG . . . . *Secretary-Treasurer*
A. B. VONDOHLEN . . . . . *Sergeant-at-Arms*
J. F. SPILLER . . . . . *Honor Man*

# Sophomore Medicine

## Class Officers

### Fall Term

C. H. BROWNLEE . . . . . *President*
R. B. MCBRIDE . . . . . *Vice-President*
R. H. HARGROVE . . . . . *Secretary-Treasurer*

### Winter Term

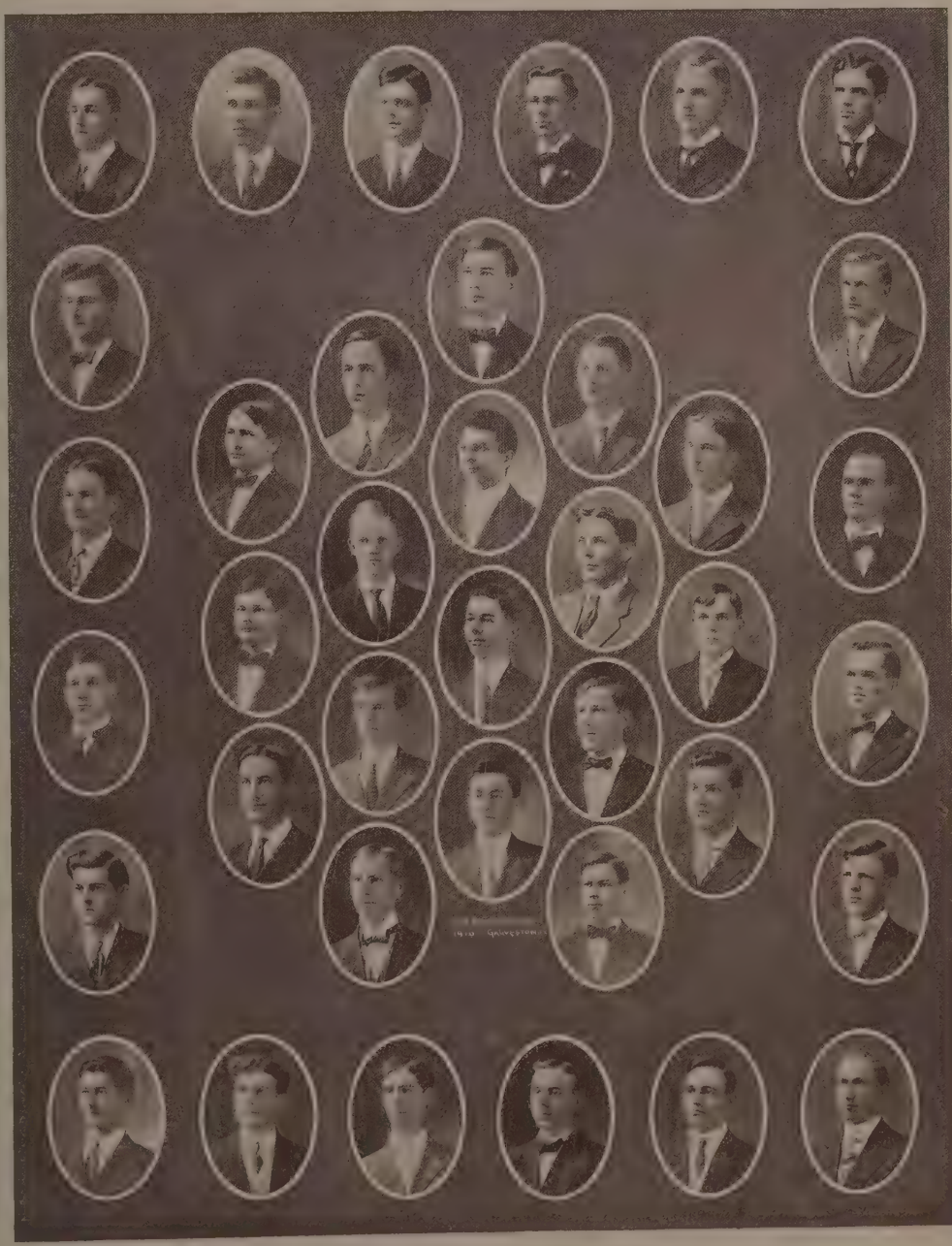
SAM KENNEDY . . . . . *President*
I. B. JUDGE . . . . . *Vice-President*
W. R. COOKE . . . . . *Secretary-Treasurer*

### Spring Term

R. T. GOODWIN . . . . . *President*
C. F. YOUNG . . . . . *Vice-President*
L. C. ELLIS . . . . . *Secretary-Treasurer*

### Representatives

Class Editor, *The Cactus,* . . . R. B. MCBRIDE
Class Editor, *Medical,* . . . . E. H. NEWTON



# Freshman Medicine

## Class Officers

### First Term

D. P. Wall . . . . . *President*
S. M. Taylor . . . . . *Vice-President*
Miss Ray Karshmer . . . . . *Secretary*
Jos. Koss . . . . . *Sergeant-at-Arms*

### Second Term

O. R. O'Neill . . . . . *President*
W. L. Starnes . . . . . *Vice-President*
Miss E. C. Cover . . . . . *Secretary*
S. M. Taylor . . . . . *Sergeant-at-Arms*
M. F. Kreisle . . . . *Representative to Medical*

### Third Term

A. A. McDaniels . . . . . *President*
C. F. Fowler . . . . . *Vice-President*
Miss Rosalie McAdams . . . . . *Secretary*
C. R. Miller . . . . . *Sergeant-at-Arms*
L. L. Handley . . . *Representative to Medical*
Conrad Frey . . *Representative Students' Council*

# School of Nursing

## Seniors

Daisy Krebs.

## Intermediates

Laura Eunice Wingo
Mattie Drucilla Gosney
Jennie Riley
Emily Sellman
Ella R. White
Anna Greer
Della Hall
Sophia Heath
Katherine Tipton
Nancy Smith Farmer
Mary Emily Knight
Audry Henderson

## Juniors

Hattie Van Pelt
Josephine Sophia Wagner
Sylvia Marie Tellier
Mamie Hutshinson
Vera Mae Aldrich
Adeline Applewhite
Hazel Katherine Brady
Sadie Martin
Helen Green
Isola Alief Appling
Myrtle Merle Thompson
Grace Freeman
Leutie Locke Cooper
Jessie Ella McCord
Ella Jerephine Swenson
Katherine Weatherford
Willie Aletha Wilson
Mary Bess Otis
Al Neoma G. Showers
Will Dean Bivens

TELIER
GREEN
ALDRICH
HENDERSON
WINGO
BOSLEY
MARTIN
FREEMAN
1910
S
H
WAGNER
H. H. MORRIS. PHO
GALVESTON, TX.
THOMPSON

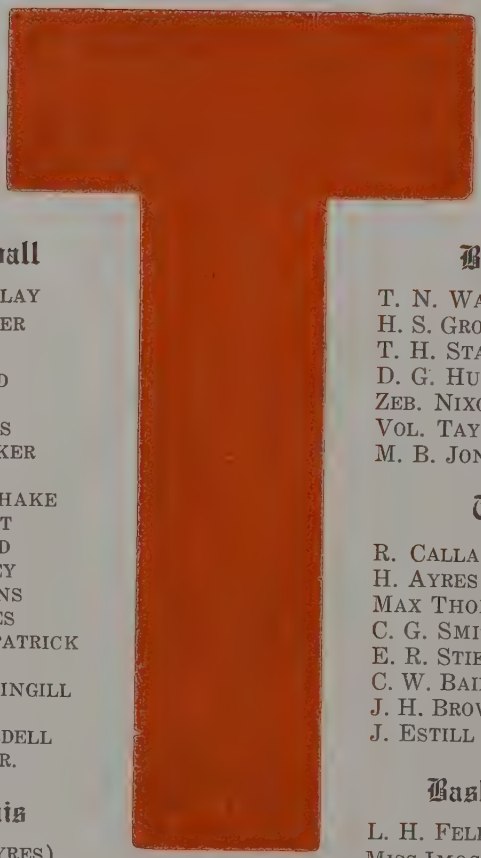
# Theesa Playin' Some!

THEES footaball ees a bumma game,
I go to se heem justa same;
A leetla fella stoopa down
An' holla out an' maka frown;
"Seex, feefteen, twanty, seexty-four!"
'Fore he got time to say no more,
Dey runna up an' down da fiel'.
I theenk I getta colda deal;
I no can seen notheeng at all
Een theesa game of footaball!

BUT up an' down da granda stan'
Dey yella justa beat da ban'
Weeth "Rah-Rah-Rah" an' "W'at's da mat'?"
An' wave da steeck an' throw da hat,
An' ring da bigga dinner bell,
An' make da racket lika—well.
Dey beat da bigga bassa drum,
An' holla, "Theesa playin' some!"
One bigga fella shake da mon',
An' shout, "Hot stuffa! Seex to one!"
An' seeng, "Da greates' team of all
Eees theesa team of footaball!"

—*Selected.*

# Athletics



## Football

J. A. Barclay
E. R. Stieler
B. H. Dyer
H. Leonard
J. Estill
M. B. Jones
W. P. Walker
N. N. Lacy
L. H. Feldhake
C. C. Truitt
D. C. Bland
C. W. Bailey
J. T. Persons
J. K. Barnes
A. L. Kirkpatrick
L. Spoonts
M. L. Massingill
O. Leonard
M. A. Ramsdell
B. Moore, Jr.

## Baseball

T. N. Wathen
H. S. Groesbeck
T. H. Stacy
D. G. Hughs
Zeb. Nixon
Vol. Taylor
M. B. Jones

## Track

R. Callan
H. Ayres
Max Thomas
C. G. Smith
E. R. Stieler
C. W. Bailey
J. H. Brownlee
J. Estill

## Tennis

(Walter Eyres)
Miss Lucile Coffman
Miss Mamie Birge
Miss Willie May Kell

## Gymnasium

M. Crawford
C. W. Bailey

## Basket Ball

L. H. Feldhake
Miss Imogene Thrasher
Miss Alice Ramsdell
Miss Margaret Bedell
Miss Marjorie Jarvis

## Coaches

A. C. Ellis
W. E. Metzenthin

## Managers

B. D. Tarlton, Jr.
K. Krahl

# Wearers of the Secondary T

## FOOTBALL

### 2TD

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| M. Hanna | C. Burgher | Staniforth |
| D. Lipscomb | L. Cullum | Gary |
| A. D. Kennard | J. Cullum | Battersby |
| E. Montieth | W. Dealey | Phillips |
| D. Duncan | Nicholson | Moore |
| Harold | Kelleher | Brown |
| Ross Irwin | Kone | Horton |
| R. Carter | Moss | Holt |

Wilson H. J. L. Stark

## TRACK

Foote Hoover Pollard

## BASKETBALL

### BTB

J. D. Willis, *Manager.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Max Thomas | W. H. Campbell | L. Eastland |
| J. Estill | T. Hardie | W. Fink |

## HANDBALL

### HTB

Buckley Tucker

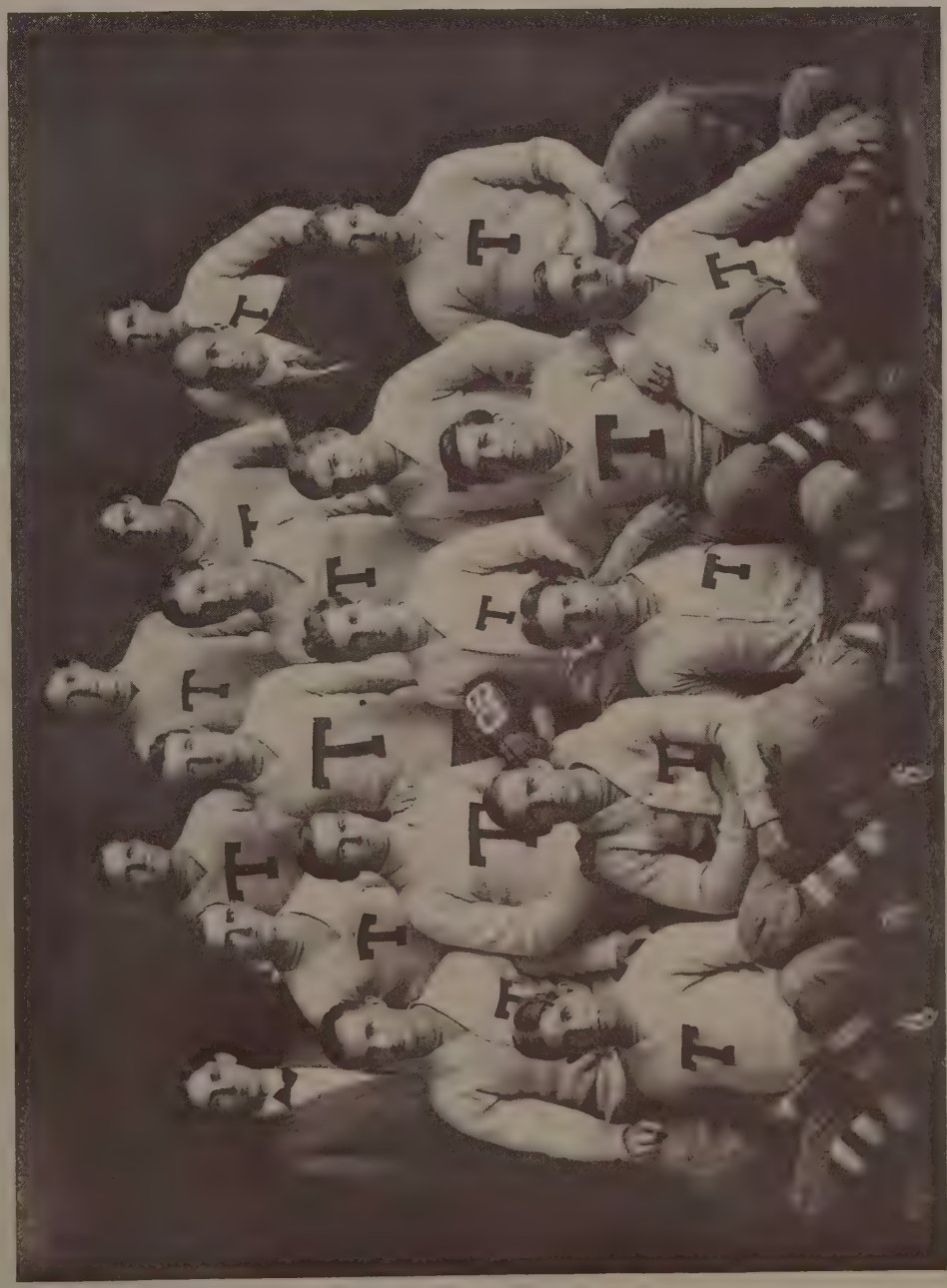
# The 1909 Football Team

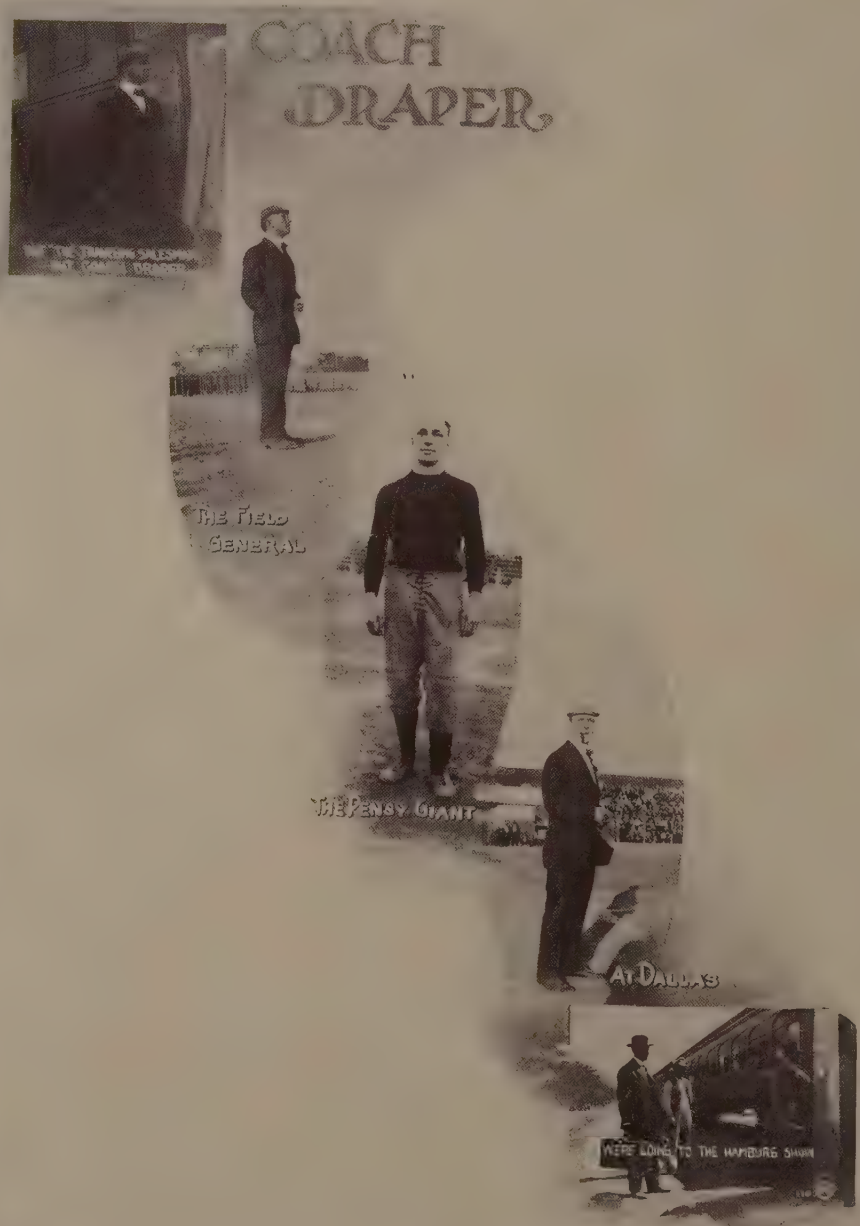
BEN H. DYER . . . . . *Captain*
DEXTER W. DRAPER . . . . . *Coach*
KENNETH KRAHL . . . . . *Manager*
H. J. L. STARK . . . . . *Assistant Manager*

| NAME | Class | Pos. | Wt. | Ht. | Age | Games Played | Yrs. on Team | Previously Played at | Residence |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Dyer | L '11 | Q. RH. | 150 | 5-10 | 20 | 8 | 4 | Houston High | Houston |
| Kirkpatrick | L '12 | FB. Q. | 160 | 5-11 | 22 | 8 | 1 | Daniel Baker | Brownwood |
| Feldhake | E '10 | Rt. Rg | 180 | 6-½ | 23 | 8 | 4 | Houston High | Houston |
| Stieler | A '10 | LG. | 198 | 6-2 | 23 | 8 | 3 | | Comfort |
| Walker | L '10 | FB. | 160 | 5-11½ | 25 | 6 | 2 | | Azle |
| Bailey | L '12 | RT. | 170 | 6-½ | 21 | 8 | 2 | Ft. Worth High | Ft. Worth |
| Barclay | L '10 | C. | 168 | 5-10 | 22 | 6 | 2 | Alexander Collegiate | Beaumont |
| Jones | L '10 | LE. | 168 | 5-10 | 23 | 7 | 2 | St. Edwards | Houston |
| Truitt | L '10 | RG. | 190 | 5-9 | 22 | 7 | 2 | | Crisp |
| H. Leonard | E '11 | RE. | 148 | 5-8 | 22 | 6 | 2 | Austin High | Austin |
| Moore | E '12 | R.H. | 170 | 5-11½ | 21 | 8 | 1 | Waco High | Waco |
| Barnes | A '10 | RE. | 158 | 5-9 | 21 | 8 | 1 | | Hubbard |
| O. Leonard | E '11 | LH. | | | | 6 | 1 | Austin High | Austin |
| Ramsdell | A '11 | LT. | 180 | 5-11½ | 22 | 8 | 1 | Austin High | Austin |
| Spoonts | E '13 | FB. | 176 | 6-2 | 20 | 6 | 1 | | Ft. Worth |
| Persons | E '11 | LB. | 172 | 5-7 | 21 | 6 | 1 | | Hico |
| Massingill | L '12 | FB. | 138 | 5-8 | 23 | 2 | 1 | | Ft. Worth |
| Bland | L '12 | C. | 183 | 6-3 | 23 | 2 | 1 | | Orange |

## SCHEDULE

October 9, 1909—Texas vs. S. W. U., at Austin.....12-0
October 16, 1909—Texas vs. Haskell, at Dallas.....11-12
October 23, 1909—Texas vs. Trinity, at Austin.....18-0
October 30, 1909—Texas vs. T. C. U., at Austin.....24-0
November 8, 1909—Texas vs. A. & M., at Houston.....0-23
November 13, 1909—Texas vs. Tulane, at New Orleans....10-10
November 19, 1909—Texas vs. Oklahoma, at Austin.....30-0
November 25, 1909—Texas vs. A. & M., at Austin.....0-5






THE CACTUS 1910

# Introductory

## METZENTHIN

WALDEMAR E. METZENTHIN needs no introduction to the student body. As assistant coach in 1906, and head coach in 1907 and 1908, he won his way to the hearts of all. In all these years he gave his services to the University without compensation and, again in the past year, he volunteered to assist in the coaching. Mr. Metzenthin produced the winning team of 1907, and to his effective assistance is due in no small degree the success of this year's eleven. He is a member of the Faculty Committee on Athletics, and to him the student body always goes when in need of advice. In addition, as assistant coach in baseball and head coach in basketball, "Mr. Metz" has thoroughly identified himself with Texas athletics.

## McNEIL

C. C. McNEIL, general secretary of the Y. M. C. A., is a graduate of Washington and Lee, where he played three years on the eleven. From there he went to Princeton, where in a year on the Scrubs he says he obtained his football education. Since becoming identified with the University, he has been a member of the coaching staff. This year his particular charge has been the evolution of the Scrub eleven. "Mac" is a keen judge of men, especially the football in them, and to him alone is due the success of the undefeated Scrubs of 1909. McNeil is in close touch with his men, keeping an eye on training as well as practice. The result is evident.

## KRAHL

KENNETH KRAHL, the manager of the past season's team, has proved himself thoroughly efficient in handling football finances. He himself has played football for Texas on the second eleven, and hence was well qualified to understand the needs of his team. From the Athletic Council's point of view, however, Krahl's value lay in another direction; for the net profits turned in at the end of the season were larger than in any preceding year. Kenneth is a manager—"and then some."

# The All-Southwestern

| COACH DRAPER'S | POSITION | COACH MORAN'S |
|---|---|---|
| Ward (A. & M.) | Left End | Ward (A. & M.) |
| S. Phillip (Ark.) | Left Tackle | Hooker (A. & M.) |
| Estes (Ark.) | Left Guard | Hohn (A. & M.) |
| Thompson (Okla.) | Center | Thompson (A. & M.) |
| Stieler (Texas) | Right Guard | Stieler (Texas)<br>Brown (A. & M.) |
| Douglas (Okla.) | Right Tackle | Barnes (A. & M.) |
| Brown (A. & M.) | Right End | H. Leonard (Texas) |
| Kirkpatrick (Texas) | Quarter | Kelly (A. & M.) |
| Balenti (A. & M.) | Left Half | Balenti (A. & M.) |
| T. Phillip (Ark.) | Full Back | Capshaw (Okla.) |
| Milford (Ark.) | Right Half | Hamilton (A. & M.) |

### Draper's Second Team

Ends: Deloria (Haskell), Baldwin (T. C. U).
Tackles: Barnes (A. & M.), Bailey (Texas).
Guards: Hooker (A. & M.), Feldhake (Texas).
Center: Bland (Texas).
Quarter: Kelly (A. & M.)
Half Backs: Capshaw (Okla.), Massingill (Texas).
Full Back: Edmunson (Trinity).

### Draper's Third Team

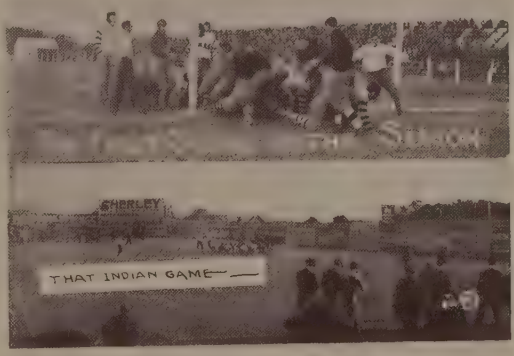
Ends: Barnes (Texas), Shippe (A. & M.)
Tackles: Roberts (Haskell), Wolff (Okla.)
Guards: Hohn (A. & M.), Ross (Okla.)
Center: Thompson (A. & M.)
Quarter: Creekmore (Ark.)
Half Backs: Hamilton (A. & M.), Moore (Texas).
Full Back: Spoonts (Texas).

# The 1909 Football Season

TO THE casual outsider, looking over the 1909 scores, the football season—four victories, three defeats, and a tie—would obviously be no distinct success. He would have said the same in 1908 of five victories and four defeats. The figures seem almost identical, but, if any student of Texas should be asked, he would declare the 1908 eleven a failure—the 1909 team a success.

Wherein lies the difference? The 1908 team lost the championship of the Southwest but won that of the State. This year's eleven lost both. Evidently the facts lie below the surface. The team that beat Southwestern 10-0 displayed much of the old lethargic spirit of the preceding year; the team that met defeat before A. & M. at Thanksgiving went down, fighting every inch of the way, and coming out at the end—worn, exhausted, but stubborn still—defeated, but not conquered, with the hero's meed of praise—they did all and more that men could do. It was in the spirit that the men of 1909 showed their superiority—that indefinable something that grips the half-back as he plunges through a reeling line or almost stifles the guard as he wins through a crushing mass of legs and arms to break the enemy's line.

The change from the old to the new was apparent from the very first. Southwestern was beaten, but the victory left little confidence in the team. A week later, at Dallas, practically the same team was outlucked by the Haskell Indians. But,



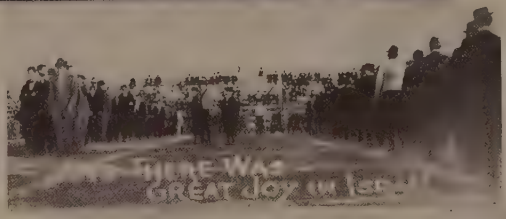
from the ashes of a one-point defeat, confidence was born anew and the almost universal verdict was "We ask for no better team."

L. S. U. developed a bad case of cold feet and cancelled her date with Texas, but the lads from Trinity, who came up from Waxahachie to take the Pelicans' place, fought gamely and lost by but three touchdowns.

T. C. U., fresh from a 0-0 tie with A. & M., and ambitious of State championship honors, was simply annihilated. The Christians will long remember the 30-0 score they took back to Waco.

To the inspiring

rally call of "On to Houston!"—the team, accompanied by the student body under the chaperonage of Dean Battle, arrived in Houston. In the morning, the entire rooting squad vied with the A. & M. cadets in a monster parade. Take-offs on the farmer boys were everywhere in evidence. Then, with the evening's game, the crash came—it rained. The rains descended and the floods came and the Longhorns, never mud-cats, floundered helplessly in the slush. Balenti's onside kicks and the returns of Kelly and



Hamilton partook of the nightmarish. The rooters lost their morale and the band sat absolutely silent in the downpour, while, from across the field, came the triumphant blare of the A. & M. musicians. Gloom descended like night upon the earth and the Ides of November passed into history. That was Houston.

Like a ray of light in the darkness, came the rally before the Oklahoma game. College spirit, not dead but sleeping lo! these many months, sprang at a bound

into re-existence. The alumni felt it—the whole school felt it—spreading like wild-fire through the hearts of all. A. & M. had beaten the Sooners 15-5—she had punished Texas 23-0. What would happen when the Orange and Oklahoma clashed? Then came the answer. The team fought like heroes. Kirkpatrick, Stieler, Moore, and Massingill—the whole team—covered themselves with glory. Nothing could stop them. Darkness closed the scene of carnage with another 30-0 score.

Although the season ended in defeat, it was a loss covered by a blaze of glory.

In the best game ever played on Clarke field, A. & M. for the third time in history downed Texas. It was a battle such as the gods love. Seven thousand enthusiasts crowded grandstand and bleachers and overflowed the standing room between the railings. The transparencies back of the Texas bleachers bore such legends as: "A. & M.—23; Texas—0. Once in seven years." "Texas vs. Carlyle, Dickinson, Sewanee, Georgia Tech., L. S. U., and A. & M." Deafening shouts

rent the air. Both college bands strove to add to the pandemonium. Texas won the toss and chose the south goal, where the breeze at her back marred Balenti's place kicks. Throughout the first half, the ball was in A. & M. territory almost the entire time, twice so near the farmer goal that score seemed certain. Back and forth the teams struggled. Kirkpatrick kicked like a demon. Time and again, Kelly, playing far back, found Kirk's punts behind him. Massingill and Spoonts made good at full. "Happy's" end runs and returning of punts were phenomenal, while the big freshman's spectacular stiff-arm of the fleet Hamilton brought the stands to their feet. Dyer, Jones, and Barnes on the ends were fast and sure. The line held like a wall, no large gains going through it. Moore and Ramsdell hit the line hard and often. A. & M's. victorious tally came early in the second half after a beautiful forward pass—Balenti to Kelly. The remainder of the game was hard fought and scoreless. When the last whistle blew and the packed grandstand emptied, seven thousand enthusiasts knew that they had seen a GAME.

Taken as a whole, the season has been remarkable for many things, one of the best of which is the rejuvenation of college spirit. Not for years has Old Clarke Field heard such frantic cheers as greeted the Longhorns in victory over Oklahoma or in defeat before A. & M.

Again, Texas did not have but one eleven. At all times there were from a dozen to twenty men on the sidelines, who were ready at any moment to take the place of any man on the field. And here let us give due credit to those who, giving brain and brawn to the service, failed to make the coveted letter.

At no time during the season did the strongest possible line-up face our opponents. In the two hardest games, Walker, the best line-bucker in the back-field, was unable to participate, and Barclay, the veteran center, was similarly handicapped. An injured knee kept Freshman George out of the later games.

No student of Texas has anything to regret in the season of 1909. The college has stood square for clean athletics. On the roster of the team, there are no stars from the East and South. There are no hired mercenaries in the ranks. Though defeat has been her portion, no disgraceful professionalism stains the fair name of Texas. Squarely she has stood for all that is honest and manly—all that she seeks to teach the youth of the South. Proudly she may look forward to a victorious future. The last two games of 1909 serve but as a forecast of 1910.

# Personnel of the 1909 Football Team

## DYER

THE 1910 team, without "Little Ben," will hardly seem like a Texas eleven. For four years Dyer's work has always attracted attention. For three years he played quarter, and his ability in running his team, as well as his sure tackle and level head, won him a place on Metzenthin's All-Southwestern Team of 1908. His team mates' confidence in him was shown by his unanimous election to the captaincy, which he has ably filled in the past season.

## KIRKPATRICK

IN 1909, Kirkpatrick was undoubtedly the man of the season. In the earlier games at fullback, his hard plunging and long runs were sure indications of victory. Later, at quarter "Kirk's" genius had free room for development. Of all his games, Oklahoma and A. & M. will long keep his memory dear. His long punts and beautiful runs through the broken field were the features of both games. "Kirk" has been unanimously selected captain of the 1910 eleven.

## FELDHAKE

"FUZZY" came back for his fourth year on the team amid general rejoicing. Feldhake is most notable as an offensive and defensive tackle and guard. Coach Draper believed there were more possibilities in him at the latter position, which he had not played since his freshman year. Results proved Dr. Draper's judgment good. Feldhake captained the 1908 team, and his excellent work in the past season was a feature of every game. "Fuzzy's" passing from the line will be regretted when the roster is called next fall.

## STIELER

1909 WAS Emil Stieler's third year on the Texas team, but never before has he played such football as in that season. A wall on the defense, a battering ram on the attack, Stieler has proved himself one of the best guards in the South. In both the Oklahoma and Thanksgiving games, in spite of his weight he went down the field under punts as fast as the lighter men. With big Stieler back in 1910, much can be expected in the coming year.

## WALKER

WALKER suffered the misfortune of being out of the two big games of the year, through injuries, but his work in the earlier battles made good his reputation of old. He has covered right half for two seasons, and proved an effective ground-gainer in both. Pre-eminent as a line-bucker, Walker was a dangerous man at the apex of the tandem, and tore huge holes in the opposing line. The big halfback is another of the men who will not rally to the standard next season.

## BAILEY

CULLEN BAILEY was one of the fastest tackles that has ever played in a Texas line, starring as co-tackle with Feldhake. Although as a general rule a line man gets little chance to "shine," Bailey's covering of on-side kicks and running under punts brought him into notice and paved the way to his development as an effective handler of the forward pass. Bailey is a Junior Law, and has two more years to fight for Texas.

## BARCLAY

ONE YEAR at center on the Scrubs and two on Varsity sums up John Barclay's football record. He is light for his position, but is a game fighter and holds his own against men of superior weight. Injuries kept the veteran center out of the Oklahoma game, and permitted him but a few moments in at Thanksgiving. But he starred at Dallas and against T. C. U. Barclay's eye for the ball was a noticeable feature of his playing. As he graduates in Law this year, the past season has been his last, but his work has put him in a class with the best of Texas centers.

## JONES

IN THE great Oklahoma game, whenever a "Sooner" broke through the line and struggled forward, a swift tackle would bring him down, and the cry of "Jones! Jones!" would show the appreciation of the rooters. Jones was essentially a hard, fast tackler, stronger on the offense than on the defense. His ability in this regard made him available either at tackle or at end, but his work during the past season was almost entirely at the right extremity of the line. "Mutts" takes his Law degree this year, and has played his last game.

## TRUITT

TEXAS was peculiarly fortunate this year in having three guards all of whom were towers of strength in the middle of the line. Charlie Truitt, another veteran, made an able worker with either Stieler or Feldhake. Truitt's guard was always consistent and steady, and few gains were made through his part of the line. As a Senior Law, Charlie will also be missing from next season's line-up.

## H. LEONARD

HARRY LEONARD is one of the strongest defensive ends in the Southwest, but he was largely handicapped during the past season by injuries, hence his best games were in the earlier part of the year. Few men pass his tackle, and the man who goes down before him knows that something has hit him. This is his second year on the team, and he has at least one more year to play.

## MOORE

THERE are so many stars on the 1909 eleven that the best can hardly be determined, but Bart Moore is one of these. In his freshman year he was one of the best ground-gainers on the Scrubs, and his presence in the back-field this year was a sure indication of gains through the line. In the Oklahoma game, Moore was repeatedly sent through the line for a substantial advance, and, in the latter half, was repeatedly called upon for the gruelling task at the back of the tandem. At Thanksgiving he played his usual brilliant game. Bart is a Sophomore Engineer and has years yet in front of him.

## BARNES

IF 1909 had been noted for no other reason, it would have been remarkable for the development of Barnes at left end. It is seldom, indeed, that a man makes the team in his Senior year when he has hardly been out before, but this Barnes achieved, proving one of the most effective ends of the season. Playing at either end of the line, he fought hard and was very effective at breaking up interference, and was an excellent handler of the forward pass. As a Senior Academ, Barnes takes a degree, but may return next fall.

## O. LEONARD

OFFIE LEONARD is the second of the Leonard brothers to make the team. He was the bright particular star of the Scrubs and class team in his freshman year, and alternated in 1908 with Dyer at quarter. A fast man, a good kicker, he can play quarter, end, or in the back field, and is good anywhere. Leonard is a valuable asset for next year's eleven, and, with the experience of three years behind him, will be one of the best men on the team.

## RAMSDELL

1908 WAS the first football season in three years when the eleven went in without a Ramsdell on it—and this means that there was none in school. Marshall is the last of his family to make his "T" for Texas, and has well sustained the Ramsdell reputation. He has been one of the most valuable men in the line. His peculiar asset is that he can play anywhere, with the possible exception of quarter or end. In 1909 Ramsdell played almost constantly at tackle, and proved especially effective in opening the way for line-bucks. He, too, has a year or more in the game.

## SPOONTS

FRESHMAN SPOONTS made good in this year's backfield and promises years more of good work. Under the freshman rule, he could not play until after the Haskell game, but from then on he easily won his position. His massive build and his speed, together with his head-work in running with the ball, make him especially good on the offense. The Oklahoma and Thanksgiving games showed big Spoonts at his best. A first-year man, he will be an experienced veteran in the years to come.

## PERSONS

PERSONS, a Junior Engineer, is another first-year man on the team. His two years with the Scrubs showed his effectiveness, and this year he was played constantly in the line. Persons is one of those steady men who always do well the hard tasks of a line man. At tackle and guard he played a steady game, and won his way to the coveted letter. He has another year before him on the eleven.

## MASSINGILL

"HAPPY" is one of the finds of the year. He practically won his "T" in two games. He is fast and sure, exceptionally good on end runs and broken-field work. His covering of punts in the backfield, especially his returning of Balenti's long kicks in the great Thanksgiving contest, were spectacular. Massingill is a heady quarter, but he was largely played at full-back in the Oklahoma and A. & M. games. He is "game," and fights to the last inch, as was shown by his flying tackle after Hamilton, when his nose was broken. "Happy" is a Junior Law, and will probably play two more years.

## BLAND

LIKE MASSINGILL, Bland won his "T" in the Oklahoma and Thanksgiving games, taking the place of the injured Barclay at center. Bland is a big fellow, and a hefty scrapper in his chosen place. In both his games he was steady, and showed up well against two veteran centers, receiving mention from Coach Draper for his excellent playing. As a Junior Law, Bland has two more years, with practically a certainty of holding down center in both.

# The 1909 Scrub Season

THE 1909 Scrubs deserve even more credit than the famous undefeated "Householder's Pets" of 1907, as they won every game played and practically won the secondary State Championship. McNeil's boys defeated every important prep school in South Texas, and, but for the financial restrictions imposed by the Athletic Council, would have played Holy Trinity of Dallas for the State honors, with every prospect of success. Ably coached by McNeil, the Scrubs put up a clean, snappy game that paved the way to victory. The team was well balanced, both line and backfield producing men who will be seen on Varsity within the next few years. To give a list of stars would be to name every man, as McNeil evolved an eleven thoroughly proficient in team work. Captain Kelleher, however, and the quarter, Moore, by individual effort contributed much to the general success. Manager Stark prepared an excellent home schedule with good teams. The Peacock game was probably the best played during the season, though the fifty-odd spectators who braved the fury of the elements to witness Houston's defeat declare strongly in favor of the "mud battle." The Scrubs' old rival, St. Eds., proved helpless before McNeil's men.

## Scrub Scores

| | |
|---|---|
| October 11, 1909—Scrubs vs. Deaf and Dumb | 11-6 |
| October 16, 1909—Scrubs vs. Peacock M. A. | 8-0 |
| November 1, 1909—Scrubs vs. St. Ed's. | 5-0 |
| November 6, 1909—Scrubs vs. Houston High | 30-0 |
| November 13, 1909—Scrubs vs. San Antonio High | 16-0 |

A. Kelleher, Captain; C. C. McNeil, Coach; H. J. L. Stark, Manager; R. E. Kelleher; R. T. Kores; R. G., Moss; C., Staniforth; L. G., Gary; L. T., Battersby; L. E., Phillips; Q. B., Moore; R. Hb., L. Cullom, Holt; F. B., Brown, Wilson; L. Hb., Horton.

# The Class Champions

## THE JUNIOR TEAM

*Captain* . . . . . R. H. HARDWICKE
*Coaches* . . M. RAMSDELL, B. MOORE, O. LEONARD
*Manager* . . . . . B. DUDLEY

R. E., Dudley; R. T., Darter; R. G., Miller; C., Stallings; L. G., Gayle—Heflin; L. T., Gary; L. E., Alexander—Scott; Q., Hardwicke; R. H., Helland; F. B., Onion; L. H., Feuille.

## SCORES

| | |
|---|---|
| Sophomores vs. Freshmen . . . . . | 11-5 |
| Juniors vs. Seniors . . . . . | 6-0 |
| Juniors vs. Sophomores . . . . . | 7-0 |

# The 1909 Team

H. P. ROBERTSON, *Captain*
T. N. WATHEN, *Captain* (Resigned).
R. B. HOLLIDAY, *Manager.*
J. H. BROWNLEE, *Assistant Manager.*

Pitchers, H. Groesbeck, R. Johnson; Catcher, C. W. Weller; First Base, H. P. Robertson; Second Base, T. H. Stacy; Third Base, T. C. Johnson, Jr.; Short Stop, D. Hughs; Outfielders, M. B. Jones, V. Taylor, Z. Nixon, R. Adamson.

## Scores

March 25, Austin—Texas vs. St. Edwards, 7-8.
March 27, Georgetown—Texas vs. S. W. U., 12-4.
April 2, Austin—Texas vs. Detroit, 11-1.
April 5, Austin—Texas vs. St. Edwards, 9-0.
April 6, Austin—Texas vs. Chickasha Indians, 13-4.
April 7, Austin—Texas vs. Austin College, 2-0.
April 8, Austin—Texas vs. Houston League, 3-4.
April 9, Austin—Texas vs. T. C. U., 2-5.
April 10, Austin—Texas vs. T. C. U., 3-2.
April 12, Austin—Texas vs. St. Edwards, 2-0.
April 13, Austin—Texas vs. San Antonio League, 2-5.
April 14, Austin—Texas vs. San Antonio League, 1-10.
April 15, Austin—Texas vs. Dallas League, 0-8.
April 16, Austin—Texas vs. Dallas League, 0-13.
April 19, Waco—Texas vs. T. C. U., 3-10.
April 20, Waco—Texas vs. T. C. U., 24-12.
April 21, Waxahachie—Texas vs. Trinity, 3-5.
April 22, Sherman—Texas vs. Austin College, 1-5.
April 23, College Station—Texas vs. A. & M., 4-5.
April 24, College Station—Texas vs. A. & M., 0-2.
April 26, Austin—Texas vs. S. W. U., 6-0.
April 30, Austin—Texas vs. Baylor, 12-10.
May 1, Austin—Texas vs. Baylor, 3-2.
May 3, Austin—Texas vs. A. & M., 11-5.
May 4, Austin—Texas vs. A. & M., 0-2.
May 6, Austin—Texas vs. St. Edwards, 2-1.

TEXAS
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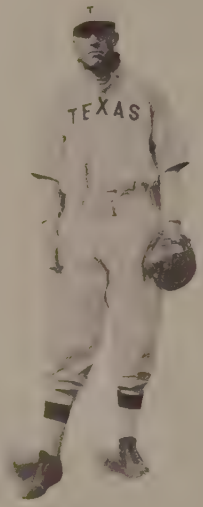
# The 1909 Baseball Season




H. P. ROBERTSON
Capt. 1909

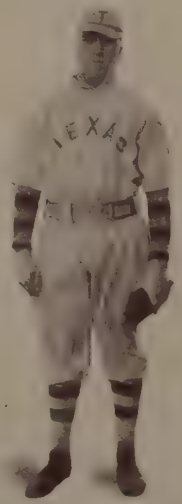
THE 1909 baseball season of The University of Texas can hardly be called a success. Few teams, even back in the dusky past, have proved so singularly unfortunate. Many conditions contribute to the failure of the past season. At the beginning of the year, abundant material seemed on hand, as the prospect of the big Eastern trip had drawn ball players from all parts of the State. Lack of financial support forced the abandonment of the proposed trip, and enthusiasm seemed to die at once. When a schedule composed entirely of professional and State games was announced, what little heart remained in the game was taken away.

Still, with good material out for the team the prospect for a winning nine seemed assured. Then, with the Second Term examinations, the hand of the faculty fell heavily upon the squad, and the end came into view. With practically no coaching, the captain's resignation, internal dissension, and weak fielding, together with a marked decline in the pitching staff, the team struggled on. Even up to the trip a fair break was maintained; but on the long journey the over-strained nine went to pieces, and, for the first time in history, Texas lost every game on the trip. Afterwards, on the home grounds the team rallied sharply towards the close, and put up a good, clean brand of baseball.

T. C. U. won the championship of the State, closely pushed by Baylor. Texas was forced to content herself with an unequal struggle for the cellar championship.

In spite of reverses, we cannot feel that the team ought to be blamed. No baseball nine can win victories backed by such lethargic support as that received by the team of 1909. If Texas expects to produce winning baseball in the future, the student body must support the team. For dissension, the men of 1909 are to be censured, but the lack of enthusiasm on the part of the students must be a readily accepted excuse.

Individually, much excellent work was done, and it is this that leaves ample room for hope in years yet to come. The phenomenal batting of Adamson and the steady work of Johnson and Stacy did much to redeem the poor quality of play. The stick work of the entire team was excellent.




T. N. WATHEN
Capt. 1909 (Resigned)
Capt.-Elect 1910

# The Veterans

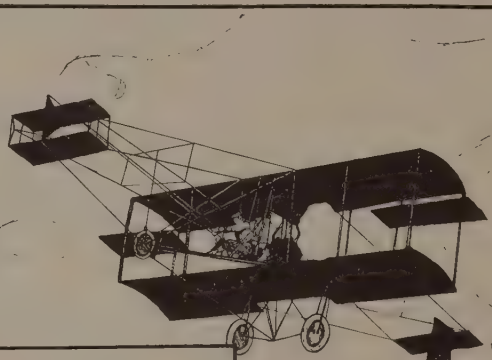
STACY
2B

JONES
C. OF

GROESBECK
P

NIXON
OF

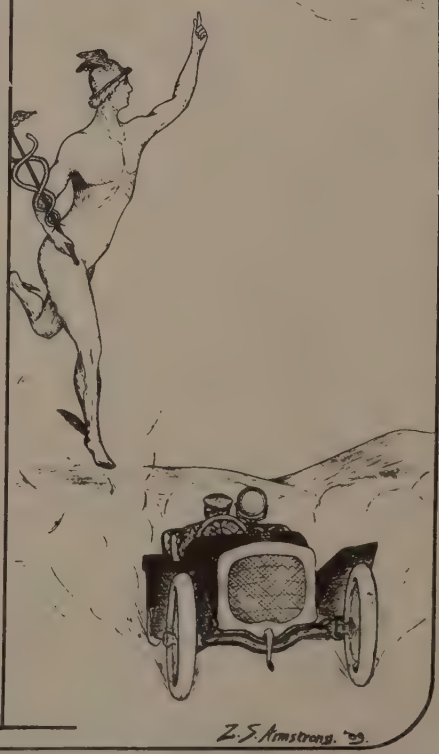
TAYLOR
OF



# The Speed God

Driving the winds, ecstatic, wild
with the glory of motion,
Over the lowlands, highlands, mountain path, highway, plain,
Speeding from sun land to ice land, speeding from ocean to ocean,
Mocking the rock-girdled barriers, mocking the waves of the sea,
Flies the great Speed God, the wing god, reckless in wanton glee,
Conscious of power, exultant, leading his fleet-winged minions
Now by the shadowy forest, now by the limitless main,
Skimming now low o'er the highways, resting on outstretched pinions,
Updarting now into heaven, trailing the clouds in his train,
The tireless winged Speed God.

—Z. S. Armstrong



## Texas vs. A. and M.

(College Station, April 24, 1909.)

| EVENTS | FIRST PLACE | SECOND PLACE | THIRD PLACE | RECORD |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 100-Yard Dash | Hamilton (A) | Hoover (T) | Melasky (T) | 0:10 |
| 220-Yard Dash | Hamilton (A) | Hoover (T) | Melasky (T) | 0:23 3-5 |
| 440-Yard Dash | McGhee (A) | Pollard (T) | Melasky (T) | 0:55 |
| Half Mile | Smith (T) | Ayres (T) | Braunig (A) | 2:12 |
| Mile | Ayres (T) | Smith (T) | Braunig (A) | 5:01 1-5 |
| 120-Yard Hurdles | Estill (T) | Thomas (T) | Millender (A) | 0:17 |
| 220-Yard Hurdles | McDonald (A) | Estill & Thomas | Estill (T) | 0:27 |
| High-Jump | Brownlee (T) | Thomas (T) | Carlin (A) | 5 ft. 4 in. |
| Broad Jump | Hamilton (A) | Vining (T) | Bain (T) | 20 ft. |
| Pole Vault | McDonald (A) | Thomas (T) | Crutcher (A) | 9 ft. |
| Hammer-Throw | Bailey (T) | Wallis (A) | Hooker (A) | 102 ft. 6 in. |
| Discus | Bailey (T) | Hamilton (A) | Estill (T) | 106 ft. 1 in. |
| Shot-Put | Hooker (A) | Bailey (T) | | 36 ft. 6¾ |
| Relay | (Omitted) | | | |

SCORE—Texas, 70; A. & M., 47.

## Texas vs. Southwestern

(Georgetown, April 29, 1909.)

| EVENTS | FIRST PLACE | SECOND PLACE | THIRD PLACE | RECORD |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 100-Yard Dash | Henry (S) | Sheffield (S) | Hoover (T) | 0:09 1-5 |
| 220-Yard Dash | Henry (S) | Sheffield (S) | Hoover (T) | 0:22 2-5 |
| 440-Yard Dash | Hendricks (S) | Veight (S) | Pollard (T) | 0:54 |
| Half Mile | Ayres (T) | Smith (T) | Elrod (S) | 2:08 1-5 |
| Mile | Smith (T) | Ayres (T) | Foote (T) | 4:54 3-5 |
| 120-Yard Hurdles | Sheffield (S) | Thomas (T) | Estill (T) | 0:16 3-5 |
| 220-Yard Hurdles | Sheffield (S) | Estill (T) | Thomas (T) | 0:27 |
| High Jump | Brownlee (T) | Cartwright (T) | Henry (S) | 5 ft. 9⅝ |
| Broad Jump | Sheffield (S) | Hendricks (S) | Daniels (T) | 19 ft. 7½ |
| Pole Vault | Snipes (S) | Collins (S) | Fleming (T) | 10 ft. |
| Hammer-Throw | Hendricks (S) | Bailey (T) | | 10 ft. 9 in. |
| Discus | Henry (S) | Bailey (T) | Hendricks (S) | 107 ft. 6½ |
| Shot-Put | Henry (S) | Bailey (T) | Hendricks (S) | 37 ft. |

SCORE—S. W. U., 75; Texas, 47.

## Texas vs. A. and M. and Tulane

(Houston, November 9, 1909.)

| EVENTS | FIRST PLACE | SECOND PLACE | THIRD PLACE | RECORD |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 100-Yard Dash | Callan (T) | Hoover (T) | Menefee (Tu) | 0:10 |
| 220-Yard Dash | Callan (T) | Hoover (T) | Hamilton (A) | 0:25 1-5 |
| 440-Yard Dash | Walmsly (Tu) | McGhee (A) | Moore (Tu) | 0:58 4-5 |
| Half Mile | Cheatham (T) | Smith (T) | Waters (Tu) | 2:16 1-5 |
| Mile Run | Smith (T) | Braunig (A) | Phillips (Tu) | 5:14 1-5 |
| 120-Yard Hurdles | Schmidt (Tu) | Menefee (Tu) | Melasky (T) | 0:14 1-5 |
| 220-Yard Hurdles | Thomas (T) | Schmidt (Tu) | Lipscomb (T) | 0:17 1-5 |
| High Jump | Love (Tu) | Lipscomb (T) | Thomas (T) | 5 ft. 3½ |
| Broad Jump | Menefee (Tu) | Carter (T) | Jacoby (T) | 19 ft. 10½ |
| Pole Vault | James & Johnson (A) | Bright & Fleming (T) | | |
| Hammer-Throw | Moore (T) | Bailey (T) | Hooker (A) | 101 ft. |
| Shot-Put | Hooker (A) | James (T) | Stallings (T) | 36 ft. 6 |
| Relay | Texas | A. & M. | Tulane | |

SCORE—Texas, 66; A. & M., 27; Tulane, 30.

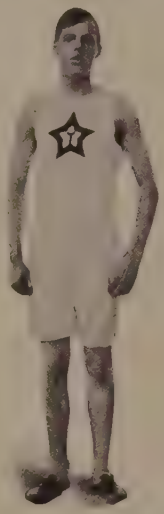
# The 1909 Track Team

*Captain,* . . . . . H. AYRES
*Coach,* . . . . . J. P. HOWSER
*Manager,* . . . . . M. WRIGHT
*Assistant Manager,* . . . . . THEO. M. GREEN

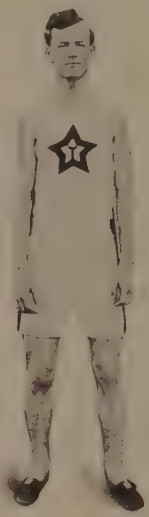
## The Team

| NAME | EVENT | POINTS | AWARD |
|---|---|---|---|
| C. W. Bailey | Weights | 22 | T |
| H. Ayres | Mile and Half | 16 | T |
| C. G. Smith | Mile and Half | 16 | T |
| M. Thomas | Hurdles, High Jump | 15 | T |
| J. Estill | Jumps | 13 | T |
| J. H. Brownlee | Jumps | 10 | T |
| T. L. Hoover | 100, 220, 440 | 8 | 2Td |
| J. M. Pollard | 440 | 4 | 2Td |
| M. Vining | Jumps | 3 | 2Td |
| H. A. Melasky | 100, 220, 440 | 3 | |
| G. C. Cartwright | Jumps | 3 | |
| K. E. Bain | Pole Vault | 1 | 2Td |
| F. Foote | Mile and Half | 1 | |
| A. F. Daniels | Jumps | 1 | |
| R. T. Fleming | Pole Vault | 1 | |

# The 1909 Track Season



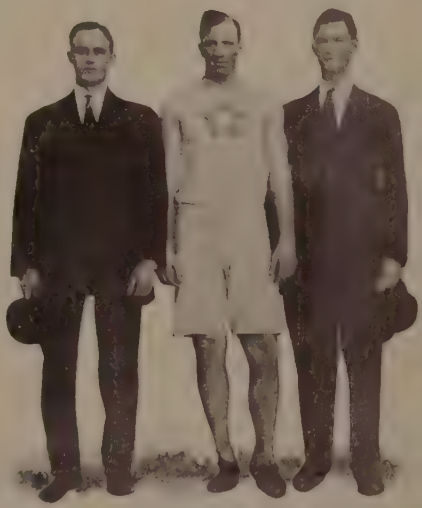
H. B. AYRES
Capt. 1909



R. CALLAN
Capt. 1909
(Resigned)

TRACK opened in 1909 under the most adverse circumstances conceivable. With but one "T" man eligible—Captain Ayres,—owing to the resignation of Russell Callan, with no money in the treasury, and the Dean's blue pencil cutting the squad every week, prospects seemed poor enough. Yet, to the credit of the indomitable courage of Texas, the team procured an even break on the season.

The first meet on Clark Field was a class contest, which was won by the Sophomores. The only real importance of this lay in the development of the men who were to bear the brunt of the season's work. Later, on April 24th, the first dual meet with A. & M. took place. In base ball, on the evening before, the Orange had sustained a bitter defeat at the hands of the College. The Cadets were jubilant, and looked confidently forward to a victory on the cinder-path. Then the Texas track men sallied



SNYDER
Coach

C. W. BAILEY
Capt. 1910

THEO. GREEN
Manager

BROWNLEE

SMITH

in to redeem the cause. With no rooting squad to cheer, in the face of a very riot of A. & M. enthusiasm, Captain Ayres' men won a hard-fought victory. The weight and distance men largely carried the day for Texas, though the short-dash events brought a wealth of second and third places.

AT THE PISTOL CRACK

Southwestern, on April 29th, avenged their defeat of the year before by winning from Texas 75 to 47. Here the fatal weakness in the dashes lost the meet, Henry of S. W. U., probably the fastest runner in the State, bringing up the score in these events. Texas won but three first places. Ayres, and the season's find,—Smith,—captured the mile and the half, and Brownlee —the high-jump. Bailey took place in all three weight events.

BREAKING THE TAPE

This closed the track season as far as Varsity was concerned, but no record of 1909 track would be complete without a mention of the interscholastic held under the auspices of the Athletic Association in April. The leading prep schools of the State were entered in the meet. Belton High School won the Scholastic Championship, and Allen Academy, by defeating them, the State honors.

THOMAS

The individual work during the season brought out many new men. Cullen Bailey, the most effective weight man, led the team in points. Captain Ayres, and Smith, whose development is no small credit to Coach Howser tied for second honors.

THE LAST HURDLE

Thomas, Estill, and Brownlee were awarded "T's" for making ten points or more in the meets. Of the other team men, Hoover, Pollard, Melasky, and Cartwright did excellent work.

## Track in the Fall of 1909

Under the new coaching system of 1909, track has taken a fresh impetus. Coach Snyder arranged a fall meet in Houston between Texas, Tulane, and A. & M. As Captain Bailey was on the football squad, Callan temporarily took his place. The momentous contest occurred on the day following the football team's decisive defeat at the hands of the Farmers. As Captain Ayres puts it, "Our team had been called upon to avenge baseball's shame in April. Now we went in to wipe out the disgrace of that 23 to 0 score, and we did it." From the first, there was no doubt of the results. Texas won seven out of thirteen first places. Callan and Hoover took the dashes, Cheatham and Smith the long distances. Thomas was in fine form on the hurdles, and Moore took first place in the hammer-throw, while the relay team came in ahead in beautiful style. The cups won in this meet form the nucleus of the Texas Trophy Room.

OVER

A HARD FINISH

HOUSTON TROPHIES

# The Class Track Meet of 1909

*Captain* . . . J. H. BROWNLEE
*Manager* . . B. H. RICE, JR.

### The Sophomore Team

BROWNLEE, ALEXANDER, BAIN, SMITH, GRAMBLING, PINCKNEY, ESTILL, CARTWRIGHT, LACY, FINK, MAYER.

### Relay Team

MAYER, ESTILL, SMITH, PINCKNEY

### Class Track Meet

CLARKE FIELD, APRIL 17, 1909.

| EVENT | FIRST | SECOND | THIRD | EVENT |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 100-Yd. Dash | Terrell (F.) | Vining (Sen.) | Merrill (J.) | 10 3-5 |
| 220-Yd. Dash | Hoover (J.) | Melasky (F.) | Alexander (S.) | 24 3-5 |
| 440-Yd. Dash | Melasky (F.) | Jones (S.) | Fariss (Sen.) | |
| Half Mile | Smith (S.) | Grambling (S.) | Pinckney (S.) | 2-17 2-4 |
| Mile | Smith (S.) | Foote (F.) | Cuningham (F.) | 5-4 4-5 |
| 120-Yd. Hurdle | Thomas (J.) | Estill (S.) | Vining (Sen.) | 18 3-5 |
| Running High | Brownlee (S.) | Thomas (J) | Cartwright (S.) | 5-5½ |
| Broad Jump | Terrell (F.) | Alexander (S.) | Cartwright (S.) | |
| Pole Vault | Fleming (F.) | Thomas (J.) | Bain (S.) | 9 ft. |
| Shot-Put | Bailey (Sen.) | Lacy (S.) | Stieler (Sen.) | 34 ft. 3 in. |
| Discus | Bailey (Sen.) | Hannah (Sen.) | Fink (S.) | 101 ft. 1 in. |
| Hammer-Throw | Bailey (Sen.) | Stieler (Sen.) | Hannah (Sen.) | 110 ft. |
| Relay | Sophomores | Seniors | Freshmen | |

### Score

| | |
|---|---|
| Sophomores | 41 |
| Seniors | 34 |
| Freshmen | 29 |
| Juniors | 22 |

# Tennis

H. P. ROBERTSON
Champion in Singles, 1909

**OFFICERS**

*President* . . . . . W. L. EYRES
*Vice-President* . . ALLENE BLACKER
*Manager* . . . D. S. PERKINS, JR.

**Executive Committee**

A. D. BRODIE, NORMAN MORROW

**Tennis Champions**

*Doubles*
BURKE BAKER, WALTER EYRES
*Singles*
H. P. ROBERTSON

**Novice Champions**

*Doubles*
G. D. SEARS, W. H. HARRISON
*Singles*
M. M. PORTERFIELD

BAKER and AYRES
Champions in Doubles, 1909

# Tennis in 1909

TENNIS at Texas in 1909 had one of its most prosperous years. The earlier progressive tournament in the fall had a large entry list and was hotly contested. In the spring tournament for the college championship, although one or two players led from the very first, intense interest was maintained. The finals in doubles were won by Baker and Eyres from Bryan and Wright. In the singles, Baker defeated Bryan, ex-doubles-champion in 1905 and 1906. Baker was then beaten by Hulen Robertson, the 1908 singles winner.

At the State Tournament held in Waco, Texas won both events, Baker and Eyres taking the doubles, and Robertson the singles.

WHERE THE FACULTY WORK

# Basketball

THE revival of basketball at Texas is due almost entirely to the efforts of one man—Morgan Vining. It was through his constant application that student interest was aroused, and a squad brought out to practice under Mr. Metzenthin. It is true that the season was by no means a success, but Captain Vining's work kept the game alive and gave it a grip, which from its present progress in 1910, promises to be long-enduring.

The basketball team had an effective pair of forwards in Hardie and Vining, and six guards from whom to choose. Estill played the whole year at center. Vining was easily the star of the year. Texas won from Baylor and a few minor schools, but went down ingloriously before Allen Academy. Such is a brief record of the season; but we must look beyond this seeming failure and give due credit to Captain Vining and his men for preserving a game that will mean much to Texas athletics in the future.

M. VINING
Capt. 1909

## THE TEAM

M. VINING . . . . *Captain*
W. E. METZENTHIN . . *Coach*
J. D. WILLIS . . *Manager*

Forwards, M. Vining, T. Hardie; Center, J. Estill, M. Thomas; Guards, L. Eastland, W. H. Campbell, W. Fink, A. Grambling, J. D. Willis.

## SCORES

| | |
|---|---|
| Texas vs. Austin High School . | 56-4 |
| Texas vs. Deaf and Dumb, . . | 39-9 |
| Texas vs. Allen Academy, . . | 21-42 |
| Texas vs. Allen Academy, . . | 21-38 |
| Texas vs. S. A. H. S., . . . | 21-19 |
| Texas vs. Baylor, . . . . . | 39-21 |
| Texas vs. Deaf and Dumb, . . | 42-3 |
| Texas vs. Austin High School, . | 21-8 |

L. EASTLAND
Capt. 1910

# The Gym Team

B. S. DUDLEY
Capt. 1910

ALTHOUGH the Gym Team maintained the regular organization in 1909, the annual exhibition was not held, and no trip was taken. Several of the old stars were back, and all did excellent work. Bailey, Charlton, and Crawford had won "T's" in gym work, and there was a wealth of new material. Like the other teams, however, gym was handicapped financially. The elimination of the "T," and the failure to take a trip, caused a great decline of interest; hence practically nothing was done.

The 1910 Gym Team is coached by Dr. Lane. Merlin C. Crawford, who won his "T" in the 1908 contest, is manager, and Bev. Dudley is captain.

VARSITY TEAM

# Executive Board of the
# Woman's Athletic Association

| | |
|---|---|
| Grace Long | *President* |
| Aileen Blacker | *Vice-President Tennis Assn.* |
| Mary E. Speer | *Secretary* |
| Marguerite Bedell | *Treasurer* |
| Imogene Thrasher | *Graduate Representative* |
| Anna D. Roe | *Senior Representative* |
| Viola Middlebrook | *Junior Representative* |
| Jewel Hogue | *Sophomore Representative* |
| Isabel Carden | *Freshmen Representative* |
| Christine Schott | *Chairman Social Committee* |
| Betty Doggett | *Manager Tennis* |
| Alice Ramsdell | *Manager Basketball* |
| Viola Middlebrook | *Captain Basketball Team* |
| Eunice Aden | *Coach* |
| Louise H. Wright | *Director Woman's Gym.* |

RAMSDELL
THRASHER
SPEER
BLACKER
WRIGHT
LONG
ADEN
ROE
SCHOTT
DOGGE
HOGUE
MIDDLEBROOK
BEDELL

VARSITY TEAM

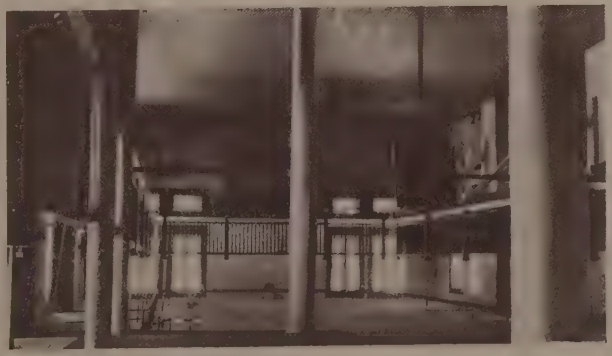
WOMAN'S BUILDING TEAM

# Winners of the T in Basketball

MARGUERITE BEDELL

MARJORIE JARVIS

VIOLA MIDDLEBROOK



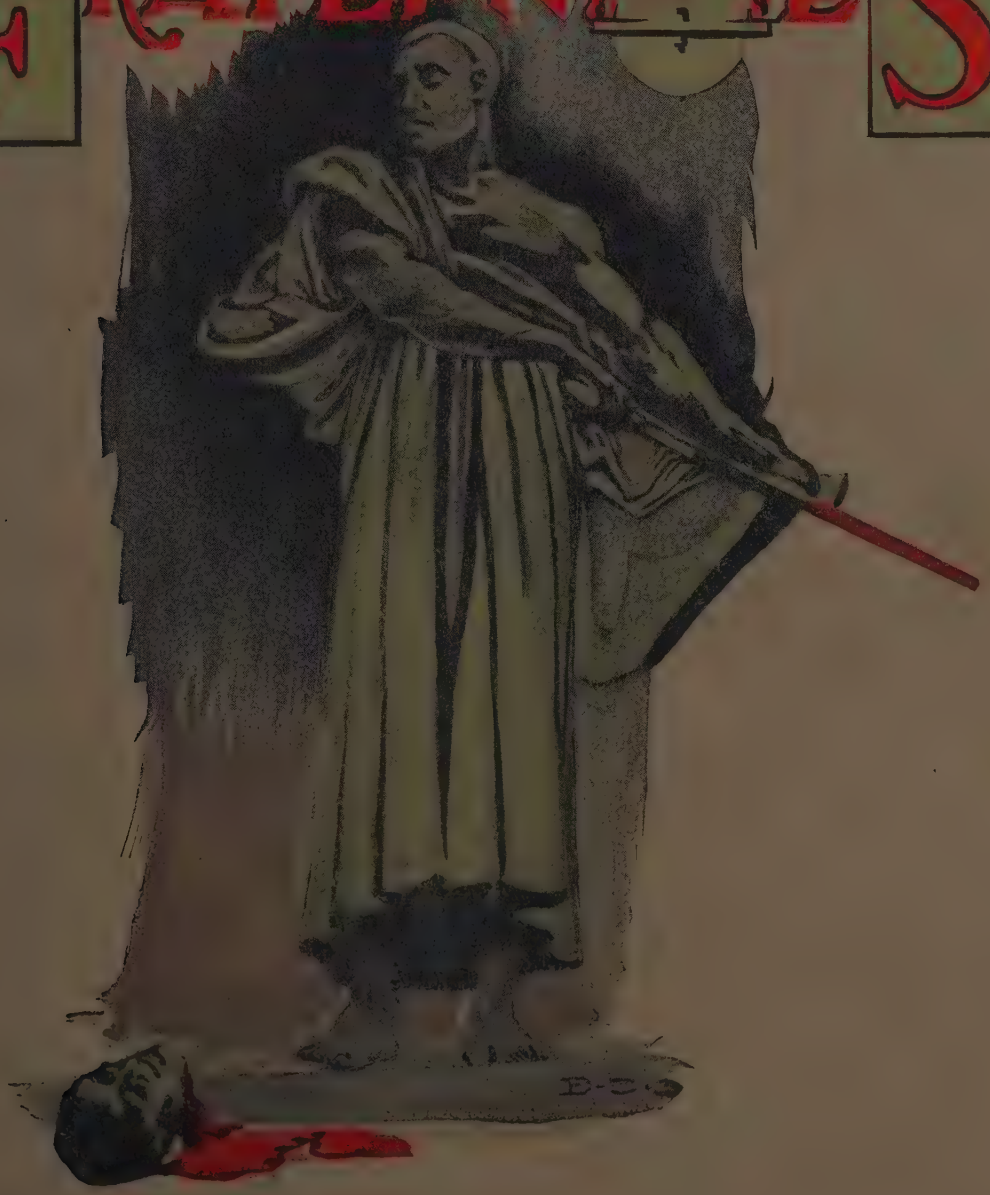
THE BASKETBALL COURT

# Winners of T in Tennis

LUCILE COFFMAN

WILLIE MAY KELL

# FRATERNITIES



The memory of a great
Friendship
Can never die out of
the Heart

# PHI DELTA THETA

(Founded at Miami University, 1848.)

## Texas Beta Chapter

(Established in 1883.)

### CITY MEMBERS

Burke Baker
J. H. Caldwell
Robert Campbell
J. R. Carpenter
Leigh Ellis
Franz Fizet
L. B. Fontaine
J. H. Gillespie
Ireland Graves
F. L. Jewett
J. W. Lowber
F. H. Raymond
Clarence W. Weller
J. H. Williams
C. A. Wilcox

### FACULTY MEMBERS

E. C. Barker
C. R. Baskerville
Morgan Calloway, Jr.
W. S. Carter
D. B. Casteel
E. T. Miller

### STUDENT MEMBERS

Frank Boynton
Cedric Burgher
Tom S. Byrne
C. Jerome Cartwright
T. Hughes Cody
H. V. Cunningham
Walter Dealey
Donald Duncan
Homer Harris, Jr.
Mims J. Jackson
John A. James
Edmund Key, Jr.
Harold Kimball
Clay Kuykendall
J. L. Lipscomb
Andrew T. McCormick
W. Vernon McIntyre
John L. McMeans
R. Howard McMeans
W. L. L. Moore
Walter A. Parish
Donald Penn
Robert R. Penn
David M. Picton, Jr.
Clay Preston
Thomas B. Ramey, Jr.
R. Q. M. Reeves
Alfred Smith, Jr.
T. Harwood Stacy
N. A. Stedman, Jr.
Arthur D. Stone
John W. Timmins
Joe L. Ward
John DeB. Wheeler

R. PENN
STEDMAN
WARD
BOYNTON
REEVES
D. PENN
RAMEY
McCORMICK
STACY
H. McMEANS
KUYKENDALL
WHEELER
JACKSON
McINTYRE
CUNNINGHAM
MOORE
TIMMINS
STONE
JAMES
CARTWRIGHT
LIPSCOMB
PRESTON
HARRIS
PARISH
PICTON
J. McMEANS
SMITH
BYRNE
DUNCAN
BURGHER
KEY
CODY
DEALY

# KAPPA ALPHA

(Founded at Washington and Lee University, 1865.)

## Omicron Chapter

(Established in 1883.)

### CITY MEMBERS

R. L. Batts
R. L. Batts, Jr.
J. W. Bradfield
Horace Gilbert
A. N. McCallum
J. W. Royall
D. E. Simmons
W. W. Wilkerson

Glover Johns

### FACULTY MEMBERS

A. Caswell Ellis
Horace Gilbert
Daniel A. Penick
Leon F. Russ

R. A. Law

### STUDENT MEMBERS

G. C. Cartwright
Holman Cartwright
C. G. Davis
Arthur P. Dyer
Benjamin H. Dyer
Walter Fink
Jack George
J. F. Goodhue
George A. Hill
W. Ross Irvin
S. A. Kennard
R. Pryor Lucas
M. Edgar Monteith
James B. McGee
E. E. Pendleton
Roland Ring
Curtis B. Roberts
J. Aubrey Rucker
Perry Sayles
Robert B. Webb*

*Deceased

Webb G. Cartwright Lucas Ring Kennard
Goodhue Roberts McGee A. Dyer Davis
B. Dyer Sayles George Irwin Rucker
Hill Fink Monteith H. Cartwright Pendleton Russ



THE CACTUS 1910

# BETA THETA PI

(Founded at Miami University, 1839.)

## Beta Omicron Chapter

(Established in 1883.)

### CITY MEMBERS

B. S. Brown
J. F. Clark
S. R. Fisher
J. W. Hawkins
G. M. Jarvis
C. D. Johns
C. R. Jones
J. C. Kerbey
McFall Kerbey
G. H. Kinsolving
D. N. McGlauchlin
L. A. Mitchell
Ewell Nalle
J. E. Pearce
Oscar Robinson
Ralph Robinson
Eugene Steiner
E. B. Wright

### FACULTY MEMBERS

N. L. Goodrich
Edward Randall
H. W. Harper
Lauch McLaurin

### STUDENT MEMBERS

R. L. Carlock
D. K. Collier
Walter Ford
E. L. Fulton
John G. Gregg
Mike Hogg
A. B. Judd
Robert H. Kelly
John A. March, Jr
Hermon C. Pipkin
J. C. Ryan, Jr
Leslie Spoonts
S. G. Standiforth
R. S. Walker
H. C. Weeks
J. Lester Wroe

THE CACTUS 1910

# KAPPA SIGMA

(Founded at the University of Virginia, 1867.)

## Tau Chapter

(Established in 1884.)

### CITY MEMBERS

A. J. Beverly
J. L. Bell
V. L. Brooks
E. C. Caldwell
R. M. Colquitt
F. T. Connerly
N. A. Dawson
A. N. Denton
G. S. Dowell
A. C. Estill
S. W. Fisher
W. W. Fisher
F. K. Fisher
Malcolm Graham
W. A. Harper
W. D. Hart
H. L. Hilgartner
Joe Gilbert
S. N. Key
Arthur Moore
A. J. Rector
F. C. Von Rosenberg
Horace Thompson
R. J. Thompson
W. M. Thornton
A. W. Townsend
J. Wooldridge
Goodall Wooten
Joe Wooten
J. W. Maxwell

### FACULTY MEMBERS

J. R. Bailey
Killis Campbell
G. P. Garrison
I. P. Hildebrand
F. W. Simonds
T. U. Taylor

### STUDENT MEMBERS

C. W. Bailey
T. B. Bartlett
C. W. Bickley
S. A. Blair
Philip Cook
J. B. Dooley
A. D. Dyess
J. E. Edmondson
J. P. Flack
J. H. Gill
M. F. Gill
W. G. Gillis
W. O. Gross
D. H. Hart, Jr
H. R. F. Helland
H. B. Houston
W. P. Hutcheson
Murray B. Jones
H. V. Kiley
R. W. King
W. B. Lipscomb
W. Mark McGee
A. G. O'Neill
D. P. Pace
G. B. Peeler
J. W. Rockwell
R. I. Sansom
H. F. Searight
C. Slaughter
W. A. Wade
W. J. Walden
T. N. Wathen
Bryan Williams

DOOLEY
SLAUGHTER
BAILEY
GILLIS
HART
KILEY
HOUSTON
J. GILL
SANSOM
PACE
HELLAND
JONES
M'GEE
WATHEN
BLAIR
COOK
M. GILL
HUTCHESON
KING
PEELER
DYESS
ROCKWELL
FLACK
WADE
O'NEILL
WALDEN
BICKLEY
GROSS
EDMUNDSON

# SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON

(Founded at the University of Alabama, 1856.)

## Texas Rho Chapter

(Established in 1884.)

### CITY MEMBERS

J. T. Briscoe
C. B. Giles
E. B. Hancock
J. G. Hornberger
J. W. McClendon
Will J. Scarbrough
N. A. Stedman
Dudley K. Woodward

M. B. Hunnicut

### FACULTY MEMBERS

H. Y. Benedict
Edwin W. Fay

### STUDENT MEMBERS

C. W. Barrier
E. H. Holinger
R. E. Brooks, Jr.
J. H. Caufield
S. A. Charlton
C. Coldwell
P. Coldwell
R. B. Cousins, Jr.
R. E. Cowart, Jr.
M. C. Crawford
R. E. Davis
F. L. Dix
L. C. Eastland
A. A. Evans
Sterling P. Fulmore
W. M. Glover
Thornton Hardie
H. V. Hays
W. M. Howard
T. H. Jarrell
H. W. Lackland
M. W. Lay
L. P. Lockridge
M. L. Massingill
L. E. Moorhardt
Bart Moore, Jr.
T. P. Moore
H. L. Nicholson
R. G. Patton, Jr.
Julius H. Runge
J. L. Shelton
Juan Smith
E. C. Summerfield
J. D. Willis

Barrier Evans Patton Brooks Mohrhardt Glover Davis
R. Cousins Eastland Jarrell T. Moore B. Cousins Nicholson C. Coldwell Dix
Summerfield Runge P. Caldwell Hardie Bolinger Lay Hays Shelton
Lackland Willis B. Moore Charlton Lockridge Caufield Smith Massingill

# SIGMA CHI

(Founded at Miami University, 1855.)

## Alpha Nu Chapter

(Established in 1884.)

### CITY MEMBERS

W. P. Allen
M. H. Benson
H. P. Bickler
M. H. Bickler
John F. Butler
Herbert H. Finch
J. M. Ramsey
J. B. Rector
H. P. Richardson
J. H. Richardson
J. D. Walthall

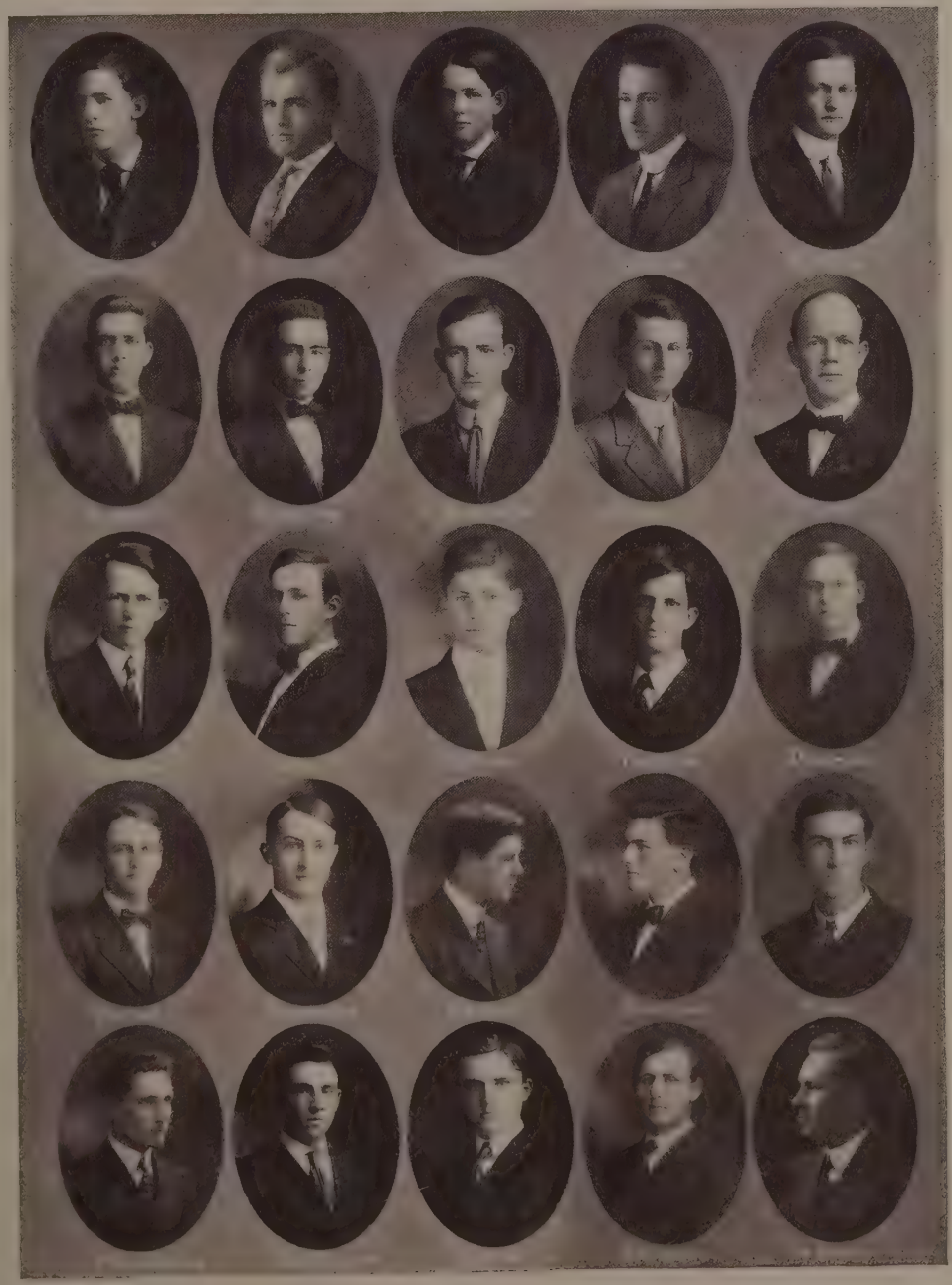
### FACULTY MEMBERS

Stanley P. Finch
H. H. Newman
H. C. Webster
Stark Young

### STUDENT MEMBERS

J. J. Atkinson
G. W. Cole
R. V. Davidson, Jr.
L. G. Denman
Thomas J. Devine
W. W. Devine
C. R. Edwards
Leroy Hamilton
Robert Hardwicke
Martin Hart
John E. Heflin *
D. E. Hume
Ramon A. Hume *
R. M. Kleberg
Mark Lemmon
P. A. McDermott
W. C. Morrow
W. F. Morrow
I. C. Ogden
F. N. Raymond
Boyd Reading
L. V. Richardson
Asher R. Smith
G. W. Smith
B. D. Tarlton, Jr.
F. L. Williams
J. B. Williams
H. G. Womble
H. R. Young

* *Deceased*



# SIGMA NU

(Founded at Virginia Military Institute, 1859.)

## Upsilon Chapter

(Established in 1886.)

### CITY MEMBERS

Cullum H. Boothe
J. S. Myrick
Ben. Robertson
Warren Robertson
George E. Shelley
Charles Stephenson

### FACULTY MEMBERS

Eugene P. Schoch
J. E. Rosser

### STUDENT MEMBERS

H. B. Barnhart
H. C. Barnhart
J. Y. Bradfield
J. H. Brownlee
V. M. Clopton
K. W. Denman
H. S. Groesbeck
A. D. Kennard
W. B. Miller
R. L. Pillow
J. H. Scarborough
Paul Sturgis
V. W. Taylor
W. C. Thompson
R. C. Trabue
G. S. Wortham
J. T. Sanders
W. B. Smith

Sturgis Miller Taylor
Scarbrough Groesbeck Thompson Wright Wortham
Barnhart Kennard Bradfield Clopton Barnhart
Rosser Denman Brownlee Pillow Schoch

THE CACTUS 1910

# CHI PHI

(Founded at Princeton University, 1824.)

## Nu Chapter

(Established in 1892.)

### CITY MEMBERS

Will Caswell
H. E. Ford
J. Stanley Ford
C. W. Morrison
Ed. Palm
T. R. Sampson
Frank Sampson
Howard Wells

### FACULTY MEMBERS

S. E. Mezes
M. B. Porter
C. E. Rowe

### STUDENT MEMBERS

Conn. Anderson
J. L. Camp, Jr.
S. B. Davies
F. B. Garrett
Gordon Hill
Lon C. Hill, Jr.
R. E. Holcomb
Arthur LeFevre, Jr.
J. Owsley Miller
A. B. Muller
W. T. Neblett
L. F. Nelson
John W. Turner
H. B. Whaling
Frank Williford
W. J. Wilson
G. E. Woodley
A. D. Yater
A. W. Young

Neblet Wilson Garrett
Camp Nelson Davies Holcomb Young
Hill Muller Woodley Anderson Yater
Lefevre Williford Turner Rowe Miller Whaling



THE CACTUS 1910

# ALPHA TAU OMEGA

(Founded at Virginia Military Institute, 1865.)

**Texas Gamma Eta Chapter**

(Established in 1897.)

CITY MEMBERS

Arthur F. Bishop
Walter Bremond
S. E. Chandler
W. E. Giesen
T. W. Gregory
W. P. Irvin
Harris Masterson
Avery Rector
Ernest Vinson
Will West

STUDENT MEMBERS

L. E. Dallas
E. C. DeMontell
R. C. Goeth
L. B. Harris
T. P. Hart
R. O. Hunnam
Z. V. Nixon
R. L. Patterson
H. L. Platter
C. B. Popenoe
J. H. Powell
L. H. Powell
C. W. Rosser
W. I. Sims
S. A. Terry
C. W. Truehart

THE CACTUS 1910

# PHI GAMMA DELTA

(FOUNDED AT JEFFERSON COLLEGE, 1848.)

## Tau Deuteron Chapter

(RE-ESTABLISHED IN 1901.)

### CITY MEMBERS

F. H. S. DIBRELL
H. W. JENKINS
B. H. RICE
F. D. RUSSELL
WILBUR H. YOUNG

### FACULTY MEMBERS

S. R. ASHBY
W. T. HALE
TOM. HOLDEN
E. D. SHURTER

### STUDENT MEMBERS

C. H. ALEXANDER
A. C. ALLEN
J. A. BARCLAY
S. A. BARCLAY
L. C. BRENIZER
W. BRENIZER
G. H. BRUSH
W. H. CAMPBELL
C. G. CARTER
R. L. CARTER
J. D. CULLUM
L. H. CULLUM
Z. H. FRENCH
J. R. GOLDEN
W. W. HOLDEN
H. LEE
L. W. LINK
S. LIPSCOMB
G. L. LONG
W. W. MCALLISTER
W. W. MEACHUM
W. M. MORGAN
E. C. MUSE
A. W. PLEASANTS
S. D. RAMSEY
B. H. RICE, JR
W. S. SCHREINER
R. B. SHAW
F. F. SIMPSON
R. F. SIMPSON
T. D. STAMPS
H. J. L. STARK
R. G. STOCKEY
A. SURKAMP
C. R. TIPS
J. K. TORBERT
F. E. WOOD
J. W. WOOLFORD

L. BRENIZER
J. CULLUM
FRENCH
W. HOLDEN

# DELTA TAU DELTA

(Founded at Bethany College, 1859.)

## Texas Gamma Iota Chapter

(Established in 1904.)

### CITY MEMBERS

Claude Buckley
John Lane
C. C. McNeill
George S. Walton
Penn Wooldridge

### FACULTY MEMBER

H. Parlin

### STUDENT MEMBERS

J. C. Anderson
P. J. Anthony
H. H. Brown, Jr.
E. L. Buckley
F. Baldwin
Y. D. Carroll
D. T. Evans
Frank Feuille
Dee German
John Gracy
Luther S. Hoffman
Donald Ingram
C. B. Long
J. A. McFarland
H. T. McGown
E. T. Philips
Herbert Rather
G. T. Rector
R. Rugeley
B. F. Wilson
R. L. Sweeney

EVANS
LONG
ANTHONY
McGOWN
HOFFMAN
PHILLIPS
BROWN
GERMAN
McFARLAND
GRACY
RECTOR
RUGELEY
WILSON
INGRAM
ANDERSON
BUCKLEY
CARROLL
BALDWIN
FEUILLE
RATHER

# PHI KAPPA PSI

(Founded at Jefferson College, 1852.)

## Texas Alpha Chapter

(Established in 1904.)

### CITY MEMBERS

Charles S. Hayden

L. E. Walker

### FACULTY MEMBER

J. L. Henderson

### STUDENT MEMBERS

Otto Armstrong
J. H. Boothe, Jr.
J. H. Ewell, Jr.
P. B. Garrett
W. C. Grieb
M. L. Hanchette
F. V. Hughes, Jr.
R. J. Noonan
J. M. Pollard
W. B. Ruggles
T. E. Schramm
R. L. Sherrill
H. Terrell, Jr.
Hugh Wright

THE CACTUS 1910

# DELTA CHI (Law Fraternity)

(Founded at Cornell University, 1890.)

## Texas Chapter

(Estarlished in 1907.)

### CITY MEMBER

Ireland Graves

### FACULTY MEMBERS

I. P. Hildebrand
Lauch McLaurin
C. S. Potts
E. D. Shurter
W. S. Simkins
B. D. Tarlton
J. C. Townes

### STUDENT MEMBERS

D. C. Bland
E. S. Boyles
C. F. Cable
C. C. Carsner
E. P. Collins
W. J. Embry
R. T. Fleming
E. Fouts
J. M. Harris
J. E. Hickman
H. C. Horton
C. W. Ingram
Ira P. Jones, Jr.
F. P. McElwrath
W. G. Miller
C. C. McKinney
H. Nutt
S. L. Pinckney
J. Y. Powell
S. G. Salter, Jr.
J. L. Shepherd, Jr.
W. D. Smith
O'Brien Stevens
J. T. Vance
F. M. West
Kenneth Krahl

Collins Shepherd Hickman Harris Salter Embry
Fleming McElwrath Bland Miller Powell Pinckney McKinney
Cable West Smith Horton Carsner Ingram Jones
Vance Tarlton Simpkins Townes McLaurin Shurter Boyles



THE CACTUS 1910

# DELTA SIGMA PHI

(Founded at the College of the City of New York, 1901.)

## Eta Chapter

(Established in 1907.)

CITY MEMBER

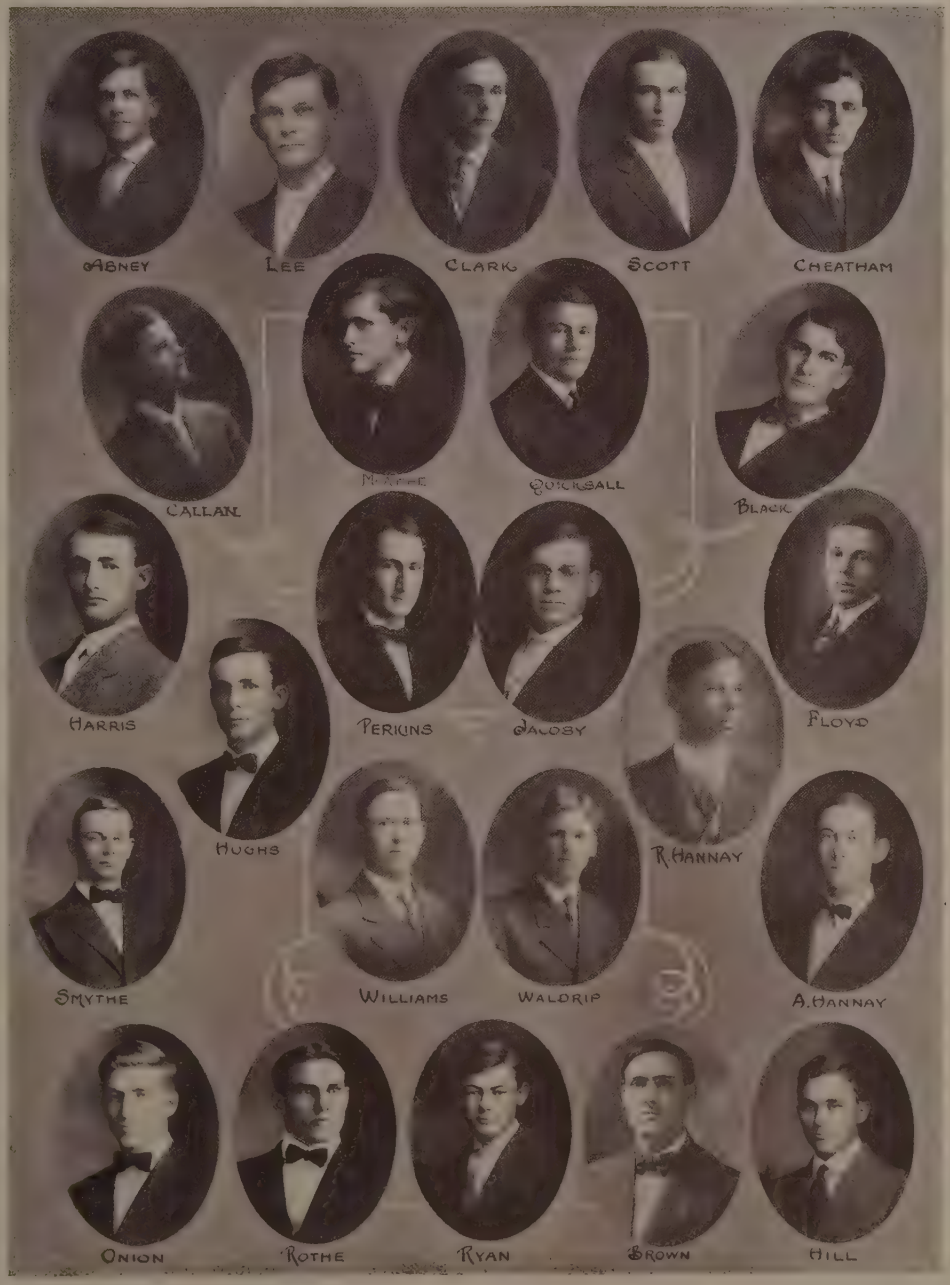
W. L. Eyers

FACULTY MEMBER

A. M. McAfee

STUDENT MEMBERS

J. C. Abney
O. B. Black
F. A. Brown
Russell Callan
T. O. Cheatham
R. B. Clark
A. B. Hannay
R. E. Hannay
John C. Harris
J. E. Hill
D. D. Hughes
Foster Jacoby
N. H. Lee
W. M. Martin
H. P. Moore
T. E. Nelson
J. F. Onion
J. I. Perkins
A. L. Quicksall
H. A. Rothe
J. B. Ryan, Jr.
T. M. Scott
J. G. Smythe, Jr.
H. M. Waldrip
C. A. Williams
R. Harrington


ABNEY
LEE
CLARK
SCOTT
CHEATHAM
CALLAN
M. APPLE
QUICKSALL
BLACK
HARRIS
PERKINS
JALOSY
FLOYD
HUGHS
R. HANNAY
SMYTHE
WILLIAMS
WALDRIP
A. HANNAY
ONION
ROTHE
RYAN
BROWN
HILL

# PHI DELTA PHI (Law Fraternity)

(Founded at the University of Michigan, 1869.)

## Roberts Chapter

(Established in 1910.)

### CITY MEMBER

Dudley K. Woodward

### STUDENT MEMBERS

Thomas J. Caldwell
Robert L. Carlock
Liston A. Casey
Holman Cartwright
Raymond F. Dickson
Benjamin H. Dyer
John E. Green, Jr.
Jared P. Hill
Mike Hogg
W. Palmer Hutcheson
Thomas C. Johnson
Murray B. Jones
Robert H. Kelley
Richard M. Kleberg
M. Edgar Monteith
Ira C. Ogden
Philip Pierce
Arthur D. Stone
Oscar O. Touchstone
John W. Turner

THE CACTUS 1910

# PI BETA PHI

(Founded at Monmouth College, 1867.)

## Texas Alpha Chapter

(Established in 1902.)

### CITY MEMBERS

Margaret Burroughs
Mrs. Will Caswell
Julia Estill
Ada Garrison
Helen Garrison
Serena Gould
Helen Hood
Florence Randolph
Margaret Robertson
Janie Robinson
Adele Steiner
Ann Townes
Sallie Bell Weller
Elizabeth Wilmot
Mrs. Wilbur Young

### FACULTY MEMBER

Bessie Cochran

### STUDENT MEMBERS

Laura Burleson
Grace Byrne
Frankie Cochran
Adele Epperson
Annie Garrison
Bessie Garrison
Katherine Gould
Catherine Hill
Nita Hill
Mary Holt
Frances Jalonick
Elizabeth Leftwich
Georgia Maverick
Bess Monteith
Dora Neill
Laura Randall
Lucile Russell
Mary Peacock
Anita Schlemmer
Erna Schlemmer
Julia Simpson
Theron Thompson
Frances Walker
Camille Webb
Bessie Wells
Camille Williams
Ida Belle Woolford

PEACOCK
BYRNE

# KAPPA KAPPA GAMMA

(Founded at Monmouth College, 1870.)

## Beta Xi Chapter

(Established in 1902.)

### CITY MEMBERS

Eleanor Brackenridge
Fannie Campbell
Sammie Belle Campbell
Helen Devine
Mrs. S. W. Fisher
Mrs. Ireland Graves
Christine Littlefield
Lilla Donnan
Genevieve Tarlton
Dora Thornton

### FACULTY MEMBERS

May Jarvis
Grace Prather
Katherine Searcy

### STUDENT MEMBERS

Rowena Barnett
Mary Batts
Lucile Borden
Mary Broad
Annie Campbell
Maydelle Campbell
Emma Lee Caldwell
Nora Crane
Lindall Finley
Mattie Gooch
Helen H. Harrison
Marjorie Jarvis
Jean John
Helen Lake
Lucile Law
Reba Masterson
Sarah Meriwether
Marguerite Morris
Cornelia Rice
Anne Ruggles
Johanna Runge
Mamie Searcy
Ella Stephens
Vivian Smith
Pauline Thornton
Herma Ujffy
Nettie May Wilkes

FINLEY
BEARCY
LAKE
MORRIS
THORNTON
JOHN
RUDOLPH
RICE
MERIWETHER
GOOCH
CAMPBELL
HARRISON
BORDEN
SMITH
BARNETT
STEPHENS
WILKES
LAW

# CHI OMEGA

(Founded at the University of Arkansas, 1895.)

## Iota Chapter

(Established in 1904.)

### CITY MEMBERS

Esther Bishop
Edna Collins
Margaret Giesen
Helen Thornton
Mrs. Porter Travis
Georgia Walker
Bessie Hutchings

### STUDENT MEMBERS

Hallie Aldrich
Hallie Black
Adele Burt
Jessie Butts
Lillian Caldwell
Rosina Collins
Grace Denny
Victorine Field
Virginia Gano
Ann Gough
Annie Huston
Estelle Klett
Mary Lipscomb
Kathleen Lomax
Ruby Miller
Elizabeth Oliphint
Julia Pritchett
Pearl Ray
Laura Lettie Smith
Eula V. Ward
Mabel Watson
Mary Louise Young

THE CACTUS 1910

# KAPPA ALPHA THETA

(Founded at DePauw University, 1870.)

## Alpha Theta Chapter

(Established in 1904.)

CITY MEMBERS

Anna Simonds  Bessie Eilers  Josephine Yarrington

STUDENT MEMBERS

Mamie Bowers
Maidel Baker
Marguerite Calfee
Jean Figh
Blake Gibbs
Frances Gillespie
Juanita Hopkins
Helen Johnson
Louise Johnson
Carrie Kell
Willie May Kell
Mamie Ketchum
Elaine Lewis
Frances Morris
Fannie Preston
Christine Schott
Aileen Sykes
Alma Speer
Mary Speer
Anne Thornton
Stella Tompkins
Mary Wahrenberger
Lynne Wooten

Miss Thornton
Miss Morris
Miss Johnson
Miss Baker
Miss Speer
Miss Wahrenberger
Miss Wooten
Miss Johnson
Miss Bowers
Miss Hopkins
Miss Speer
Miss Gibbs
Miss Sykes
Miss Ketchum
Miss Lewis
Miss Calfee
Miss Preston
Miss Fish
Miss Schott
Miss Gillespie
Miss Tompkins
ΚΑΠΠΑ
ΘΗΤΑ
ΑΛΦΑ

# ZETA TAU ALPHA

**Texas Kappa Chapter**

(Established in 1906.)

CITY MEMBERS

Mrs. Charles Gardner  Carrie Goeth  Anita Goeth

STUDENT MEMBERS

Virginia Bedford
Jane Brown
Lucile Coffman
Louise Gibson
Elizabeth Julian
Louise Lawrence
Irma Mathee
Mary Mobley
Annie Bess Moore
Pearl Paul
Bell Porter
Ruth Randle
Ruth Rubey
Nellie Rucker
Lou Sherrill
Ida May Shipman
Mary Shipman
Lulu Wells
Nettie M. Yater
Kathleen Young

THE CACTUS 1910

# ALPHA DELTA PHI

(Founded at Wesleyan College, 1851.)

## Delta Chapter

(Established in 1906.)

### CITY MEMBERS

Elinor Fulton
Mrs. Thurman Mayne
Mrs. Clarence Miller
Mrs. Jim Newton

### FACULTY MEMBERS

Mrs. Helen M. Kirby
Hallie D. Walker

### STUDENT MEMBERS

Annie M. Barron
Lucille Bell
Norma Burleson
Nannie B. Clamp
Anna F. Gribble
Loulein Harris
Edith Harris
Alice Douglas
Jeanie Hunter
Nina Lucas
Madge Roberts
Lena Rogan
Mary Lou Rogan
Marguerite Stevens
Jet C. Winters

ROBERTS
BARRON
L. HARRIS
STEVENS
M. ROGAN
L. ROGAN
E. HARRIS
CLAMP
BELL
BURLESON
GRIBBLE
HUNTER
WINTERS
WALKER
LUCAS

# THETA NU EPSILON

(INTER-FRATERNITY.)

### CITY MEMBERS

W. E. GIESEN
OSCAR ROBINSON
RALPH ROBINSON
GEORGE STEPHENS

### STUDENT MEMBERS

TOM S. BYRNE
S. A. CHARLTON
D. D. HUGHS
EDWARD DEMONTEL
JOHN BARCLAY
SAM BARCLAY
MURRAY B. JONES
N. H. LEE
W. W. MCALLISTER
OTTO ARMSTRONG
J. M. POLLARD
ALFRED SMITH, JR.
MIKE HOGG
CURTIS ROSSER
W. I. SIMS
REX SHAW
WILL THOMPSON
J. W. TURNER
FRANK WILLIFORD

Schreiner Pleasants Thompson Smith Pollard
Barclay Armstrong Rosser DeMontel Williford
Hogg Byrne Turner Sims Hughs Charlton Shaw



THE CACTUS 1910

# ALPHA MU PI OMEGA

(Medical Fraternity.)

(Founded in 1891, at the University of Pennsylvania.)

## University of Texas Chapter

(Established in 1898.)

### FRATRES IN URBE

Geo. H. Lee, M. D.
Wm. Gammon, M. D.
Julius P. Ruhl, M. D.
Wm. C. Fisher, M. D.
Morris B. Badt, M. D.
W. P. Breath, M. D.
Walter Kleberg, M. D.
James G. Flynn, M. D.
E. C. Northen
Gail S. Young

### FRATRES IN FACULTATE.

Edward Randall, M. D.
S. M. Morris, B. S., M. D.
D. H. Lawrence, Ph. G., M. D.
J. J. Terrill, M. D.
James Greenwood, M. D.
R. R. D. Cline, M. A., Ph. G., M. D.

### FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE.

Kenneth M. Lynch, '10
Wm. C. Fisher, Jr., '10
Guy F. Witt, B. S., '11
G. C. Kindley, B. S., '11
J. P. McAnulty, B. A., '11
Homer Donald, B. S., '12
Douglas Edwards, '12
R. B. McBride, '12
Roger Atkinson, '12
J. Will Goode, '12
Benjamin F. Smith, '12
W. L. Garnett, B. A., '13
Dick P. Wall, '13
Joe N. Parke, '13
Clifton Egerton, '13

1. McAnulty
2. Northen
3. Atkinson
4. Dr. Breath
5. Smith
6. Donald
7. Kindley
8. Garnett
9. Edwards
10. Egerton
11. McBride
12. Wall
13. Dr. Flinn
14. Witt
15. Fisher, Jr.
16. Dr. Greenwood
17. Goode
18. Parke
19. Dr. Badt
20. Dr. Kleberg
21. Dr. Cline
22. Dr. Lawrence
23. Dr. Fisher
24. Dr. Terrill
25. Lynch
26. Dr. Randall
27. Ruhl



THE CACTUS 1910

# PHI ALPA SIGMA

(Medical Fraternity.)

(Founded at Bellevue Medical College, N. Y., 1888.)

## Epsilon Chapter

(Established in 1903.)

FRATRES IN FACULTATE.

W. S. Carter, M. D.
W. Keiller, M. D.
J. E. Thompson, M. D.
O. H. Plant, M. D.
J. S. Jones, M. D.
H. R. Dudgeon, M. D.
A. G. Heard, M. D.
H. O. Knight, M. D.

FRATRES IN URBE.

G. Edward Glover, M. D.
Henry Haden, M. D.

FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE.

SENIORS.

A. O. Singleton
S. N. Key
D. K. Jameson

JUNIORS.

S. P. Beeson
F. M. Aves
L. J. Pickard
R. C. Davis

SOPHOMORES.

Malcolm Graham
C. H. Brownlee
W. R. Cook
J. T. Downs
J. F. McDonald

FRESHMEN.

S. M. Taylor
Davis Spangler
Owen R. O'Neill
H. A. Briggs
C. W. Weller

# PHI CHI

(MEDICAL FRATERNITY.)

## Zeta Chapter

(ESTABLISHED IN 1903.)

### FRATRES IN FACULTATE.

M. L. GRAVES, M. D.
H. O. SAPPINGTON, M. D.
H. H. NEWMANN, PH. D.
DANA B. CASTEEL, PH. D.
E. E. CALLOWAY, M. D.

### FRATRES IN URBE.

L. J. LOGUE, M. D.

### FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE.

#### SENIORS.

E. W. CAVANESS
Q. B. LEE
G. W. EDGERTON
H. L. LEAP
T. C. GILBERT
H. H. OGILVIE
THAD SHAW

#### JUNIORS.

B. S. BRUCE
R. T. DICKEY
CARL MCCURDY
C. W. STEVENSON
J. V. WRIGHT

#### SOPHOMORES.

PAUL J. CONNOR
J. H. GRAVES
L. S. JOHNSON
A. M. MCELHANNON

#### FRESHMEN.

C. C. COLLINS
W. N. LIPSCOMB
C. R. MILLER

THE CACTUS 1910

# PHI CHI (Pharmacy Fraternity)

(Founded University of Michigan, 1883.)

## Lamda Chapter

(Established November 8, 1905.)

### FRATRES IN URBE.

C. E. Witherspoon
Paul Nesbit
H. R. Robinson
B. S. Bruce

### FRATRES IN FACULTATE.

R. R. D. Cline
J. C. Buckner
W. T. Garbade

### FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE.

C. V. Payne
R. O. Murphy
J. G. Voelcher
E. M. Reuss
T. M. Gentry
R. S. Carsner
E. G. LeMay
J. R. Man
R. A. Jones
J. F. Seymour
G. Peeler

# ALPHA KAPPA KAPPA

(MEDICAL FRATERNITY)

(ESTABLISHED 1886)

## Alpha Theta Chapter

(INSTITUTED APRIL 20, 1906.)

### FRATRES IN URBE

DR. T. W. NAVE

DR. G. E. DELANEY

### FRATER IN FACULTATE

DR. A. E. AUSTIN

### FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE

J. R. FROBESE, '10
C. S. GATES, '10
C. O. TERRELL, '10
E. ACKER, '11
E. P. ALLEN, '11
E. W. BERTNER, '11
T. C. TERRELL, '11
B. W. TURNER, '11
H. H. VAUGHN, '11

J. B. ANDERSON, '12
R. T. GOODWIN, '12
J. W. HAMPTON, '12
H. W. WILLIAMS, '12.
T. L. CRAVENS, '13
RAY CROSS, '13
R. L. DAVIS, '13
A. A. MCDANIEL, '13
C. W. RAETZSCH, '13.

R. N. MUNROE, '13 (Pledged)

1. Hampton.
2. Williams.
3. Goodwin.
4. Raetzsch.
5. Anderson.
6. Cravens.
7. Dr. Dunning.
8. Dr. Nave.
9. Dr. Austin.
10. Terrell.
11. Allen.
12. Cross.
13. Turner.
14. Bertner.
15. Terrell.
16. Gates.
17. Frobese.
18. Vaughn.
19. Davis.
20. McDaniel.



THE CACTUS 1910

# PHI BETA KAPPA

(FOUNDED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, 1776.)

## Texas Alpha Chapter

(ESTABLISHED IN 1904.)

### OFFICERS.

D. A. PENICK . . . . . *President*
ETHEL Z. RATHER . . . . . *Vice-President*
ROBERTA F. LAVENDER . . . *Secretary-Treasurer*

### EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

W. J. BATTLE
MRS. A. C. ELLIS
ROBERTA F. LAVENDER
WILLIAM T. MATHER
D. A. PENICK

### MEMBERS ELECTED IN 1909.

BESSIE COCHRAN
W. H. HARRISON
LILA E. KNOX
W. S. OWNSBY
H. W. STILWELL
WILLIE THATCHER
NINA WEISINGER

### MEMBERS ELECTED IN 1910.

WINIFRED BOSCHE
BERTA COOPER
ETHEL FONDA
KATIE GANAWAY
EUGENE A. HARRIS
ANNE HUGHES
I. I. NELSON
A. ROMBERG
CHARLOTTE RYAN
MAMIE SEARCY
MAUDE THOMAS
J. A. TENNANT
HERMA UJFFY

Club S
SALVE

# Kwehees

(Engineering Fraternity)

(Founded at the University of Texas in 1907.)

'08

L. C. Wagner

'10

Joe H. Gill
Murray F. Gill
William W. Holden
Walter W. McAllister
Parker Pace
L. W. Pritchett
G. Max Thomas
Neal Wathen

'11

H. A. Beckwith
Joe Estill
Walter Fink
Tom Hart
Hans Helland
N. N. Lacy
Howard McMeans
J. O. Miller

A. L. Toombs

'12

Cedric Burgher
John Clark
L. H. Cullum
F. W. Denison
J. D. Cullum
Carl Lee
J. Montgomery
W. A. Smith

J. B. Upchurch

McMeans Helland Lacy Cullum
Wathen Lee Burgher Holden Beckwith Preston
French Miller Upchurch Wright Hart Toombs
Montgomery Wagner Gill McAllister Gill Thomas Pritchett

THE CACTUS 1910

# CAPITAL CLUB

("Scholarship and Character.")

Organized 1900.

## MEMBERS

### ACADEMIC

K. D. W. Allen, '13.
Z. S. Armstrong, '12.
F. W. Graff, '11.
W. H. Harrison, B. A. '09.
L. G. Highnote, '12.
T. L. Hoover, '10.
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THE CACTUS 1910

THE RUSTIC ORDER OF ANCIENT AND HONORABLE

# Rusty Cusses

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Correspondent to Podunk Weekly, B. B. COBB

## REUBENS

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| M. C. CRAWFORD | C. S. PERKINS | L. C. WAGNER |
| CHRIS EMMETT | T. P. PERKINS | R. A. WOOD |
| W. G. GILLIS | L. H. PORTER | R. T. WOOD |

THE year just closing has been a very prosperous one for the Ancient and Honorable Order of Rusticusses. In addition to the regular farm work, the Reubs have given much time to a scientific study of many important questions pertaining to farm life. Each hand has been required by the Landlord to devote a portion of each day to a study of the Almanac, or to a perusal of the latest agricultural reports. Practical demonstrations of the best method of "curing fresh meat" has been given before the assembled barnyard. Extensive experiments have been made in the subjects of dairy farming, dry-farming, deforming and reforming, with some attention to performing by the new cusses. The most valuable investigations made by the barnyard, however, have been those leading to the discovery of a means of exterminating Johnson grass, boll weevils, hook-worms and trusts.

The new hands are a husky bunch, and have done good work, despite the fact that they have labored under some difficulties as the following letter from one of them will show:

"deer Bill sence i come to The university I aint had time to do much ritin. i found a lot uv Rubes hear when I come, nearly all of em livin in Beehall which is a big bordin House so i joined the barnyard, which was organ eyseed a 102 year a go, so one of the fellers told me the nite i joined. Their is sum of the alfirdest meenest mules hear ever I seen, and sum of the ruffest ground to plow, and i cum purty nigh gettin Kict by a mule the very first time I went to feed. this is a gude place to git a edukashun fur they lurn a feller how to git around without a lantern and to tell what things is by feelin and to figger and why rubes is proud and sow forth. This is a big town the nite I Joined the barnyard a man named Driskell that runs the biggest hotel in town invited us all down to eat supper with him, we went down on the Street car and after we got over to Mr. Driskells hotel and started in to git sumthin to eat, he wanted us to pay fur our suppers. There wus a lot of fokes standin round and drether than to hav no trubble and seem like we wus all brok and because sum of us handent et iny supper be four leavin Beehall, we all turned in and pade the honery old cuss fur what we et. it looked to me like a mighty pour way to do a feller after askin him to eat and I cum blamed ni takin mi hat and wkin out ur his house. this same feller takes in washin and charges so much that most the Rubes washes there own close, or don't wash none, or sends em plum to Huston. this has bin a purty hard winter and a gud many uv the Rubes has had rumtiz on acct of li vin in Beehall which is very cold in winter and sum of them has had meezles, also because of havin to pay a 2 dollar doctor bill. they aint a durned stove nur a fire place in this hole house. their is a lot of irun pipes and vasinators in all the rumes which is aimed to make them warm. They pop like Heck sumtimes but they dont never git no hotter and one uv the fellers that worked hear a good while told me they wudent git hot before summer. They aint enough lund hear fur all the fellers to work at home and most of us new hands is workin on the haves fur a fellow named Dean Battle which is the unrezenablest purson I nearly ever seen. He wants everybody to do what he sez. I'm purty doggond tired uv it and am goin to by me a team next year and make a crop fur myself or wurk fur wages fur somebody. I am enjoying gud health accept fur the grip and hope these few lines will find you all the same.

respectively

SI.

# P. E. C.

| | |
|---|---|
| J. L. Stanage | C. J. P. P. P. |
| H. B. Seay | C. J. P. P. |
| M. Hannah | C. J. P. |
| A. L. Kirkpatrick | J. P. L. |
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| J. G. Gilmer | *Osteopath* |
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# THE DALLAS CLUB

Owen Hurt Daniels Charlton Bird Knight
Pratt Capers McCormick Davis Hord Turner Meadors
Jacoby Craig LeFevre Hill Wortham Summerfield French Lee
English Allen Ritchie Judge Simkins Judge McLaurin Harris Dealey

Brunet
'10

# A Health

I drink this health to one whose wealth
Of beauty, deep, free-ranging,
Has ne'er a name, is ne'er the same,
So varied is its changing:
The deepest health to Beauty's wealth,
That changes e'er as if by stealth.

She's like the rose: it blooms and blows,
Itself it never flatters,
But o'er the grave of saint or knave
Impartial perfume scatters:
And, like the rose, her beauty grows,
Yet never knows she's like the rose.

She's like the skies: her mystic eyes
Seem like the twilight tender,
With myriad hues of morning's dews,
Or like the sunset's splendor:
For each surprise that flames and dies
There's one more lurking in her eyes.

She's like the sea: the winsome glee
Her changing moods comes after,
In leaping waves her features laves
And ripples through her laughter:
Though changeful, she seems e'er to me
In depths of beauty like the sea.

—*E. I. Gram.*

# A Health

I drink this health to one whose wealth
Of beauty, deep, free-ranging,
Has ne'er a name, is ne'er the same,
So varied is its changing:
The deepest health to Beauty's wealth,
That changes e'er as if by stealth.

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Seem like the twilight tender,
With myriad hues of morning's dews,
Or like the sunset's splendor:
For each surprise that flames and dies
There's one more lurking in her eyes.

She's like the sea: the winsome glee
Her changing moods comes after..
In leaping waves her [illegible]
And ripples through [illegible]
Though changeful, [illegible]

Miss Camille Webb

Miss Nellie Tucker

Miss Nellie Rucker

Miss Nellie Rucker

Miss Jean Figh

Miss Nina Lucas

Miss Louise Gibson

Miss Laura Burleson

# THE SUTTON CLUB

OF A NATURE quite different from the other clubs of the University is the Sutton Club. It was organized on May 4, 1909, by students of the University especially interested in education, by students whose life-work shall be teaching.

The object of the Club is to support the best educational ideals of the age and to make a scientific study of education. The principles and problems of the educational world are the great concern of the Club—to solve them the aim of the members. The Club shall foster research in the field of education and promote ever the best interests of the children of our great State. The Sutton Club shall ever uphold the great truth that the noblest and most efficient service to the State is that rendered through the education of her children.

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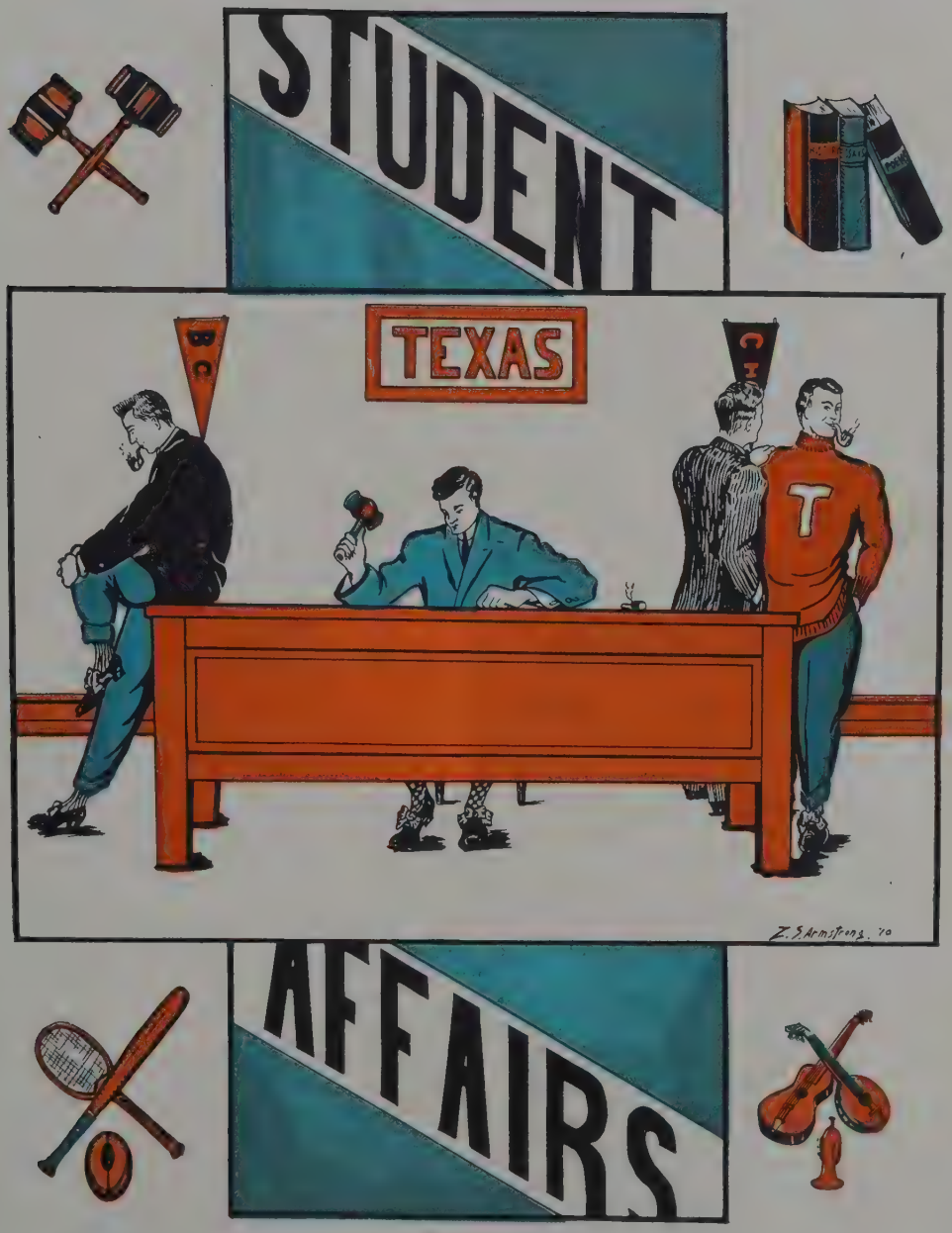
STUDENT
TEXAS
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Z. S. Armstrong. '70
AFFAIRS

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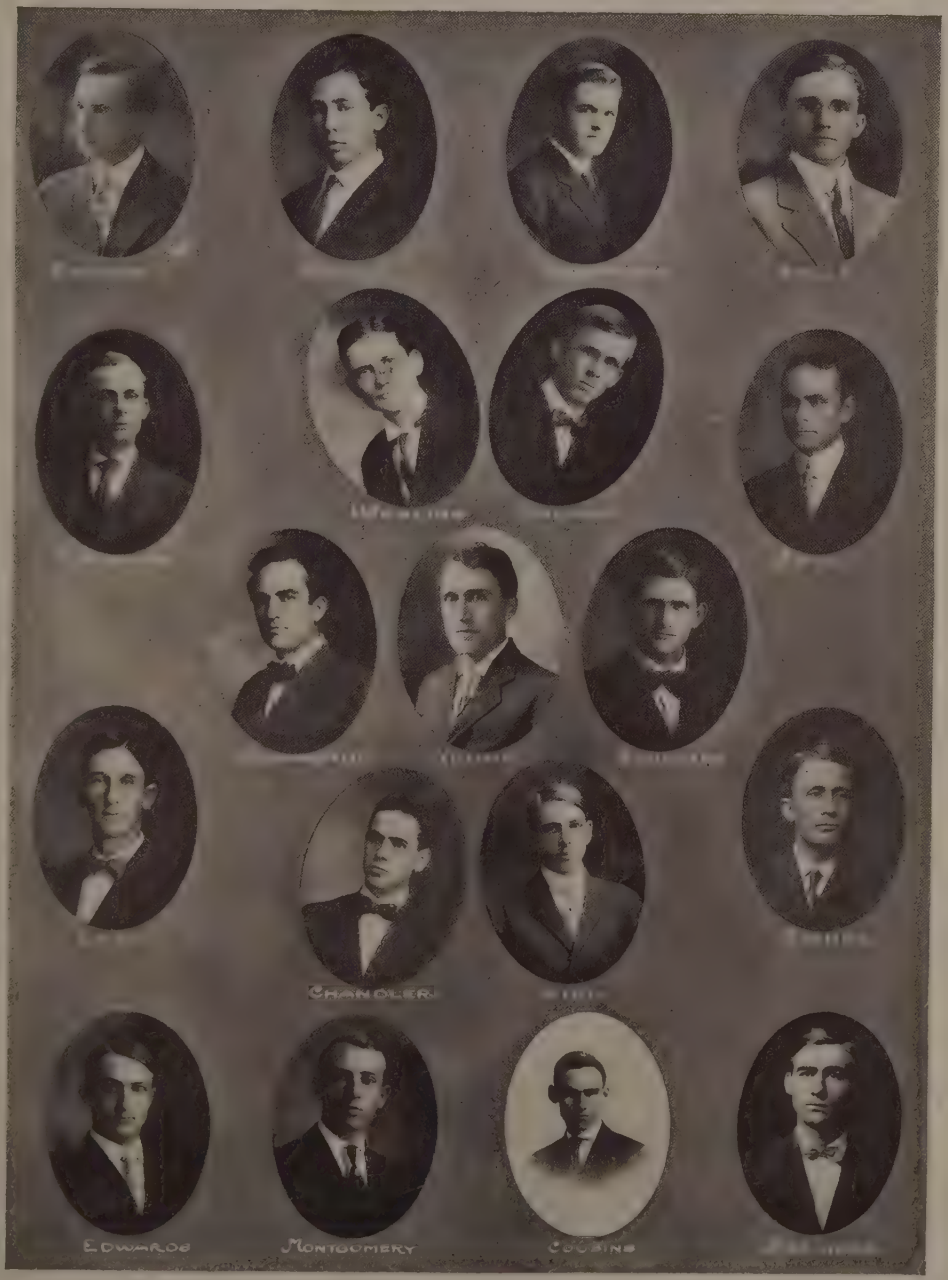


THE CACTUS 1910

# The Woman's Council

THE organization of the Woman's Council, officially known as the Women Students' Association of the University of Texas, was the outgrowth of a desire on the part of some of the maturer, more thoughtful women of the University to make the institution lend the greatest help possible to the young women students. Its purpose is, through self-government, to foster and maintain the highest standards and ideals of conduct and scholarship; to promote better acquaintance among its members; to bring about a greater unity and a closer fellowship among the women of the University; and to organize the upperclasswomen in such a way that systematic work may be done each year in aiding the women of the incoming class. All women registered as students in the University are active members of the Association.

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# The Cactus

VOL. XVII 1910

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THE CACTUS 1910

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# The University Medical

A monthly journal of medicine, published under the auspices of the Students' Council of the Medical Department of the University of Texas.


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THE CACTUS 1910

# University Debating Teams

*Missouri-Texas Debate at Columbia.*

*Resolved:* That a Tax on Incomes is a desirable means of raising revenue within the State. Texas to take the Negative.

*Team*—AARON W. PLEASANTS AND ROBERT E. CAPERS.

---

*Texas-Colorado Debate at Austin.*

*Resolved:* That a Tax on Income is a desirable means of raising revenue within the State. Texas to take the Affirmative.

*Team*—ARTHUR D. DYESS AND J. M. MCMILLIN.

---

*Texas-Louisiana Debate at Austin.*

*Resolved:* That Women should be given the right of suffrage on equal terms with Men. Texas to take the Negative.

*Team*—LUTHER HOFFMAN AND JEFF D. STINSON.

*Alternates*—C. C. MCKINNEY and W. PALMER HUTCHESON

THE CACTUS 1910

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Faris Barnes Moore Rhea Hannah Stinson Seay Ridinger Barnett Wood Darter

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KUBALA
BUTTON
LEAP
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THE CACTUS 1910

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THE CACTUS 1910

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Speaker Pro Tem—H. B. LATHAM.
Reading Clerk—J. B. BRIGHT.
Journal Clerk—E. H. JOHNSON.
Sergeant-at-Arms—R. A. SCHOSTAG.

The University Legislature is modeled after the State's legislative body. The Senate is composed of one member from each senatorial district, and the House is composed of fifty-six members, each representing a representative district. The chief executive is the Governor, chosen at a joint meeting of the Legislature. The highest officer of the Senate is the Lieutenant-Governor, and that of the House is the Speaker. The work of drawing up the constitution and by-laws was largely the work of O. R. Brame. This constitution sets forth the following as the chief objects of the Legislature:

Efficiency in the application of parliamentary rules.
Development of public speaking and debate.
Acquaintance with public questions.

The sessions this year have, as a rule, been well attended. Many lively and interesting parliamentary clashes have taken place on the floors of the House, and, as a result of this earnestness on the part of its members, the Legislature has come to be recognized as one of the leading literary societies in the University.

The University Legislature, then, in keeping with the ideals which inspired its organization, has a great mission to perform in the training of young men for one of the noblest fields of human endeavor—that of statesmanship.

Quaid Richards Bullard Krahl Payne Anderson Anderson
Menefee Lipscomb Johnson Milheiser Foote Cowan Harris
Norton Schostag Dodd Niissle Honegger Bateman Nelson
Brame Monroe Good Seagler Highsaw Miller Peters



THE CACTUS 1910

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# McLaurin Law Society

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THE CACTUS 1910

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THE CACTUS 1910

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(Founded on November 22, 1888.)

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RALPH—"FANCY A KNIGHT PRICKING ACROSS THE PLAIN."

SIR HUMPHREY—"I'll TELL HER FATHER."

MERRYTHOUGHT—"WHAT HAVE WE HERE?"

RALPH—"FAREWELL ALL, DIE, DIE, DIE!"

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Vinson Boulton

# Varsity Social Life

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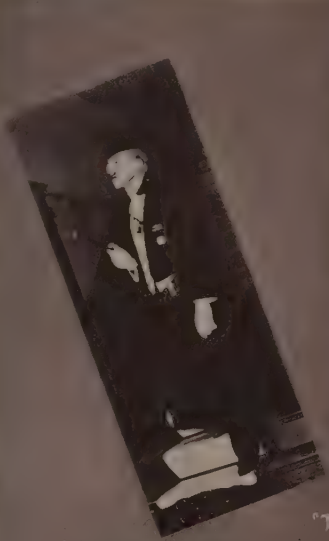

MARSOVIAN AMBASSADOR,
- IN -
"THE MERRY WIDOW"

QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES,
IN
"THE GINGERBREAD MAN"

JIM,
IN
"[illegible]"

"THE COLONEL"

SCARECROW,
- IN -
"THE WIZARD OF OZ"

"JOHN PHILIP SOUSA"

# MASQUERADE GERMAN

# The Final Ball

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AT THE FINAL BALL. 1909.

Moore Ingram Sims Hannah Byrne Beckwith
Harris Turner Jones Pollard Dyer

THE CACTUS 1910

# A Dream of Arcadia

HERE, from the darkness, 'tis all a maze—
A riot of color 'neath changing light—
Fair faces smile through the perfumed haze
And, smiling, vanish from the sight.
Here are the towers 'gainst the star-lit sky,
There, the arches and lighted hall—
And here I am dreaming of days gone by—
There they are dancing a Final Ball.

Borne on the murmuring breeze, I hear
The airy jest and the laughter gay,
And, tuned to the chord of a younger year,
A dreamy waltz from another day.
Ah, how the strains of it float through the night,
Till the heart must answer the mystic call—
Gem and jewel flash in the light,
While I dream of another Final Ball.

Faint breath of perfume, odor of rose—
Does it rise indeed from the ball-room floor?
Or from there, where the tall palms, pressing close,
Conceal the alcove by the door?
Do I hear low voices in the air—
Whispers of love by the palm-hid wall?
I, too, was young when I learned to care—
I kissed her first at a Final Ball.

June, with its melody, mellow and sweet,
June, with its billowy visions of lace—
June and its dead Commencements greet
Another time, but the same dear place,—
And the girl—I can fancy her dancing there,
And here, where the balcony shadows fall,
I dream of kissing her lips and hair
At a long-departed Final Ball.

College days long dead and gone,
Faces and friends I used to know—
Magical Memory the curtain has drawn,
And there they are dancing to and fro!
Four years in a sheepskin, dimmed by time,
Years and times beyond recall—
How they flitted away in a dream-born rhyme,
Till they danced to an end at a Final Ball!

Now, the strains are dying—the dance is o'er—
Here they are coming—the glittering throng:
Tomorrow, dreams shall be no more,
But, tonight, the world and they are young;
Dreams of Arcadia, memories of youth—
These they will keep when the world shall pall—
But only with years will they know the truth—
I, too, have danced a Final Ball.

—W. B. Ruggles.

# MOSES REPENTANT

Ah'm er-wukkin' on de road en er-pluggin' at the stones
Cuz Ah couldn' keep f'm rollin' dem big w'ite bones.

Ah've been bruk en soaked fur all dat Ah had—
Ah'm er-wukkin' on de road en Ah'm sho' in bad.

Ah owned er wagging en er lazy mule,
En Ah los' 'em bofe cuz Ah'm er niggah fool.

We-uns had er game back uv Rufe Smith's sto'
Wid er niggah at each winder en one at de do'.

Ah wuzn' in de game but mah han' sho' itched—
En ev'y time dey crapped mah fingahs twitched.

Mah money bu'ned mah pocket twell Ah jes' couldn' stan'—
Ah down on mah knees wid dem bones in mah han'.

Ah couldn' see nuffin but dem big black spots
On dem big w'ite bones like polka-dots.

"Come, seben—come, 'leben!" en Ah hearn' 'em shout
When de seben nach'll on de flo' rolled out.

Well Ah rolled agin but Ah couln' pass
En er thick-lipped coon got dem bones at las'—

He wuz yaller—dat coon, en his black eyes danced,
Dey wuz conjuns in his fingahs cuz dem bones sho' pranced!

Fur ev'y time dat niggah'd t'ro,
Er seben er 'leben'd hit de flo'.

Ah los' mah money en mah wagging arter while:
Den Ah stakes mah mule agin de niggah's pile.

Well he made his p'int a 'mos' too soon—
Ah wuz skinned ez bah er smoked-out coon.

Mah haid got hot—Ah wuz mad fur sho'—
Ah grabbed dem bones en t'ro'ed 'em on de flo'.

Den Ah seed Ah wuz done—Ah wuz madder'n nine,
Cuz dem crooked bones made er nach'll ev'y time!

Mah razzoo come out en de res' stud erside,
Cut Ah me'nt ter cut er chunk f'm dat yaler hide.

Dose coons at de winders en de one at de do'—
Dey moved closer in fur ter see de show.

Ah wuz jes' erbout ter slice dat yaller niggah's skin,
When de do' bus' down en de cops come in.

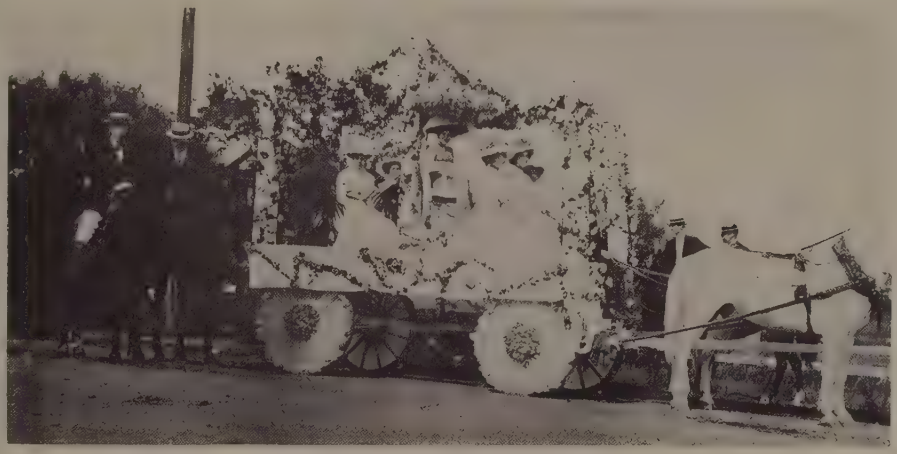
So Ah'm wukkin' on de road en pluggin' at de stones,
Cuz Ah couldn' keep f'm rollin' dem big w'ite bones.

*—W. B. Ruggles.*

VARSITY CIRCUS

Boothe Bickler Parrish Rather Hannah Philpott McNeil

# The Great Varsity Circus



QUEEN OF THE CIRCUS

WELL! well!! well!!! Did you see it? Aw, come off—the Varsity Circus was the real thing. Jimmy the Grind loosened up his little wad and took the little one from Podunk out; Harry the Fusser splurged with three queens from the Woman's Shack, and Billy the Boozefighter—the same old William, the village cut-up—looked on the lemonade when it was red and got on an old fashioned souse like daddy used to make.

THE ARMY AND NAVY "MARCHING THROUGH CUBY"



THE CACTUS 1910

"School days! School days!
Dear old golden rule days!"

How it will come back when the things you got in the Knowledge Factory are forgotten—the great white glare, the noise, the horns, the red lemonade, the peanut stand, the saw dust and the side show. Who would trade an hour in Rather's Monolithic Mastodonic Three Ring Circus for a seance with Pete Barnum's ghost? One big sell from start to finish—you knew it when you went in and you never expected to see that wad again. Well, why should you? The track and the diamond needed patching in the frayed spots and, if the Regents wouldn't pay for it, we would! So let the world slide.

PHI GAM FIJIS

It was the old cry again—the eternal yowl that has been raised ever since Benny cut his milk-teeth—coin for athletics—loosen up! Maurice Wolff—the never-to-be-forgotten author of the Megasphone Speech—originated the Varsity Circus back in the prehistoric aeons of 1906 in a laudable and successful effort to save himself, Alec Pope, Ben Milam, and other deceived and betrayed backers of the bankrupt Athletic Association, the sad necessity of separating ten cold bucks from empty pockets—a miracle, but one Benny has often accomplished. Years passed and once again the decrepit old lady, Athletic Finances, was taken down with rheumatism of the credit, and called in a consultation of doctors. Then it was that our old friend, Mr. Roy Rather, stepped in, and, having expended on a European trip, the proceeds of his nefarious football management, felt his conscience prick him and offered to try Wolff's old remedy again and get out a Varsity Circus. Roy's ability in growing cash where none had ever bloomed was well known—it only remained to obtain assistants well versed in the art of grafting loose change. To this end, McNeil, who had spent five years wringing out checks for the Y. M. C. A., Max Bickler, the golden-voic-

HER MAJESTY'S RETINUE

VARSITY "ROUGH NECKS"

ed singer of the ages, Ross Boothe, ex-track manager, Mark Hannah, who helped buy the Engineer's banner in 1907, Philpott, part sharer in the Coyote graft, and Father Parrish were selected—the last obviously to give the appearance of honesty to the affair.

The Circus was a decided success—over a thousand dollars being paid to the Athletic Association. (N. B.—Benny went on a trip last summer.) The students were broke for a month after the performance and Jake's receipts fell off thirty per cent, causing a change of management in that sanctum. The Second Varsity Circus fully vindicated itself and everyone concerned. As to the performance itself, here are a few spasms thrown by our reporter on the spot.

CHIEF REESE

The Queen's election was the most exciting thing on the program. Roy, an old queener of the first water, had long realized that the way to a woman's heart lies through the emptying pocketbook. Wherefore, he originated a neat idea in the way of paying one large, fat copper per vote. The ballot box was stationed at the Co-Op which caused divers rumors that Roy and Bob Richey stood in together with the intent to defraud and elect Tom Williams. Many a desperate lover sneaked up to the box and wasted his last dime on ten votes for the Fair One. The race was hotly contested to the last moment with even money on the field. At the last moment, Miss Nita Hill triumphantly swept the polls and was declared Queen of Varsity's Fair. At the last report, the man-

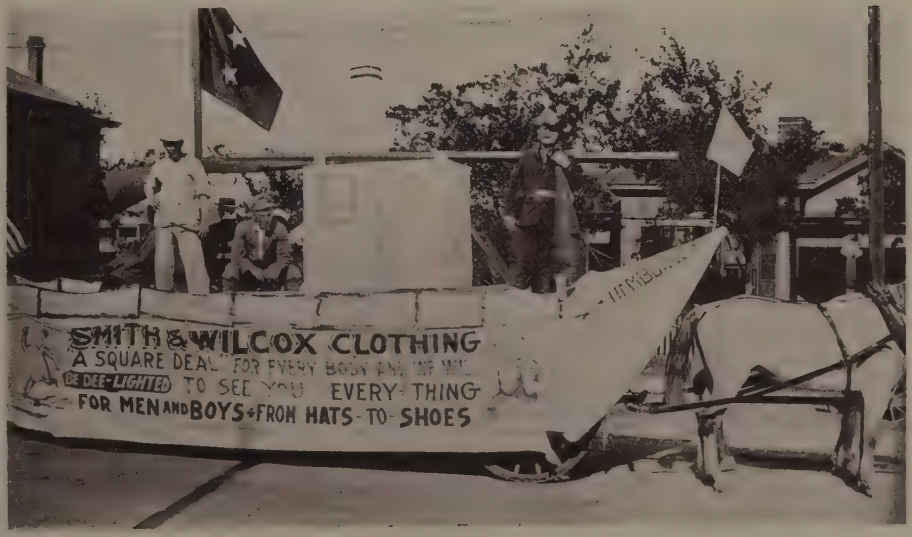
agers declined to have the Queen's Contest Account audited.

May 17th was the day fixed for the great event. At an early hour, the crowds lined the thoroughfares. (This is the usual form for circus write-ups.) The parade, of course, was late—no precedents violated here. But when it came, it was a dinger. The magnificent cortege was preceded by Manager Rather and Boothe in an unaccustomed seat in a road-wagon. Roy looked like Diamond Dick Morgefeller, the circus prince. Was he there? Rather! The other able assistants, wearing smiles of perspiration, followed in an auto. These were the near-sports. Thereafter came the Real-Sports, whose chief claim to existence was that they owned an auto and white duck clothes. Colonel Beulah Davis, the hero of San Juan, led his band of roughriding cow-boys, much as if a thousand dead soldiers lay behind. Then came the band, resplendent in uniforms fresh from the quintennial wash, led by Collins, he eats 'em alive. Borne high aloft in her chariot of state, the Queen followed, surrounded by her Maids-of-Honor—Misses Shelmire, Burleson, Tompkins, Schlemmer, and Wells—fit companions for the Regnant Queen of Beauty. As outriders, certain of the callow variety rode in haughty pride by the flower-strewn throne. Should the Queen be exposed to danger in her parade of state? No! Behind her, loaded even unto the guards, strode the faithful ranks of the Army and Navy Club. In their lead, victor of many a hard-fought campaign, Admiral

THE LAUNDRY SITUATION—"THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT"

"EASY MONEY"

"THE WHOLE DAM FAMILY"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A SQUARE DEAL FOR EVERY BODY
BE DEE-LIGHTED TO SEE YOU
EVERY THING
FOR MEN AND BOYS FROM HATS TO SHOES

TEDDY AND THE BIG STICK

THE QUEEN AND HER ELEPHANTINE PAGEANT

Stalworth Henderson wobbled, his sea-legs unused to land; and in the rear, a captive maiden dragged from the sands of Araby, did the Salome twist. And many more were seen in line: the decorated floats of Pan Hellenic co-educational beauty—the wild animals—the spotted giraffe and the fierce jungle mammoth—the clowns—the inimitable Hardwicke, and the strawberry beauties, English and Ewell—the strong men and the bare-back riders—the far-famed Water Wagon, dragged from its hidden haunts and exposed for the first time to University life, with Oscar Robinson—shades of Beta—acting as Mahout for the beast—Governor Campbell and the legislature—the A. & M. cadets and their truck farm—Charlie Truitt, tooting his little horn artfully concealed as the Big Stick—Pa Bob and Ma Gene from the farm—Reese, the delegate from the Comanche Club—and many more. And last, even as of old, we followed the shrieking calliope, the small boys hung upon the entrancing strains that Musician Darter drew in sweet cadence from cumbrous pipes.

Ladies and gentlemen, the show is now open! Pay your money and step this way! Don't fail to see the fat lady and the Cardiff Giant! This, my friends, is the justly renowed Rusticuss side-show! Pay your dime and see the miracle of the ages! Yonder gent coming out looks as if his supper has disagreed with him, but don't mind that! All is not gold that glitters! This way to see Faust—everybody wants to see the devil—Faust—come early and avoid the rush! Read your fortune, my young friend! The tent to the left! Trust your fate and your hand to the Madame, and she will win her love for you! Step lively, there! Salome—for men only—no minors, students, or habitual drunkards allowed! Personally approved by Dean Battle. Salome—the daughter of the Scriptures! This way—Salome! But now for the big tent! We all like the side show, but here's where you get your money back—the big show. To the right with the ticket or the money's just as good—we reject nothing but checks on the sand bank! Mr. Max Bickler, the celebrated ring-master, imported for the occasion, will put the wild animals through their tricks. The bare-back riders, ladies and gentlemen! Look at Crawford, the star equestrienne of the ring, and Kirkpatrick, the Caucasian beauty. Keep your eyes on the rings! Three rings at once and something worth while in each—keep on looking! Samson—the strong man—positively last appearance—watch him! And now for the only authentic reproduction of the celebrated Merry Widow Waltz. Go it, kid! Ladies and gentlemen, the show is not over but our nice gentlemanly agent will pass in a few minutes, selling tickets for our great concert—the stellar attraction of the afternoon! Keep your seat, young man, and buy the girl a ticket—she wants to see it, if you don't! No the show is not over—keep your eye open for the concert!

JUMBO

And so it faded—and the Varsity Circus had made good!

THE FARMER LADS

VASSILINI, THE STRONG MAN

# Literature

HILTON R. GREER

# Hilton Ross Greer

WRITER OF TRUE LYRICS

THIS is an unpretentious appreciation of the verse of Hilton Ross Greer, sometime a student in the University of Texas. The word appreciation is used in preference to criticism, not because etymologically there is an essential difference, but because for most minds the latter word implies the picking of flaws. If there be defects, let another point them out. Genuinely modest as he is, the subject of this sketch would be the first to disclaim perfection. When we write of poets, we are wont to air our pedantic little theories of verse in general, and to foist upon our readers learning we regard profound. We vaunt our scholarship ofttimes in assiduously hunting errors. Shakespeare has had perhaps few critics harsher than those teachers whose English is not always impeccable. Some discerning soul has remarked that nothing is faultless that is human. Greer is human. Assuming, therefore, that he is possessed of our common frailties, this little sketch is but to tell why the writer likes the verse of this genial-souled singer, whom he is glad to regard as his friend.

Greer writes genuine lyrics. Making no attempt at profundity of matter or manner, he sings spontaneously in verse devoid of any striving after effect. To others he leaves the treatment of epic themes; for him the gnomic and studiedly obscure have no charm. He employs diction that all may understand in telling of joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, that all have felt and known. He holds that in this workaday world there is need for even "the sparrow's chirp in bosk and brake." His verses are made of heart-stuff, an attribute not always found in the laurel-crowned, and one that covers a multitude of possible sins.

It may be charged that Greer is lacking in restraint. Indeed, he sings naturally, with no thought of effect, accepting the promptings of his heart rather than of any literary dogma. If lack of repression be his, he errs in common with the full-throated nightingale. If it be charged that his writing is too colorful, it needs to be borne in mind that the blue canopy and multicolored woodlands of the South have always imparted fervor to our orators and authors, not the least

of earth. And, Southern in birth and rearing, it is natural that Greer should be so in temperament and style.

It is not farfetched to say that his aversion for the enigmatic and cabalistic reminds one of Burns. He seems to fancy that the really great things of life, those in whose presence we stand with head uncovered and quickened pulse, are not complex, and that he has his place who sings simply of them. Because of his clearness, however, the depth of his thought may sometimes go unnoticed. The mountain tarn is deeper than it seems. He lacks neither in comprehensiveness nor perspective.

Greer's verse is eminently musical. It sings itself. He has no need to measure off by rule the verse he writes. He would detect a superfluous foot or a misplaced stress as readily as the skilled musician catches a discord. He knows the value of onomatopoeia, alliteration, and euphony. Not sacrificing form for substance, out of consonant and vowel sounds he fashions symphonies. One is not surprised to learn that Lanier, the flute-playing poet and exponent of the analogy of music and verse, is taken as his preceptor and friend. With their sonorous open-vowel sounds and rhythmic cadences, many of his most characteristic verses are essentially songs. Indeed, some of his dainty, graceful lyrics have been successfully set to music.

Greer knows the technique of versification. Skilled in the various stanzaic forms, he excels in sonnet, rondeau, rondel, villanelle, and quartrain. Moreover, he is exceedingly clever in devising new metrical effects, his medium being ever germane to the thought. Whatever the chosen form, his verses all have a lilt and a swing that charm.

Like a goodly number of his fellow-singers of the South, Greer loves to find a theme in the merry madness of the mockingbird. For him, as for the unhappy Hayne, the aspects of the pines have abiding fascination. He writes of roses and magnolias, of nodding goldenrod and twining vines. He loves best of all the months, April, the season of Nature's birth, and October, the time of glorious death, of these writing in terms of Southern meadows and woodlands. Nor is he less fortunate in depicting the distinctively Southwestern. We catch the note of the cowboy's artless song, we feel the thrill of a dashing ride over the rolling prairie, and we know the spirit of religious meditation which the plains inspire. In verse of more than ordinary charm we learn of the ardent loves of dark-eyed senoritas beyond the border.

It has been said of Shelley that had he possessed a sense of humor his name might have taken rank as the third greatest of English poets. If Greer shall fail of a complete fulfillment of his present promise, it will not be for a lack of the saving grace. His written drolleries are no less clever than the ready wit, devoid of sting, that makes his companionship a constant delight. He is exceedingly fond of Tom Hood's inimitable persiflage. Should he choose to adopt exclusively the humorous point of view, he could, in all probability, achieve success among those who with the slight blade of laughter have fought valiantly against sham, snobbery, and fraud. In any event, his keen sense of humor will keep him sane in a sphere not unacquainted with moonmadness.

Greer's published works, in volume form and in numerous periodicals and newspapers, give evidence not only of initial ability, but also of constant growth. Contending against depressing physical disabilities, and burdened with the routine of newspaper and business office, he has yet found time and strength to produce a large number of poems whose excellence the better class of magazines have not failed to recognize, and whose messages of sweetness and light have brought cordial responses from appreciative readers throughout the country. At home either in the editorial sanctum or in the realm of the short story writer, in any sphere other than poetry he seems to be a thoroughbred racer harnessed to a plow.

So, here's to you, Greer, acknowledging an indebtedness for inspiration and good cheer, and wishing you that high achievement in helpful poesy for which you so earnestly long, and of which your former attainments are admirable earnest! The world needs your hopeful song. There are not enough of those who have the gift to send us about the work of a humdrum existence with a smile upon our lips and a prayer within our hearts. And he who so labors is not the least of the servants of men. It would be a graceful act for the University of Texas to note the songs of those who have studied within its walls. When it does, among those who with their lilting lays have lightened our burdens, your name shall take high place.

J. E. R.

The following seven poems have been selected at random from Greer's published and unpublished works.—Editor.

## An April Lyric

BURST of bud and miracle,
Of snowy orchard blooming;
Lures of laughter lyrical,
Flung from tinkling rills;
Stir and swish of swallow wing
Aud purple lilacs pluming;
Wake, my soul, for following—
'Tis April on the hills!

## A Prairie Prayer

"and this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her."
—WORDSWORTH.

NOT crouched, a-cloistered, upon servile knee,
With dull, down-groping eyes—
But (no less reverently)
Standing, beneath Thy searching noonday skies,
With gaze uplifted, and with soul laid bare
To the keen cleansing of Thy sun and air,
I, Lord, with free
Full, frank, unfaltering tongue would speak with Thee:

Worn with the world, with man-made wounds a-smart,
That I might heal my heart
To these wide prairie solitudes I fled,
Where—with no roof save Heaven overhead,
Green Earth my house by day, by night my bed—
I might ungyve my soul, too long unfree,
And with clear eye, that did but dimly see
Through the Time's trade-fogged, creed-clogged airs,
Roving fair Nature's face, not unawares
Might look on Thine, O Lord, nor blinded be:
And with tense ear might heed 'neath Nature's tone
The deepmost underword that is Thine own.
And I have heard and seen Thee. Earth and sky,
Close confidants of spirit-ear and eye,
Noon-clear to me
Have voiced and visioned Thee most humanly.

Yea, e'en the least of slenderest spears that stir
Sunward finds tongue as Thine interpreter:
Blue blossom-script that stars the page I scan
In fragrant phrase proclaims **God loveth Man:**
And outward, lo!
Beyond all bounds the finite thought may span
Sweep these vast plains, a seeming sea that rounds
And rounds—on—on—in undulations dim
Toward Earth's last, loneliest, utmost, edgemost rim!
Yet this wide, awful sea hath certain bounds—
Thy will hath fixed, Thy hand hath set them so:
Only Thy love, I know,
For Thy poor, needy kinsman, cramped below,
Thy pity for his poignant soul-distress,
Thy largeness, shaming all his littleness,
Are what these prairies **seem,** unbounded, limitless.

This have Thy prairies taught. And ere I go
Back to my world to bear a braver part,
Let me ensky them ever with my heart!
Nay, Lord, refashion me, reshape me so,
My soul, new-made, shall be
A prairie, broad and free,
With sun-warmed space for all Humanity:
Let winds of Purpose sweep it clean each morn
Of ills outworn and doubtings, shadow-born:
Let Faith spring lushly after storms of pain,
As grasses after rain:
Let selfless aim and generous intent
Burst into blossom, rich and redolent:
Let thoughts, like teeming flocks, find large increase,
Full-rounded grow and strong,
That from their goodly fleece
The honest weaver, Art,
May shape some rare, enduring cloth of song
To cloak keen winter from one shirking heart:
And, lastly, let such deep serenity
As this rapt peace of noonday fold it in
Throughout all times of tumult that may be:
Yea, make my soul a prairie, Lord. Amen.

**—Sunset Magazine.**

## Heroes

One dared to die. In a swift moment's space
Fell in War's forefront, laughter on his face.
Bronze tells his fame in many a market-place.

Another dared to live. The long years through
Felt his slow heart's-blood ooze, like crimson dew
For duty's sake, and smiled. And no one knew.

—*Cosmopolitan Magazine*, 1906.

## Let Me Drink Deeply

Let me drink deeply of my cup of days,
To the last clinging drop—I shall not shrink:
Mine are not craven lips that would but graze
Where ruddy dimples dance along the brink:
Nay, to the utmost dregs, e'en though they be
More bitter than the harsh salt of the sea—
I shall not falter—let me deeply drink!
Elsewise how may
I call the chalice good on that sure day
The Giver of the Cup shall come this way?

—*Sunday School Times*, 1907.

## A Health to October

HERE'S a health to October, dream-sandaled October,
Queen of the quiet lands, dusk-eyed and sober,
Long be the reign of her, gladsome and good!
The fay folk have kept her
A golden-rod scepter,
Have raised her a shrine in a deep solitude,
Where crisp, crinkled, dead leaves, gold-dappled and red leaves,
Mellowly,
Yellowly,
Flame in the wood.

LONG stilled is the singing, the silvery singing,
Of brooks that down June-lands tripped blithely, outflinging
Notes soft as the chimes of a clear-cadenced bell;
The quail's shrill insistence
Has died in the distance;
Sabbatical silence wraps all in its spell,
Save when through the hushes some brown-throated thrush's
Lyrical
Miracle
Drifts from the dell.

SO, a health to October, dream-sandaled October,
Queen of the quiet lands, dusk-eyed and sober,
Long be the reign of her, gladsome and good,
And dark days not seek her!
Up, up with a beaker!
A beaker of darkling, warm-beaded and sparkling
Muscadine
Dusky wine—
Bright to her reign!

## A Garden Romance

A dewdrop lay on a leafy spray
In the rosy morn of a summer's day,

And the wee coquette with a shy glance met
The flashing eye of the Day God, set

In the heavens old like an orb of gold
Whose beaming burnished the blossomed wold.

He, wise old beau, for an hour or so
Bethought to flirt with the wight below,

And the court he paid to the mist-born maid
The robins watched from the scented shade.

How the sun would smile at the dew the while
And her thoughts from earth to the skies beguile!

How the dew would blink at the sun and wink
And change from opal and pearl to pink!

Till a moss-rose cried, near the dewdrop's side:
"False one, thou hadst promised to be my bride!

But the rose must sigh with no dewdrop nigh,
And droop and wither and fade and die!"

When the dewdrop heard, quick her slight form stirred,
And she sprang to his heart like afrightened bird!

And when Ladye Grace in ye robe of lace
Came tripping down through the fragrant ways,

She found—it is said—in the garden bed
A red, red rose and a dewdrop wed!

## Song of the Spur

O, it's ho and hey, for the wind-swept way
And the breath of the open trail,
Ere the East is stirred with a ripple of rose
Or the yellow stars grow pale!

And it's hey and ho, for the beating sun
And the slash of the slanting rain,
For the singing grass and the stinging speed,
And the sweep of the stretching plain!

O, it's ho and hey, when the frenzied steers
Rush down in a thundering rank,
*To the head of the herd,* while my hungry teeth
Bite blood from the foaming flank!

And it's hey and ho, when the Dusk has set
Faint lamps in her turrets high,
Homeward again where a far light calls
Under the tingling sky!

—*Pacific Monthly,* 1908.



THE CACTUS 1910

# April

By Margaret Belle Houston

Primroses broider all her kirtle blue
And from her gold and gladly flowing hair
Bud-broken sweetness drifts adown the air
As she comes tip-toe o'er the twinkling dew.
And at her step young winds awake and woo
Soft golden nods from jonquils and ensnare
Secrets too sweet for prating bees to share—
Euphrosyne! The world is born anew!

Trembles the plum tree in her bridal mist,
Whispers the green and silver of the grain,
The lilac boughs are clouds of amethyst
And brimming daisies dapple all the plain.
Now Hope and Heart are at their rain-bow tryst
And thro' her tears the world laughs back again!

# The Water Lily

"Die Lotosblume ängstigt
Sich vor der Sonne Pracht,
Und mit gesenktem Haupte
Erwartet sie träumend die Nacht."
—HEINE.

O the soldier Sun rode up the sky,
His armor glittered and shone!
The Water Lily so white and shy
Hath covered her face from his burning eye
As she sits in the lake alone.

Saith the Soldier Sun, "Lift up thy face,
O Lily snow-white, snow-cold!"
The still lake mirrors her matchless grace,
The slim little naiads covet and chase
His shower-gifts of gold.
Yet he heedeth them not, the Soldier Sun,
His flaming heart cries, "Wake!
Lift up thy face, thou snow-white one!"
But the Lily sits like a veil-ed nun
In the shade of the cloistered lake.

The Water Lily, snow-white, snow-cold,
She feeleth the dusk full soon,
O then do her glistening leaves unfold,
O then she unveileth her heart of gold
And shyly looks up at the Moon.

All night doth she dream in his face on high,
All night doth her deep heart stir.
At dawn doth she tremble and weep and sigh—
The Moon hath gone down the Western sky
With never a look at her.

# Blossoms of May

Blossoms of May at your feet, my sweet,
Dew-dappled blossoms of May;
Would that the lips of them, sweet, might repeat
All I am yearning to say!
Yearning to say of a heart that is true,
True unto you as the dawn to the dew;
Ah, could they whisper Love's secret to you,
Then might I treasure them aye and for aye,
Redolent, meadow-lent blossoms of May!

Blossoms of May at your feet, my sweet,
Wind-rumpled blossoms of May;
Look how I pluck them and lift them to meet
Smiles that are sunny as day!
Take them for pledge of a heart that is true,
True unto you as the dawn to the dew.
Sweet, let them whisper my secret to you,
These were Love's messengers ever and aye,
Dutiful, beautiful blossoms of May!

*—Hilton R. Greer.*

# A Difference in Fathers

THEY stopped a moment on the threshold of the "Bower of Flowers." Bobby Crewe had named it during the first waltz when he caught sight of its leafy recesses, of the faint green lights hidden in the ferns, and of the ruby punch bowl that was sunk deep in the mossy rocks, aglow and sparkling with the lights imbedded below. They stopped again at the punch bowl and admired its ruby brilliancy. His face showed quiet and serious in the strange crimson light, and she had assumed the look, for she wished to please him. They were hardly seated, but he turned to her earnestly.

"I want to know what has happened in the club, Marguerite—about Annie."

His boyish face was flushed, his deep eyes watched hers intently. She fidgeted and looked displeased.

"I know something is wrong, Marguerite. Annie would never have resigned for nothing. She won't say a word, and she's all broken up. She was awfully quiet coming tonight. She acts cold and hurt and distrustful—as if there was something desperate. One would think that she had resigned from all the clubs in the Varsity."

"Well, ours is the best, Mr. John Walden," she reminded, "and—and Annie's resignation was a little peculiar." There was subdued eagerness in her manner, but her voice betrayed only sincere regret. "I've been waiting for this dance, John, to tell you. I—we thought that we ought to warn you—well, let you know about Annie."

His intent puzzled look was disconcerting, and she misunderstood.

"John, don't blame us. You know you asked to take her and we couldn't tell you then. I'm awfully sorry you did not know. Annie did not resign."

His face was blank. "You—"

A faint gleam of triumph shot into her eyes.

"John, she was dropped from the club."

"Marguerite, —You mean—. What do you mean?"

"Listen, John," she leaned closer, "when we took Annie in at the first of the year none of us knew her. She was pretty, popular, and had loads of clothes, so we snapped her up on appearances. She lived at Dalton—had just moved there. No one knew her but Bobby Crewe and I guess he didn't know much. No one suspected anything till during the holidays. Sam Pinkney was in Dalton then, and he discovered her father. He keeps a—he's a bartender, John. They call it Jimmy Burbank's place after him. And his daughter—."

John sat straighter and his face was flinty.

"You asked her to resign just on Pinkney's word!"

"Why she didn't even try to deny it, and the bar's there. Several of the boys have seen it. A bartender's daughter and in our club! She had the face to say that it was she and not her father that had been asked to join the club. She was brazen, John—"

There was a startled movement behind the shrubbery. Marguerite drew back. The leaves were thrust aside. The other girl stood flushed and crimson before them. Her eyes were burning.

The boy held out his hand.

"Annie."

"I was sitting there. I am sorry." She was pale and on the verge of sobbing. "I—I overheard you."

"That is evident," Marguerite responded coldly.

The girl's eyes met hers squarely. Her mouth twitched, but she spoke quietly.

"I am sorry. I was not thinking of what you were saying. I did not catch your words till—"

"Oh, what a disappointment. I'll repeat what you missed. Ah, you'd rather not."

The girl stiffened, her eyes shot fire.

"I am not ashamed to repeat anything that I have said, though you might feel some compunction at doing so. The shame is not mine. Your committee told me to resign from the club on account of my father. They asked me—" Marguerite to stop her. "Oh, I don't mind Mr. Crewe. He is from home. Bobby, never mind about the ices—but wait for me."

Bobby obeyed mechanically, failing to grasp the situation.

"They asked me to come to this dance for appearances, for they wished to keep the scandal hid, and so did their president—evidently." Marguerite flushed. "You asked me if I had anything to say and I said that you had asked me to join the club and not my father or my family. You have asked me to resign on account of my father. I have resigned and that is all. I thought I was liked for myself and I was mistaken."

"The devil," sputtered Bobby. "Why—," he caught Annie's eye and faltered, puzzled and incredulous.

"You did not think that, Annie Burbank, for you kept your father hid till you could join the club. You were ashamed—"

"My father has been away. There has been no occasion to mention him till now, and he is coming here for me tonight. And my only shame is that he should know the girls that have called themselves my friends."

Marguerite started and purpled.

"Your father at our dance! You—You would not dare."

"Lord, Marguerite, You don't—" Bobby was too overcome to finish.

John stood with his back to them. Annie turned to him.

"And Mr. Walden, my father will take me home if—"

"God, Annie, do you think that that makes any difference with—with the rest of us. But we will go now, Annie."

As he took up her cloak, and a vivacious little blond tripped through the door. They caught themselves but she felt the strained atmosphere and stopped suddenly. She turned to Annie.

"I—I—A gentleman, your father has called for you, dearie. We've been looking for you everywhere."

"Why, thank you, Jenny," and she turned from the others with her head in the air. John started to follow and stopped, Marguerite blushed crimson, the new girl was blank; and Bobby laughed.

Annie met him on the threshold of the "Bower of Flowers." He was tall with iron gray hair and deep lustrous eyes. She kissed him.

"Daddy, mother wrote me that you were through at Washington, so I wanted you to come by and take me home for a little while."

He smiled.

"Homesick, eh?" and spying Bobby, "Why, hello Bobby—er perhaps Mr. Crewe at college." And he laughed genially as Bobby shook his hand.

"I'm ready to go now, John. Isn't it the 12:20 daddy. Papa, this is Mr. Walden."

"I've heard of you, son," and his eyes twinkled knowingly. Annie turned crimson and started towards the door. Her father looked at the two girls standing back against the shrubs and then in surprise at her.

"Annie."

Bobby stepped in swiftly.

"Senator Burbage, Miss Ellis and—Miss Marguerite Sellers. I'm coming up for another law lecture when I come home, Senator. Goodnight. Nice trip, Annie."

The Senator bowed. Bobby gave John a shove and waved his hand to Annie! and the three were gone.

# The Departure of the Alumni

(From their reunion at the University of Texas, November, 1908)

By CLYDE WALTON HILL

## THE INVOCATION:

GOD of all Change, who dost not change
In purpose or in government,
For whom the laboring centuries range
In working out Thy vast Intent,
O Dateless Wisdom, bend to know
Our moment-lives before we go.

## THE HYMN:

Farewell, O love-remembered spot,
Farewell, dear shrine of hero-lives,
Of sacrifices unforgot
As long as patriot heart survives;
Of frontier hardship, Freedom's war,
And all our Past has struggled for!

This light reflected from the spire
In golden sunset glory here,
Back through the past, a beacon fire,
Dawned on our grandsires' hopes, to cheer
And strengthen them through battle's night,
Their pole-star, then their funeral light.
For these new walls the Alamo
Crumbled her ramparts o'er the dead;
That we today might gather so
Our sires at San Jacinto bled,
Toiling Oppression's night away
To bring their children Freedom's day.

Freedom's and Learning's! Valiant heart
Destined to bear the Future's fight,
Shall in these hallways learn the part
Of the great People's stainless knight:
Shall from these doors go forth, to set
Our country's honor higher yet.

By thee, O Fostering Mother, taught,
'T is simple duty to be brave;
Your sons, too noble to be bought,
Shall never tempt Dishonor's knave,
Nor play, for private gain, the part
Of Janus-face and Judas-heart.

Thou, Alma Mater, art the guard
Of Honor through the coming years;
No Ignorance can long retard,
Nor Guilt hold power, when appears
Thy light to show Thy people's way
Through Error's gloom to Freedom's day.

THE BENEDICTION:

God of all Wisdom, Lord of Truth,
Whose Kingdom is all Space and Time,
O bless this college in its youth
With promise of that golden prime
Wherein our People's hopes shall be
Fulfilled in Freedom and in Thee!

O hear our prayer! O bend to know
Our hearts and faith before we go!

## Traeumerei

'TIS black without, and stormy; the mad night shrieks and roars;
Within, my fire before me; the lamp's light orange streams,
And golden on the titles of my books it gleams,
While shadows lurk behind the curtains and the doors.
I wonder why my dreams, tonight, such sadness bring;
All melancholy seems this tome o'er which I pore;
My eyes stray from its leaves and seek the gloomy floor,
Till 'neath a brooding mood, like Sorrow's sable wing,
I sit and silent gaze;—Yes, 'tis a lost Lenore.

Come, once again beguile, oh thou enchantress, Fancy,
Thy votary's saddened while, with art more strange indeed
Than Magic Carpet, or the Hindu's brazen steed.
Take me to roam, or please me with some chaomancy.
Show me in the air some far- off dreamland place,
Or build a castle there, whose guidons spell out war,
Or a fane where devotees their carved Gods adore—
Anon through mists a glimpse of sainted Lola's face
Grant, as I pensive gaze; —the face of lost Lenore.

Transport me from these walls to a city on the Rhine,
Where in cathedral halls an organ to a Master's touch
Speaks spirit music. A Princess from a Wizard's clutch
Let us, oh Fancy, free; watch Horace at his wine,
And gaze at Hyksos' tomb or Cleopatra's barges;
We may scent the deep perfume of an Eastern island's shore,
Or e'en may we the planetary sea explore—
Still seeking Lethe 'tween some streamlet's verdant marges,
While still I sit and dream—dreams of the lost Lenore.

—Miles J. Breurer.

## The Challenge

SO the days have passed, and four short years
Have flitted away, quite unawares;
So you graduate, and shall leave behind
Our beautiful dream of days divine.
And will never a hint of sorrow or pain
Rise to recall old days again?
Will you leave behind but a broken heart
And an aching void as our pathways part?

Ah, no! For you can never forget
The sweet day dreams nor the past regret—
You can never erase the heart throb true
That told you loved me as I loved you,
When the days were but lines in a song divine
And I laughed at the world—when you were mine,
Daring to think as the dear days passed
That our cycle of love would ever last:

Daring to hope that our college years
Could never dissolve in a mist of tears,
Forgetting awhile that the world's mad pace
Takes up in its whirl the college days,
And that life, grown cold, turns another page,
When the curtain falls on our mimic stage.
I hoped—but the past and today have met—
You graduate and you may forget.

Yes, you may forget, but if years hold true,
One dream will live in the heart of you—
A dream of sunlit wood and hill,
Of meadow green and rippling rill.
We may never meet in the years to come,
But still you will sigh for the dear days gone,
And your heart will call through the mystic haze
To the first sweet love of college days.

—*William B. Ruggles.*

# The Other Fellow

THE girl tapped her foot irritably. She could see Stella half way down the aisle of the Pullman—the center of a group of girls and boys, for Stella was very popular. So the girl tiptoed and tried as frantically as was in keeping with a nonchalant, disinterested air to catch her eye. This was a place to make their acquaintance count. She thought it was rude of Stella to have left her, and she lamented now that she had been so cautious about securing the seat nearest the window. The crowd was thinning; a big fellow was making way for two girls, so she followed. Then Stella saw her; she reached over the crowd, caught her hand, and continued the introduction of a tall, blackeyed fellow.

"And, Tom, I want you to meet Lillian—Miss Robberts. And you too, Will. Lillian, Mr. Wright. She was my protege for the trip."

The girl was composed now. She met the rest of the group, made a remark that was innocently cute, and evinced a pseudo freshman interest and ignorance to make Stella say, "Oh, Freshman, Freshman!" Then she would laugh with pretty confusion that lasted a moment too long.

They were getting off the Pullman now, and the young fellow who had been first introduced asked to take her suitcase. He had been watching her with an amused twinkle in his eye. She thanked him bewitchingly, for she had noticed his intimacy with the girls that were Stella's friends. They met some other boys on the platform. The girl was *cute*. Her clothes were perfect, and the fellows gathered around her eagerly, improving their acquaintance. With the attention, she felt a bit independent now, assuming an inoffensive air of slight disdain to show them all that she was accustomed to just that sort of thing.

Lillian had time to take her bearings as they were waiting for the car. Several of the girls wore pins like Stella's, and when she met those girls' eyes she smiled—and they smiled. The young man at her side had been talking to Stella, but now he turned to her jestingly.

"There's much better car service at your home, of course, Miss Robberts."

She took him seriously.

"Oh, I hardly know. I've a nice electric and I seldom ride on a car."

"You're fortunate," and he helped several girls aboard, manouvering she noted complacently that he might sit next to her.

They chatted commonplaces for a while then he asked,

"Didn't Stella say your name was Lillian Robberts?"

"Why," she quizzed.

He hesitated covering a smile and then suddenly:

"I wanted to ask you to go to the play tonight and I thought I ought to know your name." He saw her hesitate. "Oh, it's all right; you can't have known every one a life time down here."

"It wasn't that. I was supposed to have an engagement."

"What, so early."

"But it doesn't matter. I'd rather go with you." He looked dubious. "Oh, it's just a friend of mothers; it doesn't really matter. Why, I do not even know him. Mamma met him last summer a waiter in one of the hotels at which she was stopping. She thought he was so nice and gentlemanly and had such high principles and so forth—mother is foolishly old-fashioned sometimes. He goes to the University and she asked him to call on me tonight. Naturally he did not object—and so here I am. And you'll relieve me from the unknown."

"Whew! I did not know that I was intruding on such a romance. Do you know the fellow's name?"

"It's Mr. Barnet. Now after all I've said, don't you go and tell me that he's a dear friend of yours."

"No, but I do know him. Your friend is old Tom Barnet, I guess." He seemed to enjoy it immensely. She misunderstood and his laugh nettled her.

"Oh, he's not my friend," she said disdainfully. "I'm more particular about my acquaintances."

Stella had signalled him to ring the bell. The girl looked with interest towards the university. It was evening and a few couples were strolling on the walks. Her heart beat a little faster, stirred by visions of her success and popularity and—

He was offering to take her home. Stella said good-bye and promised to see her at the play. As they approached the house which he had pointed out, he asked:

"What'll we do about Barnett tonight?"

"Don't bother about him. I don't care to encourage waiters anyway. You come very early and we'll leave him to hold the sack." And she laughed at the aptness of her expression.

Lillian was waiting in her room the next morning for Stella, who was going to take her to meet her sorority sisters. She felt a little tired, for the play had been late, and a bit worried, for the evening had not been altogether satisfactory. Stella's friend had harped disagreeably on the fellow whom they had left. She could not understand why he should care; she had not learned to be squeamish about other persons' feelings.

She lolled on the couch dallying with a magazine and frowning. There was absolutely nothing to do. It might look over anxious and spoil it all if she were dressed and waiting when Stella came—and she wished an excuse to be seen in the Japanese dressing robe which was really worth exhibiting. Stella finally came. She noticed the

robe in due course which was after Lillian's enthusiastic kiss. Then Lillian was so sorry to have kept her waiting, and in haste she carelessly snatched the first dress that came to hand from precisely where it was in readiness—And it is pleasant to note that Stella thought it a beautiful one.

They met another of the girls who wore that pin on the porch and the three walked on together.

"Are you going to the German tonight?" the other girl asked in making conversation.

"I don't know," she said deliciously unconcerned, "I suppose I ought to rest."

"No rest yet," Stella laughed, "I promised your mother that you should see it all. Why you'll meet all the university people there. I must make you a date. I'd lend you Tom again, but he has insisted on taking me."

"And who is Tom?—Was that his name?"

"Why everyone knows who Stella means when she says Tom," the other girl piped in.

Stella was blushing now.

"But, Jenny, he deserted me for Lillian last night."

"Tom, who?" asked Lillian, "I never did know his name."

Jenny broke in chaffingly.

"Who? Who? Why Tom Barnet—There's no other Tom in the world." Stella's cheeks were rosy but she turned in surprise to Lillian.

"Why—Why what's the matter? Didn't you like him."

"You'd better say yes," Admonished Jenny.

"Of course I did. He was just grand." And they stopped to meet a crowd of the sorority girls on the porch. Lillian forgot her confusion—they wore those pins.

At the German that night Tom and Stella whirled by the girl radiantly adorned in red.

"Is she pledged yet?" he asked.

"Yes, but not to us." Some of the girls thought she was too aristocratic and too fond of showing it. But Tom what on earth did you do to her at the play last night. Jenny mentioned your name this morning and she turned a thousand colors."

"Not a thing—I'll tell you sometime."

They were waiting for the encore, and the girl in red tripped up to Stella. She saw Tom; she stopped and smiled blankly.

"What *is* the matter with you two?" asked Stella, and then suddenly, "You—You knew each other before."

The girl hesitated.

"Not exactly," Tom broke in, "but I'm a friend of your mother's —am I not, Miss Roberts?"

And the girl grew red and laughed—but the laugh was strained.

# Pipe and Stein

*(L'Envoi)*

You have left your college days behind—its joys and sorrows all:
But where is the pipe and where the stein—does memory still recall?

The college stein that you used to drink
To the Past, the Present, To-morrow's dawn,
That you banged on the table nor stopped to think—
The stein and the table both are gone.
The lager never foams as white, the beer is always bad,
And the taste is not what it used to be, when you were an undergrad.

The little briar you used to smoke,
When the haze-wreaths rose to the darkened wall,
The meerschaum pipe and the clay you broke—
Gone are the meerschaum, briar, and all.
The tobacco is not the same old brand, and smoking makes you sad—
Since the pipe is not the same old pipe that you had as an undergrad.

Gone are the stein, meerschaum, and briar
That lit old days with their mystic fire.
The flame that burned in the meerschaum bowl,
And the merry devil who grinned his soul
From its amber mouth and carven side,
And the ugly briar with its mouth-piece wide,
And the gurgling stein—as Time speeds fast,
He has melded them all in a dream of the Past.

But still there are times when the years of yore
Call forth their own from Memory's store,
And through the clatter and noise of Time,
You hear the clash of the rollicking stein;
And the fragrant smoke and the ring-wreathed haze
And old thoughts, merry, mad,
Bring back in pipe and stein the days
When you were an undergrad.

—William B. Ruggles.

# CHARMION

## CANTO I.

### The Challenge

LO, many years had rolled away,
Gone were the heroes of the play—
The scenery shifted—supers gone—
Of all that knew, remained not one.
An aged minstrel, last of all,
Who sang of feudal field and hall,
Had chanced to stray one winter night
Where pleasures soft and faces bright
Sought in tale and storied play
To while the stupid hour away.
"Ah, minstrel, sing a martial song!"
The old man smiled, his harp unstrung—
"And hast thou heard of Charmion—
How Murray fame and glory won?"
"Nay, gleeman, nay!" their laughter rang,
And loud the Texas minstrel sang.

I.

Fair shone the sun on castle wall—
Old Kappa Sigma's blazoned hall.
There glanced the light from helm and spear,
And o'er the waters flung its cheer.
Bright was the scene, and all seemed gay,—
The sportive jest, the merry play.
But brighter still the scene became
When the master o'er the drawbridge came
A fiery barb Lord Murray rode.
And well "B. Hall" bore up its load.
A sturdy warrior seemed the Lord,
Who well could wield the axe and sword.



THE CACTUS 1910

A prince of Kappa Sigma he,
An Arrowhead, and T. N. E.
Well loved throughout the borderside.
In arms he stood, K. Sigma's pride.
Oft had the foeman shunned the shock
Ere Murray's blade in wrath had struck.

II.

Scarce had his steed the drawbridge crossed,
Scarce to the warder reins were tossed,
Ere, clattering to the castle gate,
A courier dashed, nor paused to wait
The warder's challenge—fast he came,
And loudly called on Murray's name.
Lord Murray turned, his hand on sword,
"Speak, courier, speak; we wait thy word!"

III.

"From Tichabod I come;" he cried,
"The judge who rules the borderside.
Rebellion lifts its bloody hand
And spreads through all the border land.
Charmion and his Alpha Taus
Ride from the distant foreign wars:
Throughout the country, strife they spread—
Already discontent is bred.
From court and castle, stubborn foe
Has rallied to the A. T. O.
Castle and hall have given way—
Charmion o'er Sigma Nu holds sway—
O'er Phi Gam walls his banners fly,
His henchmen rule the Sigma Chi.
The Warlock of the Beta clan
Has cast his fortunes with their band;
And Kappa's fair, silk banners sew
To cheer the progress of the foe.
Our men give way, our fortunes fall;
Lord Murray, on thy aid we call!"

IV.

Oh, dark the frown Lord Murray wore,
And black his scowl as Pluto's shore;
Grimly he swore with furious look,
And his clenched fist in air he shook.
"And has it come to this," he cried,
"That armed foes my border ride,
That upstart Charmion may dare
To loose his brand in open war?
Too soon he'll learn his grave mistake,
When Murray's friends to battle wake.
Come, Kappa Sig, my forces call,
And gather to the battle call!
Rise, Delta Sig and old Phi Psi;
Come, Delta Tau, K. A., and Phi!
With fiery force we'll clear the way,
And Charmion shall rue the day!"

V.

But calmer Gillis took the word,
Who fought with tongue, and not with sword;
His silver voice had oft saved war,
And him the men called the Senator,
"No, Murray, no!" he quickly said,
"In sudden war's our ruin made.
Diplomacy may win the day;
And send these brawling foes away."
"And are we cowards?" quick replied
The chafing warrior at his side;
"I tell you Murray ill can brook
The muttered threat, the surly look.
No! rather than disgrace shall stain,
Or weakness tarnish Murray's name,
His sword across his recreant knee
Shall break to seal his infamy!"

VI.

Then to the waiting courier turned
The Lord—his words with fury burned—

"To Tichabod my greetings give;
Tell him that Murray's soul still lives;
Bid him haste, and gather there
The legions of the Engineer;
Send round the fiery cross once more,
And rouse the battle call of yore;
Bid Pi Phi pray for victory,
And rouse the Zeta nunnery;
Let Theta's maids our warriors cheer.
Go! tell him Murray will be there!"

VII.

He ceased.—To horse the courier sprung,
And o'er the drawbridge dashed along.
Behind him in the castle yard
The Murray's henchmen, warders, guard,
With one glad shout had spread afar:
"The good Lord Murray rides to war!"

The minstrel ceased, his harp laid by;
Unbid, a tear welled from his eye.
"Ah! ladies fair, mine eyes are dim,
My limbs are old, my locks are thin;
Yet still my nostrils breathe the air
Of martial glory." Sighed the fair,
And bade the harper tell them more
Of Murray's fortune at the war.

## CANTO II.

### The Prophecy.

Again the minstrel sang the tale,
How Murray rode in fiery mail.
"But, first, fair ladies, I must tell
How Charmion saw the wizard's spell;
How in the deep and mystic book
The Beta Warlock took a look."

I.

Shifts now the play to other scenes,
Where trumpets sound and armor gleams—
To where the dying sunset's glow
Illumes the hold of A. T. O.
High in the banquet chamber there
The sound of revelry we hear,
Where Charmion and his vassals bold
In the great hall high wassail hold.

II.

At the table-head Prince Charmion stood,
Of regal bearing, proud of mood.
He, too, knew bonds of T. N. E.,
But Rattler owned his fealty.
Around the festive board there ranged
Knight and squire whose faith, estranged
From Murray's side, rebellion won,
And bound them fast to Charmion.
There Scapegoat stood, of Phi Gam's host,
Their only hope and dearest boast.
There sat the lord of Sigma Chi,
The lawyer keen of Delta Chi.
Such hosts were they as Monmouth led,
When Sedgemoor formed his gory bed.
The rough-neck Law of Delta Chi,
The polished social butterfly,
The pride of Rattler flaunted there,
The Academ and Engineer.

III.

So, wine and walnut sped along
Till midnight heard the giddy song.
Then Charmion rose, and bowed his head.
"I thank you, one and all," he said;
"But little trust I put in might—
A lady's prayers win Charmion's fight.
And what care I for force or skill?
Peg-top and pump are with me still."

IV.

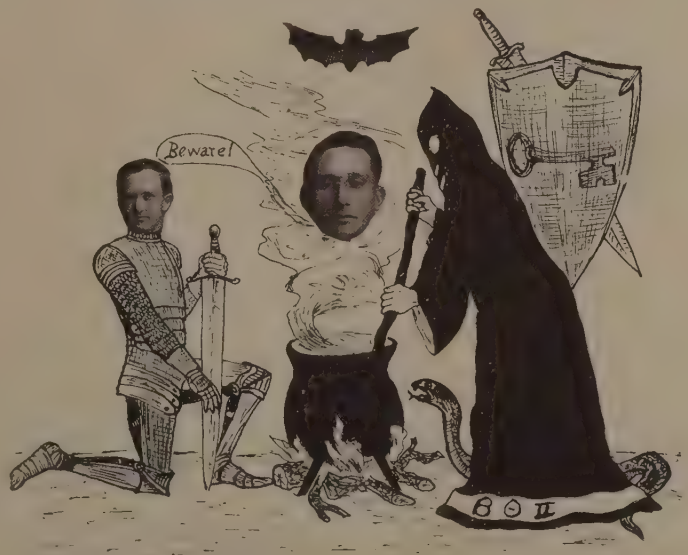
Now sounded loud the midnight bell,
And Charmion sought the wizard's spell,
Where the Beta Warlock's mystic sway
Reigned free until the break of day.
At midnight, Charmion left his halls;
Ere dawn he saw again the walls.
Proudly strode the leader forth,
Proud was his consciousness of worth.
With shoulders bowed, as if in shame,
A sadder man he backward came,
And naught of wizard's portent told
That he had learned from Warlock old—
Save but to one; and then with chill
He shook as if in mortal ill.

V.

"The moon behind a cloud had fled,
As onward to the cave I sped.
The night wind blew along the way,
And forms, ne'er made of mortal clay,
Were borne upon the whistling wind,
And ghostly shapes trailed fast behind.
Methought I heard the Banshee's cry—
Nay, thrice I heard her wailing by.
I shook with fear; cold as of the grave
I sought the entrance of the cave.
A surly greeting the Warlock gave,
In welcome to his mystic cave.

VI.

"Few were his words; a potion long
I drank, and knew my courage strong.
And then before my wondering eyes
He bade the visioned Future rise.




And as he vanished into air
Methought I heard him cry, "Beware!"

Black as the shroud of dead man's pall,
I watched the tapestry rise and fall.
His pot the while the Warlock stirred,
And greeted it with magic word;
And from the kettle's brazen bowl
The smothering fumes of incense rolled.
Faces of those long dead and gone
Looked from the mists that round were drawn.
Three shades I saw whose faces white
Showed friends of old upon my sight—
There Rather's ghost swept wailing past,
And Ballard Coldwell fled in haste.
And last came one known best of old,
Comrade in arms, the Goodman bold;
And as he vanished into air,
Methought I heard him cry, 'Beware!'

VII.

"Scarce had I time to quake in fear
When, from below, a voice cried 'Here!'
And from the bowels of the earth
A form of horrid size had birth.
The blood had left my paling cheek,
When cried the voice, 'Now, mortal, speak!'
Then stood I to the awful task.
And trembling lips my question asked.
The mists began to disappear,
And sounds of battle smote my ear.
I saw stretched wide a bloody plain,
The warring hosts, the mangled slain;
And yet, so mixed the struggling hosts,
I knew not who had won or lost.
It faded. A voice spoke in my ear:
'When lost your shield, your end is near.'

VIII.

"To bubble ceased the wizard's pot,
The scene had been and now was not.
The Warlock from the mystic wall
Snatched down the ebon funeral pall;
And 'neath it, armed from head to heel,
A warrior held a gleaming shield.
So clear it shone it lit the way,
The cave was bright as brightest day.
Upon its inlaid surface shown
Shimmered an emblem cut in stone;
And in its brilliance I could see
The outlines of a golden key.
'Take thou this shield,' the Warlock said;
'Its mystic spell shall guard thy head;
But if in strife 'tis lost or strayed,
Thy cause is done in spite of aid.
Take it and guard it in the strife—
The Warlock thus shields Charmion's life.'

IX.

"I took the shield and turned to go:
The cave reeled round, now fast, now slow.
Dizzied and faint, to ground I fell,
Nor woke till roused by distant bell.
Clasped in my arms the shield I found.
Myself was stretched upon the ground.
Of the night's enchantments I had known.
The cave, the Warlock, all were gone;
And the night's portents, much I fear,
Bode naught but ill to Charmion here."

Again he ceased, in idle play
His fingers took their wandering way
Over the strings; yet scarce the fair
Could brook delay, and so with care
They plied the aged man with ale,
And bade him then complete his tale.

## CANTO III.

### The Battle.

Now, ladies, list my ending tale
Of shivered spear and shattered mail.

Of bloody fight and sanguine strife,
When life paid debt for taken life.

I.

Far stretched the battlefield in view,
Where reigned supreme Mar's bloody crew;
And at the dawning of the day
Each host marched out in full array.
So closely matched the armies twain,
The difference seemed scarce seventy men.
Lord Murray led his army's van,
Followed by Kappa Sigma's clan.
There Phi Psi's shield gleamed on the view,
And Prester John his legions drew,
Of Delta Sig's embattled hosts.
Who swore by vanished Philpot's ghost.
There Feuille ranged his Delta Taus,
And Tichabod, the man of laws,
His roughmoss-troopers of the Hall,
Gathered in arms at Murray's call.
There Chi Phi's pennon owned his sway,
And the ranks of Phi Delt and K. A.

II.

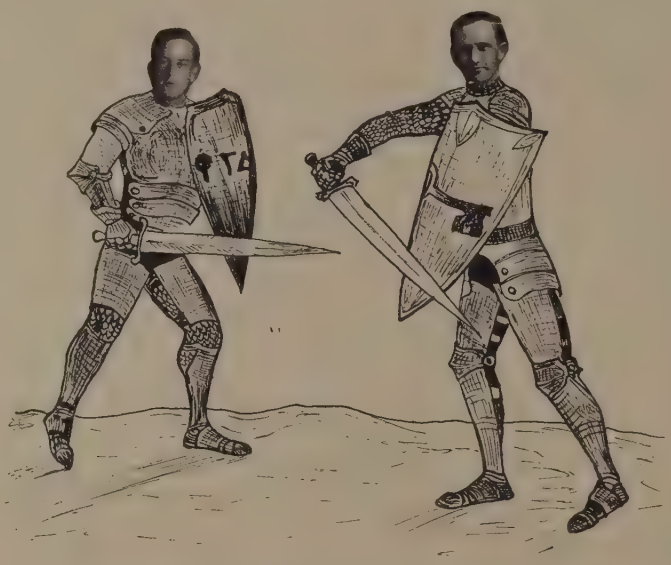
Their lances flashing in the sun,
Far stretched the hosts of Charmion.
In armor clad, half god, half man,
Charmion himself bore up the van;
And on his shield that all might see,
Shimmered and shone the golden key.
What need to tell what captains came
To fight for Charmion's name and fame?
There Towne the grim strode sternly by,
And the wily fox of Delta Chi—
Wrathful, who led his warrior host
To back a cause already lost,
Sir Goat his Phi Gam's brought to view.
Lord Henry swayed the Sigma Nu;
And there, stretched wide as eye could see,
The stubborn ranks of S. A. E.;
By Willis led, whose wily hand
Had marred the fortunes of his band;
Sold them to gratify his pride,
And left them betrayed by either side.
There, proudly spurred in front of all,
Don Buddy Quixote of B. Hall.
All politicians scorned he still,
And couched his spear against the mill.
Behind, Tom Sancho Panza strode,
And in place of ass the Coyote rode;
His war-cry smote the listening ear,
"I naught but bill-collectors fear!"

III.

Upon a hill that crowned the fray,
A sombre knight viewed each array;
No place he sought in either line—
Men called him knight of Holy Shrine.
Allegiance owed he to Phi Gam,
But now he grimly saw his clan
March to their place in Charmion's host,
Nor sought to take with them his post.
In black he stood from head to heel,
Nor wore on either arm a shield.
Men say he sternly eyed the host,
Wherever a gleaming sunbeam tossed
From Charmion's shield, where he could see
The glittering outlines of the key.
To envy seemed his heart to yield,
As if he fain would own the shield.

IV.

And now the brightly glowing day
Herald's the opening of the fray.
His trusty steel Lord Murray takes,
His clarion voice the echoes wakes.
"Ho! minstrels, sound my battle-cry—



"Murray and victory—live or die!"
His host an answering roar gives out,
And "Murray! Murray!" is the shout.
Yet scarce is heard the echoed cry
When "Charmion!" the foes reply.

V.

Then dashed the foremost on the foe,
And down the horse and rider go.
Steel rings on steel, and pennons fly,
Mars frolics in the carnage high.
On Wrathful's lifetime sets the sun;
Here Feuille dies on Goat's bum pun.
Carnage and ruin hold the field,
And neither side begins to yield.

VI.

Pricking across the fiery plain,
Lord Murray heads for Charmion's band;
His eye is fixed on the golden key,
Since Charmion he there can see.
"Now guard my shield!" Prince Charmion cries,
Couching his spear against surprise.
Thunders Lord Murray's charger fleet,
In furious shock the rivals meet.
Splinters the spear on Charmion's shield.
And Murray has not won the field;
Its impetus his horse bears on,
Ere he can return to Charmion.
His rival smiles, but in his ear
A whisper comes: "The end is near.
All is not o'er, guard well thy shield,
Or conquered and slain you leave the field."

VII.

Meanwhile, upon the warning right,
Well Tichabod bears up the fight;

His pressing force makes Willis yield,
Whose regiments now fly the field.
Sir Goat upon the other wing
To better cause his legions brings.
So, back and forth the armies reel,
Nor either side can win the field.
Now Murray seems to ride the fray,
Now Charmion must win the day.
And still the tides of battle roll
Round mangled form and parting soul.

VIII.

Charging full tilt on Charmion's line,
Came now the Knight of Holy Shrine.
Long in silence he had viewed
The shifting tides of battle's flood.
Long he watched with covetous eye
The shield that Charmion bore on high.
At length his feelings could no more
Restrain themselves; in battle's roar
He sought to win the wizard's shield,
And headlong dashed upon the field.

IX.

Nor paused the sable Knight his pace—
Short time Prince Charmion had to brace
Himself to meet the coming shock,
Ere the two steeds together struck.
Upon the shield the level lance
Of Holy Shrine but seemed to glance,
And, splintering on the charger's gear,
Broke clean in two his rival's spear.
Their lances shattered, each his blade
Seized, and at the other made.
Furious and fast the sword-strokes fell,
But the Warlock's shield served Charmion well;
And but the Black Knight's guard was good,
Himself had met a death of blood.
On corslet and helm the fierce blows rained,
And streaming gore each hauberk stained.
At length, by pain and fury tossed,
The Knight of the Shrine his glave unloosed,
And with bare hand 'gainst Charmion's steel,
From the Prince's arm he tore the shield;
In his charger's flank he dug his spur,
And dashed into the ranks of war;
But, passing, he dealt a backward blow,
And Charmion bent to the saddle-bow.
No prayer to his ashen lips there came:
Men say he called on the Warlock's name.
He only heard a mocking laugh,
And knew the end was near at last.

X.

Meanwhile, the charmed shield safely ta'en,
The Knight of the Shrine to the right wing came,
The charm he held so all might see
The glittering outline of the key.
Madly he galloped through the fray,
And all Prince Charmion's array
His conquest saw him wield;
A mighty roar rose from the host:
"Prince Charmion's magic charm is lost—
The Shrine has ta'en the shield!"

XI.

Judge Tichabod upon the left
Found Willis' men of strength bereft.
The bravest flung themselves in vain
On hostile sword and spear were slain.
And Fortune upon the distant right
With fickle smile cheered Murray's fight.
Yet still the conflict fiercer grew
Where hostile pennons proudly flew
And rival heroes fell,—
"Goat and Quixote!" was the cry,
And "Sancho Panza!" smote the sky,—
For Charmion still they yelled.

XII.

But while the maddened conflict raged,
And Murray still his battle waged,
A wounded knight was borne
From the hot breath of fiery fray,
Where the last beams of dying day
Might view his mangled form.
His hands still grasp his shivered lance,
His eyeballs still in fury glance,
Though dragged from 'neath the horses' feet,
Though his armor's torn, his helmet beat,
He still would raise his fainting hand
To cheer the fortunes of his band.
His baldric's rent, his plumes are torn—
Can this be haughty Charmion?

XII.

Far from the stubborn battle tide,
His fainting form they laid beside
A drinking-fountain near:
"DRINK, MAN AND BEAST; AND, GENTLE HEART,
PRAY FOR THE SOUL OF IGLEHART,
WHO RAISED THIS FOUNTAIN HERE."

XIII.

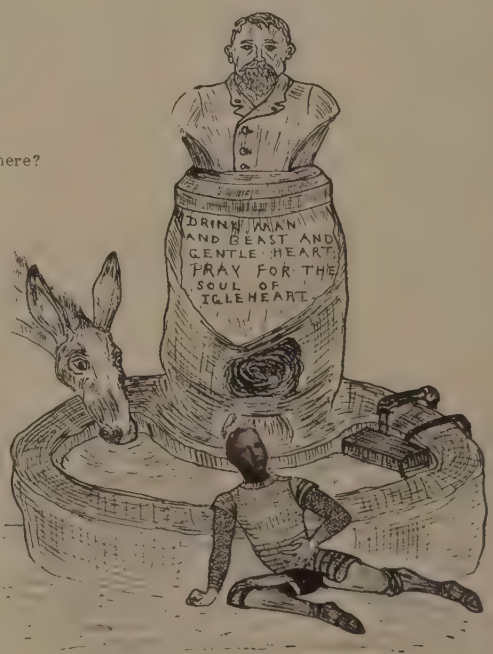
His helm unlaced, Prince Charmion knew
Refreshing winds around him blew.
Half dazed, he wildly stared around,
And looked o'er the fateful battle ground,
Where in the fading evening's light
He sees his host prepared for flight.
"Where's Phi Gam's Goat? and Wrathful, where?
Is none, then, left my soul to cheer?
Redeem my fortunes, charge again,
Cry 'Charmion and victory!'—vain!
Last of my blood on battle plain,
My war-cry ne'er shall sound again.
Yet my last thought is with my cause—
To Sir Goat bear my signet ring,
Bid him fresh reserves to bring;
Bid Willis never pause.
Quixote's dead upon the field—
Reft is the Warlock's sacred shield—
Ogden is down—my life is done—
On Goat our hopes must rest alone!
Let Phi Gam charge again, again,
Bid Groesbeck smite the foe again
Full upon Murray's central host—
Or victory and all is lost!"

XIV.

To obey they fly; his henchmen gone,
The dying Charmion's left alone.
Above the lances, mixed and crosst,
He saw a gray gigantic ghost
Above the fighting host,
And through the conflict's stormy cloud
He heard a death-cry wailing loud:
Prince Charmion's cause was lost.
The war that for a space did fail
Now trebly swelled upon the gale
And "Murray!" was the cry.
A light on Charmion's visage spread,
His form in fury tosst:
With shaking hand above his head
He shook the fragment of his blade,
"No, all is not yet lost!
Charge, Phi Gam! charge! on, Beta! on!"
Were the last words of Charmion.

The old man ceased. His idle arm
Fell limply at his side.
"Such is my tale of Charmion,
Of glorious deed, and victory won—
Of battle's shifting tide."
The minstrel then his harp unstrung,
No more that night old tales he sung;
Nor urged the fair to tell them more:
He only heard their measured snore.

—W. B. R.



# The Professorial Creed

THERE can really be no doubt
That some things need weeding out,
And made clear to all the students just for once.
Is everyone a sleuth?
Must we conceal the truth?
I hardly know the answer—I've a hunch.

A monopoly's a curse,
There's really nothing worse,
And to foster one is nothing short of shame.
But we don't feel so queer,
Though we know there's one right here—
My hunch it keeps on hunching, just the same.

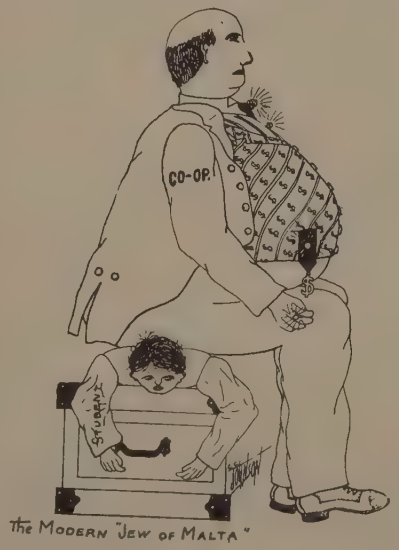
Now the profs put all their rocks
In Co-operative stocks,
But a dollar's worth is all that's due the bunch.
Now would it be high treason
To ask if there's a reason?
I suppose it wouldn't be—but I've a hunch.

We must be up to date,
We really musn't wait,
So they change our books each year without delay.
Now would it be quite fair
To ask if this is square?
I can't tell you, but my hunch won't stay away.

To me it isn't clear
Why supplies should be so dear,
For the Co-op knows when **not** and **when** to buy.
But the clerk has always laughed
When I've told him of his graft.
There's something wrong—this hunch of mine won't die

Lay aside your true belief,
Swallow down your bitter grief
Like you would a dainty morsel at a lunch—
For it's the Professorial Creed
That we're only here to bleed—
And forget you ever had that little hunch!

—O. WHY.




The Modern "Jew of Malta"

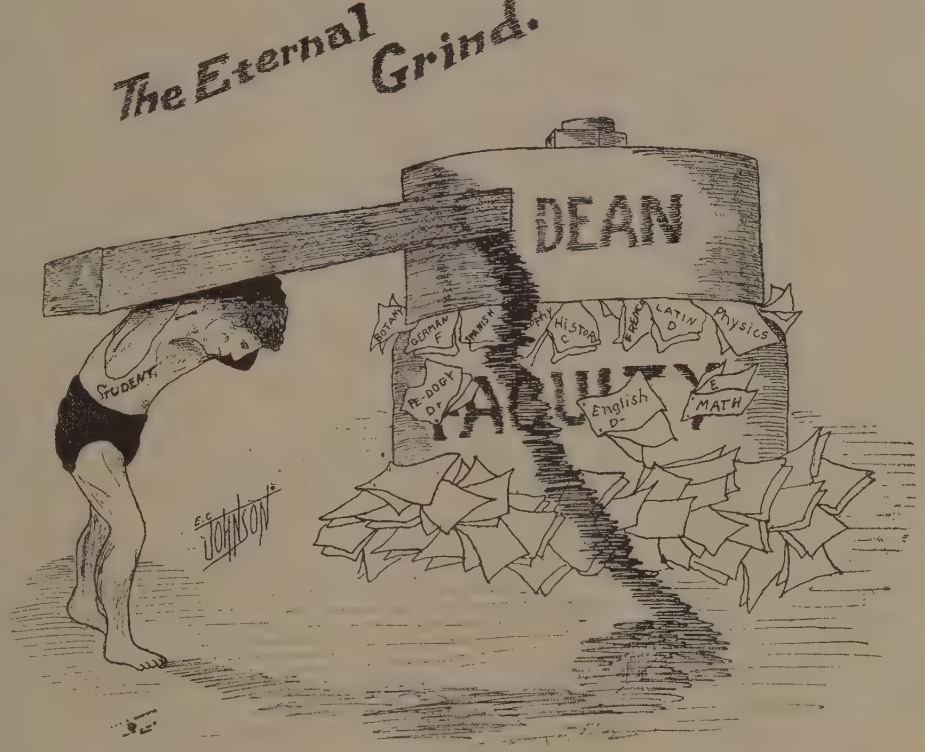
## "My Bosom Friends"

The cut below shows quite a unique souvenir of the class rushes between the Junior Laws and Freshmen Engineers, February 28-29, 1908. Upon the hard surface of a stiff-bosomed shirt, all the Junior Laws who took part in the rush have signed their names. Mr. Albert Moodie, who wore the shirt on the occasions mentioned, and who is here portrayed as wearing it, has had a banneret of orange satin made, upon which the white shield with the names is sewn, thus blending into 'Varsity colors this peculiar souvenir.

## The Onion King

Behold the Onion King of Cotulla,
J. Gilmer is his name,
The way he treats the onions, boys,
It is a bloomin' shame.

He's singing now his little song,
"A Goo Roo True Am I,
I'll not go back to onion town—
No—not until I die!"




## Once Upon a Time—

Once upon a time, The Texan appeared without a pay-your-subscription item.
Once upon a time The Coyote failed to howl against B. Hall.
Once upon a time a student got the book he wanted in the Library.
Once upon a time the Co-op sold a book for what it was worth.
Once upon a time the Y. M. C. A. had no politicians.
Once upon a time the Capital Club failed to dominate the Students' Council.
Once upon a time the Laws did not cheer Simkins.
Once upon a time an odor prevailed around the Chemistry Building like the attar of roses.
Once upon a time the Kappa Sigma had no candidate for the Final Ball.
Once upon a time there was a love-feast between the Pi Phis and the Kappas.

BUT—

That was before the days of Father Parrish.

# It Happened Thus

UP-TOWN corner, election night,
Crowd of "Jones men" are in sight;
Gather now to have a spread—
Their man came out far ahead.

File into Kline's banquet-hall,
A merry crowd—a score in all;
Have a feast, the proper kind,
Time is flying, they don't mind.

Twelve o'clock, they cut it out—
It's time to build bonfires about.
So up the avenue they go,
To make the rounds of friend and foe.

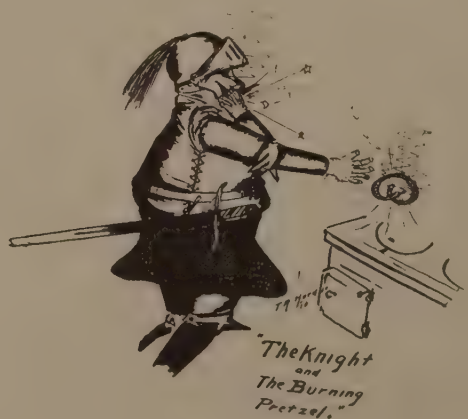
At some strange place they burn in state
Some poor man on a bishop's gate;
They visit next the "Hall of Ice,"
And dance around a fire so nice.

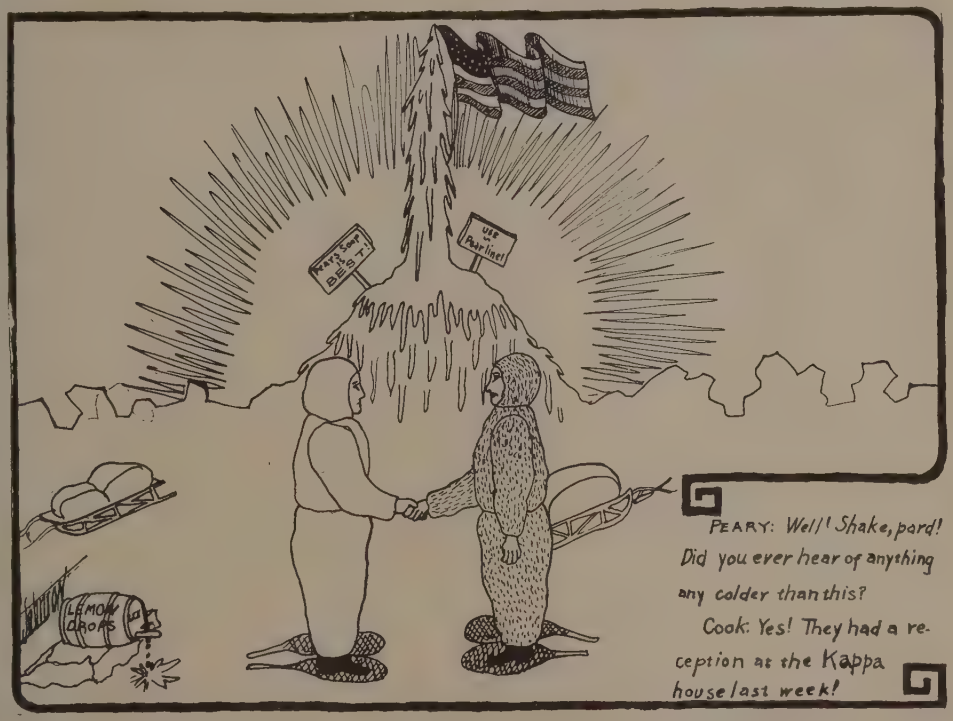
But even this, as fun, grows old,
And each seeks out his own (?) household.
Next day at school the news got out,
And made new dope to talk about.

L'ENVOI

Now some will scoff
And some may blame:
If Sims had won,
He'd done the same!

A two-cylinder runabout. It is rumored that Freshman Wozencraft intends purchasing one.




MATT'S CAMP
BEST
USE
Pearline!
LEMON DROPS
PEARY: Well! Shake, pard! Did you ever hear of anything any colder than this?
Cook: Yes! They had a reception at the Kappa house last week!

## Pithy Pointers Plucked from Prominent People

Who'll follow old Ben Milam to the Kappa house?—L. B. Milam.

Just let me be an "easy mark," and I'll be satisfied with life.—Tom Henderson.

I'll see her when she comes out of the Library.—Frank Feuille.

Come on, fellars, let's show these "guineas" where the great American eagle squats.—Tick Seay.

Well, I'd rather lead the T. N. E. dance, anyway.—N. M. W.

Have I shaken hands with you yet?—Chris Emmett.

Why go to Brownwood?—Kirkpatrick.

Say, fellars, hold that coat right-side up; the stripes run down.—John C. Harris.

It's hard to carry water on both shoulders.—Jane Woodruff.

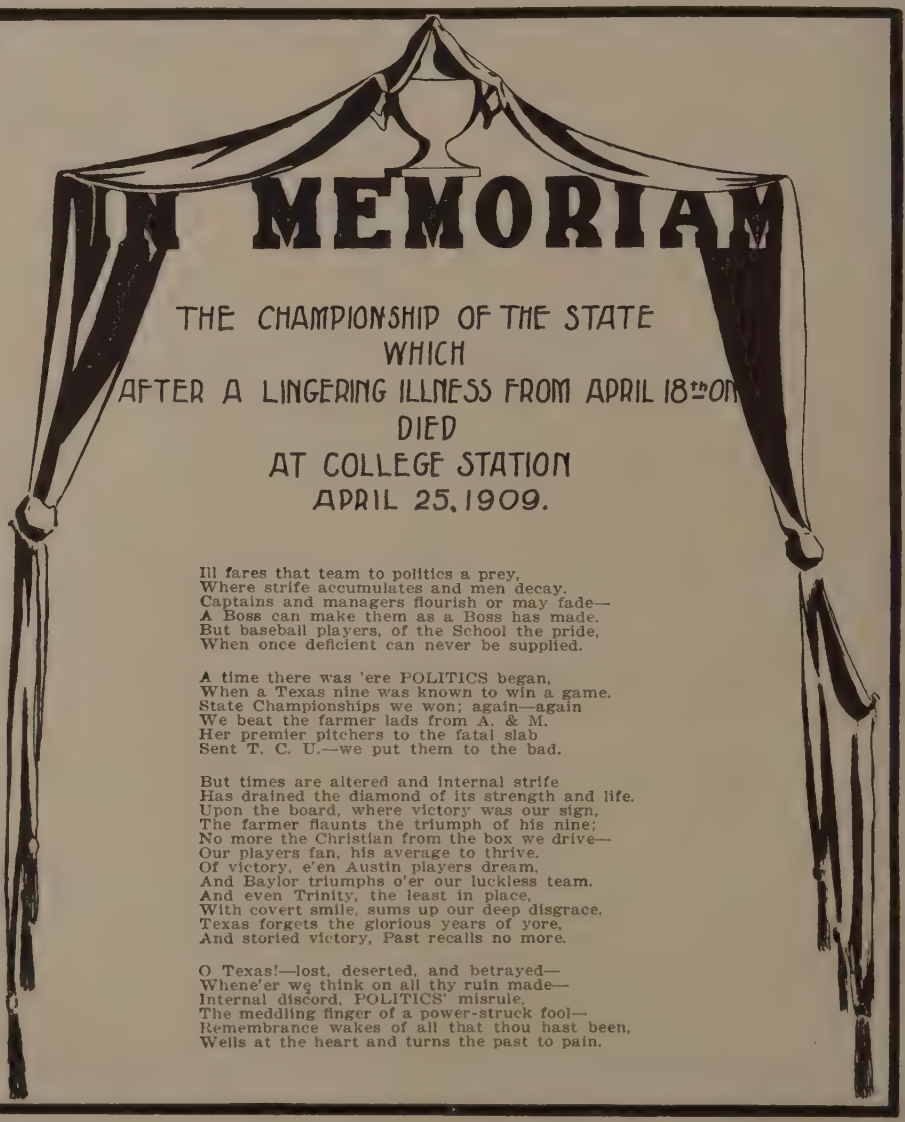
We carried the 20th Century Drug Store, fellars.—Will I. Sims.

No, Murray—I'll wait for hack No. 90; he promised me he'd come back.—Edgar Monteith.

(First speech, at his election Tea Party.) My election is due, not to the candidate, but to your good work. (The second speech is like unto the first; ditto the 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th.)—Mutts Jones.

The reason I want a leave of absence, for a week of electioneering, Dr. Battle, is that I just simply had to defend my rights—the other side tried to pick on me.—(Whine.)—W. E. Cox.

This is my motto: Thinking is but an empty waste of thought, and naught is everything, and everything is naught.—Cy Perkins.



# IN MEMORIAM

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE STATE
WHICH
AFTER A LINGERING ILLNESS FROM APRIL 18th ON
DIED
AT COLLEGE STATION
APRIL 25, 1909.

Ill fares that team to politics a prey,
Where strife accumulates and men decay.
Captains and managers flourish or may fade—
A Boss can make them as a Boss has made.
But baseball players, of the School the pride,
When once deficient can never be supplied.

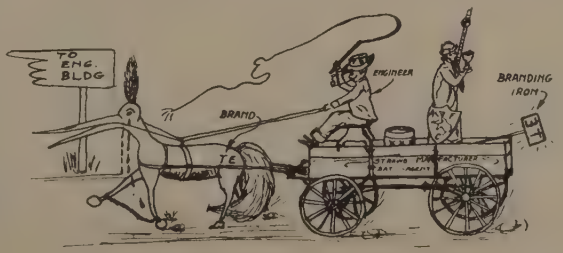
A time there was 'ere POLITICS began,
When a Texas nine was known to win a game.
State Championships we won; again—again
We beat the farmer lads from A. & M.
Her premier pitchers to the fatal slab
Sent T. C. U.—we put them to the bad.

But times are altered and internal strife
Has drained the diamond of its strength and life.
Upon the board, where victory was our sign,
The farmer flaunts the triumph of his nine;
No more the Christian from the box we drive—
Our players fan, his average to thrive.
Of victory, e'en Austin players dream,
And Baylor triumphs o'er our luckless team.
And even Trinity, the least in place,
With covert smile, sums up our deep disgrace.
Texas forgets the glorious years of yore,
And storied victory, Past recalls no more.

O Texas!—lost, deserted, and betrayed—
Whene'er we think on all thy ruin made—
Internal discord, POLITICS' misrule,
The meddling finger of a power-struck fool—
Remembrance wakes of all that thou hast been,
Wells at the heart and turns the past to pain.

## Alexander Frederick Claire at a Law Banquet

ALEXANDER FREDERICK CLAIRE was discovered about the year A. D. 1908, in a deep thicket near Jacoby's Garden. From this lowly beginning Claire worked his way upward until, about the year 1909, he was Knighted by the Engineers and given the title "Saint Claire." Pursuing the even tenor of his way, he came to know Praetor Peregrinus of the Law Department, and soon became deeply attached to him. The Laws, noticing the attachment which had sprung up between the courtly Saint Claire and their winsome child Peregrinus, resolved to adopt Saint Claire. To this end they invited him to a banquet, at which the wine flowed freely and Saint Claire became intoxicated. While in this state of intoxication, Saint Claire pledged fealty to the Laws, forever abjuring his foster parents, the Engineers. But the Laws decided to kidnap Saint Claire and confine him, lest his oath of fealty be forgotten when the wine had worn away. So Saint Claire was kidnapped and confined until All Fools' Day, in the glorious springtide of 1910, when he was liberated and allowed to return to his former home. And great was the rejoicing thereat.




THE RETURN OF A.F. CLAIRE.
APRIL 1, 1910

# My Lady Fair

(Editor's Note—The inspiration from which the following lines sprung was occasioned largely by fortuitous accident. The poet was invited to a picnic, and the companion whom he escorted was not the selection of his own taste. The poet has made oath that on similar occasions, when accompanying a lady chosen by others, he has experienced peculiar and conflicting emotions, but that never did he have the honor to accompany one whose antiquity filled him with such reverence as on this occasion. He has vainly struggled to express his admiration.)

I.

**The poet invokes the aid of superior years in the expression of his song.**

O mine Egyptian Star! O thou whose eyes divine
First blessed the world when Cheops yet was young,
On me but let thy starlight of the ancients shine
To inspire my soul with burning rhapsodies of song!
O lend me now thy wealth of garnered thought,
Thy treasured store of antique knowledge sage,
Begun ere Ptolemy his kingdom wrought,
Or nations felt the power of Caesar's rage,
That I may seek whatever poets wrote,
Or idle dreamer in his dreaming viewed,
Or tuneful minstrel set to swelling note,
Or visions in the minds of lovers brewed:
That I may gather all that men have spake,
Or writ, or dreamed, or sung, of boundless love,
And in my song to Thee all echoes wake
Of sweetest cadences of earth and heaven above.

II.

**The poet scoffs at young maids who live a hundred years or so. He praises longevity.**

Away! ye dancing butterflies, ye giddy things,
Who in the evening of the transient day
Around this candle, Youth, in whirling rings
Flitter in senseless mirth your hours away!
Short are your triumphs, and your honors brief:
Within the trifling span of fourscore years
Your laughter turns to cackled cries of grief
Your ruddy cheeks are withered with your tears.
I sing to one whom Time hath not yet claimed,—
The sole survivor of the soundless past,
The single relic of an age scarce named,
Unshaken by the centuries in their haste.
I sing to no ephemeral flowers that blow
Their fragrant petals in the spring, and fade;
A hundred generations of the hoary pines will know
My love to gambol in their sylvan shade.

III.

**Physical blemishes, sayeth the poet, are of slight account; beauty and youth are vain; only age is to be adored.**

To Thee, fair damsel, let my verses rise
Like warbled matins of the lark at morn,
And let the splendor of thy sunny eyes
Dispel my dismal cares and thoughts forlorn.
What though, sweet one, in Alexander's day
Your last remaining tooth by chance was lost?
What though your hair had long since passed away
'Ere Caesar yet the Rubicon had crossed?
What though your voice is harsh and cracked and shrill?
What though your face would sleeping children fright?
Can I describe the strange, upsurging thrill,
I felt when first I saw you in the light?
Yours a nobler heritage than gaudy show,
Than fleeting beauty yours a grander fate;
And Vanity, inflamed by youth, can never know
The honored path that leads to your estate.

IV.

**The poet offers proof that his love is the oldest living human.**

For you it was who saw, on glistering sands
Where Nilus spreads his stream of amber hue
The pyramids, slow built by countless hands,
In toiling ascent labor toward the blue;
And you it was who on the Canaan hills
Tended the fleecy flocks with Abraham,
Conversed with Isaac, wept at Jacob's ills,
Saw Aaron slay the sacrificial lamb.
You knew the cause of Babylon's decay,

Saw Greece with splendid genius light the world,
Saw Rome extend her military sway,
And saw her from her throne by savage hurled.
Your memory outstretches history's span:
You've seen successive empires rise and fall,
And brilliant races from the pinnacle of fame
Plunged in oblivion's universal pall.

V.

**The poet scratches around for a comparison. He chooses a hill, as being the most permanent thing he can think of.**

Shall I compare Thee to the river's flood,
Sweeping its silver current toward the sea,
Lulled through the night by gentle whispering wood,
Kissed by the amorous sunbeams through the day?
Ah, no! Perhaps in ages far remote
The river may in other channels run,
Or shrink its waters in the blistering heat
And scorching blaze of thirsty tropic sun.
I must compare thee to some changeless thing
That through the swift decades one figure bears,
That to immortal, never-ending life doth cling,
And cheats the final victory of the years.
Then I'll compare thee to some ancient hill
That will its vigils through the ages keep,
Before whose rugged face, in solemn file
And noiseless pageantry the centuries sweep.

The poet strenuously insists that he prefers to worship from afar, and, lest his true sentiments should be discovered, he refuses the publication of his name.—EDITOR.

This is a Continuous Show
Oh, See The Flossy Boy! Isn't He a Peach? I wonder if He has any classes? He's always in the corridor!
Oh! See the Pretty Boy!
A Continuous Performance — Admission Free — Ladies Only



THE CACTUS 1910

## Selections From Famous English Compositions

Bill Darter writes: "Woman! marry me, else become my wife!"

T. D. Stamps scratches thusly: "'Hist!! she cried, "I hear footsteps approaching in Stark's Auto.'"

Jack George indites an item like this: "They lay in ambush, listening intently to the discussion among the bandits, when suddenly a dark cloud passed over the moon and prevented them from hearing more."

F. W. Wozencraft draws one's attention with: "Suddenly he stepped from the shadow of the building and stabbed her with a dull, sickening thud."

L. Spoonts claims that, "She returned my caress with a single glance from her beauteous brown orbs."

## The Blue Is Turning White

Oh, I met a politician
Who up and to me swore
That Sims would hardly carry
The 20th Century Store.
Small wonder, now, had I of this,
For I had heard, forsooth,
That he a mighty caucus held
In a telephoning-booth.

So I cast my vote the "Jones way,"
And I worked for him like sin.
And from the way they'd whoop and holler
I was sure the race he'd win.
Yes, I climbed into the wagon,
I joined the blue-shirt brigade,
But I saw right after election
That the blue'd begun to fade.

Now the blue is getting fainter,
I'm afraid 'twill soon be white,
But what's the use of worrying—
They say that Right is Might.
After all, I'm not so sorry
I took that wagon-ride:
There's a mighty deal of comfort
When you're on the winning side.

# "Goat" Pleasants: Philanthropist

DURING a bleak winter night of 1909, when the snowbanks in Indiana were seven feet high and the thermometer ten below, the Phi Gam House in Bloomington burned to the ground, the fire driving the 'jama 'jama men out into the cold. It was a noble house, built upon magnificent plans, and inhabited by the scions of many illustrious families. But that's straying from our bailiwick.

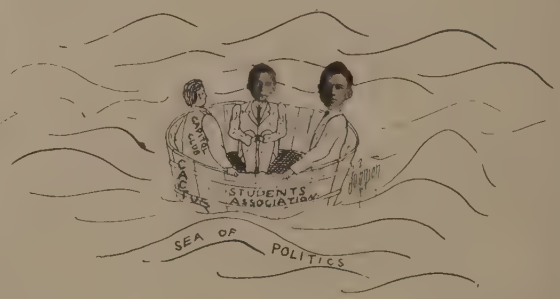
Suffice to say that the news of this great loss to the Frat came to the knowledge of "Goat" Pleasants, philanthropist, and thereat deep throbs of pity welled up in his bony bosom, and he became swayed by those inner springs of action which move us when we know not (neither did "Goat.") So he telegraphed "sympathy, and AID if needed." Then he laid his good ear close to Mother Earth to detect the first tremors of a call for aid from his fratres. But, sad to relate, he fell asleep on the job, and was rudely awakened by an A. D. T. boy with a message from Bloomington asking for $200.00 assistance from the Austin chapter. Staves of Diogenes' washtub! Think of it: two hundred iron dollars! More money than all the frat men in town have had since Bill Morrow quit endorsing checks. But "Goat" was not lacking in resourcefulness; he trailed down town and drew all of the Chapter money out of bank and prepared a message to his fratres as follows: "Phi Gam House, Bloomington, Ind. Will do all possible to help you, but this chapter hasn't a cent in bank at present. Aaron W. Pleasants." Notice that *Aaron*, girls. That means, in Sanskrit, a "go-gitter." When "Goat" reached the telegraph office to send this wire, he found that the original message asking aid was a frame-up, concocted in the lugubrious mind of Big John, his frat brother, who did it with his little thatchit.

*Mark Hannah showing his wonderful base ball muscle.*

## Nursery Jingles

If all the school were candidates,
  And posters used the ink;
If all the year were politics,
  Would we have time to think?

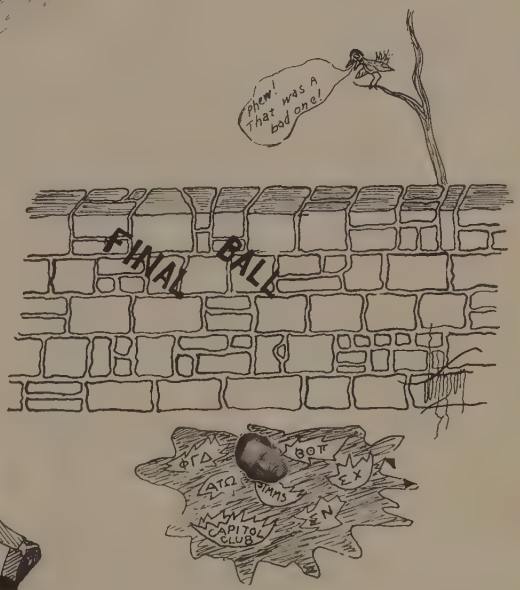
Mistress Mamie, the day is rainy—
And how will Kappa go?
With Sigma Chi, B. Theta Pi,
And Phi Gam in a row.



Rub-a-dub-dub, three in a tub,
And who do you think they be?
Thompson, Goat, and the Capital Club,
And they're sailing out to sea.

Higgledy piggledy, politic Jane,
She runs around and raises cain;
Summer, winter, sunshine, rain—
Higgledy piggledy, politic Jane.

Little Tick Seay has lost his votes
And can't tell where to find them;
Leave them alone and they'll come home
Bringing Towne Young behind them.




Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
If seventy had not seen him fall,
Humpty had led the Final Ball.

There was an old woman who lived in
a shoe—
She had so many boarders she didn't
know what to do,
Till one who'd no place to sleep him in
Bought her a house to keep them in.

Young. Paez. Brown. Gardner.
Davis. Beaver. Green. Blanchard. Rowan.
Pratt. Snyder. Keith. Lane. Miller.

## Rufugees From Justice

Motto: "What Was Your Name Before You Came to Texas?"

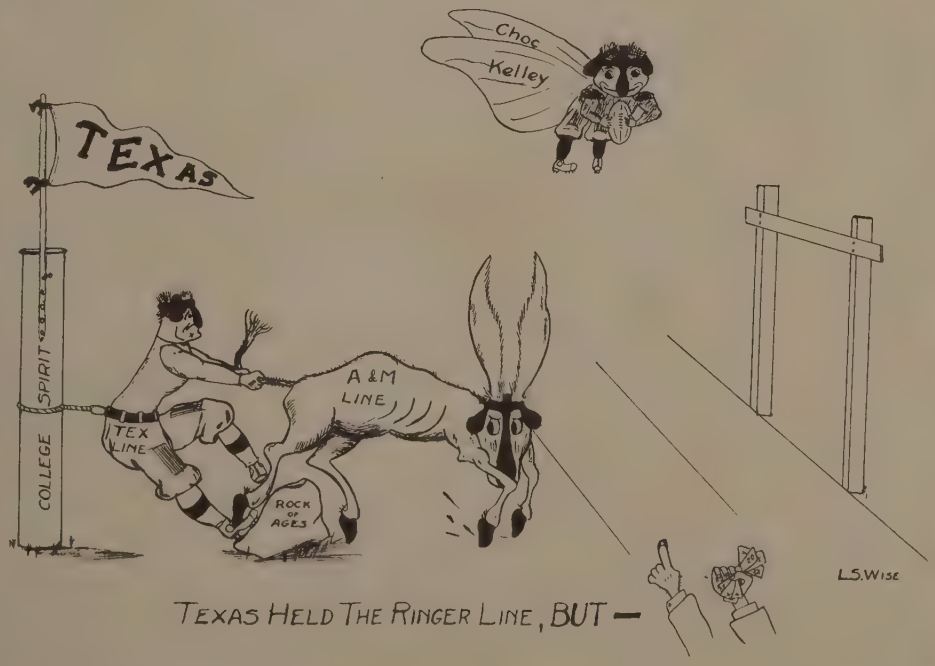
Membership limited to freebooters and other criminals who can produce unchallenged evidence of criminal intent and malice aforethought.

*Mysterious Master of the Bloody Boot* . . . . C. L. SNYDER
*Eminent Grand Filcher* . . . . . D. J. BROWN
*Eminent Grand Bolo Bird* . . . . . CHAS. A. KEITH
*Pusillanimous Pocketer of the Purse* . . . . ORLO A. PRATT
*Eminent Evangel of the Dismal Dungeon* . . . . O. S. MILLER

H. T. BEAVER, Illinois.
F. LANE, Illinois.
D. J. BROWN, Pennsylvania.
O. S. MILLER, Georgia.
W. C. GARDNER, Georgia.
THEO. GREEN, Oklahoma.
C. L. YOUNG, New York.
ORLO A. PRATT, New York.
J. J. PAEZ, Mexico.
C. L. SNYDER, Iowa.
CHAS. A. KEITH, Arkansas.
T. B. BLANCHARD, Louisiana.
H. ROWAN, Mississippi.
L. A. WITZMAN, Ohio.
J. P. SANDERS, Missouri.

# Selections From the Library of A. Crum

Men of the Covenant, by the Capital Club.
Steps in English, Book I, by Wm. A. Darter.
A Lover of Truth, by J. D. Willis.
The Story of the Champions of the Round Table, by Phi Kappa Psi.
Anatomy of the Brain, by C. B. Popenoe.
Political X-Rays, by Will E. Cox.
The Firing Line, or Army and Navy, by Admiral T. S. Henderson.
Mid Summer Night's Dream, or How I Led the Final Ball, by Will I. Sims.
The Political Freshman, by Geo. A. Barrier.
Much Ado About Nothing, by Freshman Fatty Knaur.
The Little Old Blue Shirt That Murray Wore, by Mutts Jones.
A Fighting Chance, or Goat Pleasants' Election to the Presidency of the Students' Association, by Red Perkins.
Ever True to the Blue and Blue, by the Kappa Alphas.




TEXAS HELD THE RINGER LINE, BUT —

# Love, or When a Girl Trifles

A TRAGEDY.

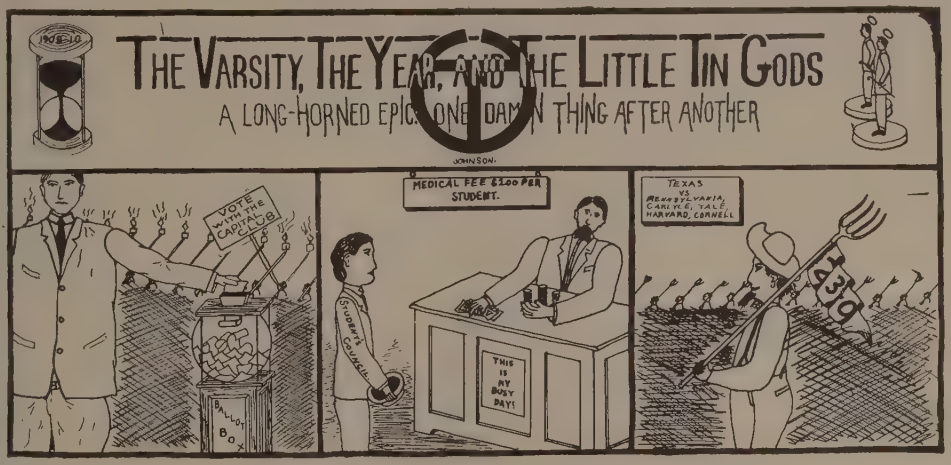
THE earnestness of the young man's appeal was without avail. The girl laughed and said that she had only played and he knew naught of girls and did not know she loved him. He could not think or see; all the world was blank and his a hideous, drear existence. He staggered to his feet; his face paled; he looked again towards the girl and thrust a pistol to his head. The girl gasped and tried to cry out but the time for her to speak had passed. His finger pressed and tightened on the trigger; she hid her head sick with fear. A hideous cry broke from him and she turned to see the blood streaming down his neck. She was strangely cool now. "Percival," she said, "You are saved. The hammer got caught in your ear."

Companion (to Alf Toombs, at "The Knight of the Burning Pretzel")—What long, thin legs Mr. Hardwicke has!

Toombs—I can't tell from here—I think his legs are behind his sword.



THE CACTUS 1910


1909-10
THE VARSITY, THE YEAR, AND THE LITTLE TIN GODS
A LONG-HORNED EPIC: ONE DAM N THING AFTER ANOTHER
JOHNSON
VOTE WITH THE CAPITAL CLUB
BALLOT BOX
MEDICAL FEE $100 PER STUDENT.
STUDENT'S COUPON
THIS IS MY BUSY DAY!
TEXAS VS PENNSYLVANIA, CARLYLE, YALE, HARVARD, CORNELL
1430

ONE night, as **The Cactus** was peacefully dreaming,
It fancied a gentleman, riding a pony,
Dash gayly up and, without undue seeming,
Present a paper, on the face of it, "Phony."
But after he saw he was scarce known by induction,
He doffed his plumed hat and procured introduction.
It seems he was College year, 1909-10,
A Texan, a Native, a Braggart—but then
He left us his notes, which, a la Wallace Irwin,
We put underneath. Advance, reader, and stir in.

**First Dam Thing**

I came in the world
On top of a whirl
Of political thunder and smoke;
They were making connections
With spring-time elections,
And candidates daily went broke.
The air reeled with: "Liar! Muckraker! and Thief!
Partisan backing! Frat-sucker!"—in brief,
The collegiate world was in such a turmoil
That candidates' **reps** were cooked to a parboil;
'Twas "Don't vote for Tic Seay! and Rap on Towne Young!
If either's elected, the studes are sure stung!

Tick's mixed with the ladies
And is catching blue Hades,
Feuille is bribing the suffragette vote;
For **The Texan,** Mark Hannah
Is all the banana—
The females are cooking poor Jeff Stinson's goat.
Gene Harris will win, since he's no opposition,
But we won't bet a cent on Boyles' getting position."

The race was red hot, full of ginger and fire,
With Dinny for referee and Tick Seay for umpire,
Who, in spite of the place, lost his race with precision,
Though Mark McGee won on the judge's decision;
Then some votes that were missing
Kicked up such a hissing,
Truth couldn't be heard at all for the clatter;
But Tick all the while

Just smole a sweet smile
And handed **The Texan** to Mark on a platter.
Then peace came at last, but the sun of the morrow
Smiled down on a field of candidates' sorrow:
With Towne perched aloft—Tick completely snowed under
Bob Holliday yelling "Ouch!" "Murder!" and "Thunder!"
And Boyles, the ill-fated,
Was completely prostrated,
All others put up a stiff groan;
All the candidates beaten
Who had gotten the mitten
Sorrowfully chanted this moan:

"O student votes that got our goats,
  Why did you serve us so;
We expected opposition slaps,
  But not a party blow.
And when you checked the ballots up
  And finished up the search,
Why did you blast our humble hopes
  And leave us in the lurch?"

**Second Dam Thing**

School opened again in the month of September,
With Graft at the reins, and Turmoil a member;
And, in place of Old Johnson, a new guy named Webster
Who played hob with Polit and behaved like a lobster,
Till the whole thing amounted to a fifteen-round bout
'Twixt Hackett and Webster, and the latter went out.
The thing caused a flutter,
A faculty mutter,
Though the affair blew over quite soon,
But you can't blame the Doc
For flying his block,
When Charles wrote him up in the Austin **Tribune.**

Then the medical fee
Put the studes on a spree,
But what was a fellow to do?
It naturally follows
They got his three dollars
In spite of his wrath, rage, and stew.
Then Young and the Council took a try in the matter,
And attempted to raise up a faculty spatter;
But Prex only smiled when the grave Council Spoke
Copped onto the coin, and laughed at his joke.
Then the average stude got grumpy and sallow,
Till he found that Doc Gilbert was a jolly good fellow—
Much nicer to talk to than William the Dean,
Right there with the "glad hand," right there on the scene;
Who made sickness fly like rats before weasels,
Gave us all leaves of absence, and cured up the measles;
And he sent us to Seton without drain on our purses,
Where the poor, stricken studes could flirt with the nurses;
In fact, 'twas so pleasant, studes forgot their dyspepsia,
And handed the Doc quite a peach of a rep—sure!
Then, before the exams, the school was all in good humor,
And the whole body politic showed not a tumor.

O Sidney E., O Sidney E.,
  And likewise Faculty,
We have to take you as you are,
  Though oft we disagree.
At times we have a spat or two,
  We think that you're too slow,
But the world still keeps on turning, and
  You're not half bad, you know.

**Third Dam Thing**

But before the term quit with the Ides of December,
Some one kicked up a row in the month of November;
Football was the reason—we had a good team, too,
But as to its winning, it just couldn't seem to.
Sending North for a coach, we acquired Doctor Draper,
Whose thoughts on the game were not drawn from vapor.
Then the whole school began to talk gridiron at once,
And the Phi Beta Kappa soon looked like a dunce.
The hash-houses all talked of Draper's pen-tactics,
How badly we'd wallop the Cadets with our black tricks.
But the College Cadets
Were not finished yet,
As they silently grinned, and sneaked on the scene;
Our coach was a getter,
But they'd gone us one better,
And, in place of a coach, had hired them a team.
For Mr. Moran, their coach, had hied to the North,
And from Harvard and Yale had hustled them forth;
And the Indian from Carlyle
Had put on his war-smile
And tackled the study of raising the onion;
While Smith, Brown, and Shippe
Struck the true farmer's clip,
Or the art of pill-rolling as taught by one Munyon.
Things drifted along for a short week or two,
And the Longhorns scarce realized what was to do;
And while we were whipping poor S. W. U.,
Whose boys knew Football less than does a sailor—
The Farmers were shaping an excellent crew,
Who artfully won by a small score from Baylor.

Then, Gee!
What a spree!
Ouch! where were we?
We all went to Houston—
Got soaked in the rain,
And the money we had
We lost on the game;
For Balenti and Kelly,
They mashed us to jelly—
The whole team played much as if they'd a jag on;
They were scraped in the mud,
They were covered with blood,
And looked like a souse who'd dropped off the wagon.
And disgusted alumni
Who had lost all their money
By carelessly dropping it all on the massacre,
Said harsh things and rude
To the average stude,
And called the affair less game than fiasco.
"Aha!" said the victors,
Agriculture will win—
'Twas the brain and the brawn
That brought the coin in."
And then as an encore, and with no misgiving,
Lord help us! they licked us again at Thanksgiving!

Oh, A. & M., Oh, A. & M.,
'Tis true our efforts fail;
We used to beat the Farmer lads,
But can't lick Penn. or Yale;
And though you trounced us roundly,
One thought our sadness cheers—
An honest team of real cadets
Won once in seven years!

**Fourth Dam Thing**

Now we'll back to elections boiling anew,
With a whole tribe of politics (damnable crew!)
Messing about—'twas the first of the year,
And for absent flunked friends we were shedding a tear;
When a racket arose
That beggars description,
Which, as every one knows,
Was another election.
Then, My!
To the sky
Rose insult, invective, and fierce exclamation,
In which the big bosses all tried explanation
Of the It and the I—
Of the Who
And the Why—
Of the great and glorious Final Ball!
What a fall!
Sims and Jones, Jones and Sims,
When you're in politics, trouble begins.
Then B. Hall campaigners all began hustling,
Making a terrible fuss and a clatter,

Till even the English profs halted their bust (1)ling
Long enough to inquire what the deuce was the matter.
Then the great day arrived, 'twas the morn of election,
When the timid co-ed, blushing, made her selection;
And seventy votes won the fight for Mutts Jones,
Whom worry had worn to a mere bag of bones—
While Billy's supporters, who had been healthy scrappers,
With smelling salts rushed to the aid of the Kappas.
This thing made quite a fuss,
Some cuss and discuss,
But the average stude saw nothing at all
In the whole affair,
But a waste of hot air,
And that was a glorious Final Bawl.

Oh, Murray Jones, Oh, Murray Jones,
Why was it that you won?
And William Sims, Oh, William Sims,
What put you on the bum?
Perhaps you know the reason—
You're much like other men—
We do not know, we do not care,
But please don't run again.

**Fifth Dam Thing**

Next winter arrived with a stray dash of spring,
And various things occurred in the term—
Such as Texan editions whose memories bring
An idea of what turned even the worm.

Texans to right of 'em,
Texans to left of 'em,
Freshman and Junior Law
Volleyed and thundered.
Engineers make reply
Staid Seniors do or die—
None knew the reason why,
All of them blundered.

Next the Drama and Learning presented a threnody—
The Band gave a concert, and Ashbel a comedy;
While the Curtain Club
With a rub-a-dub-dub
Presented Stark Young and his estimable company;

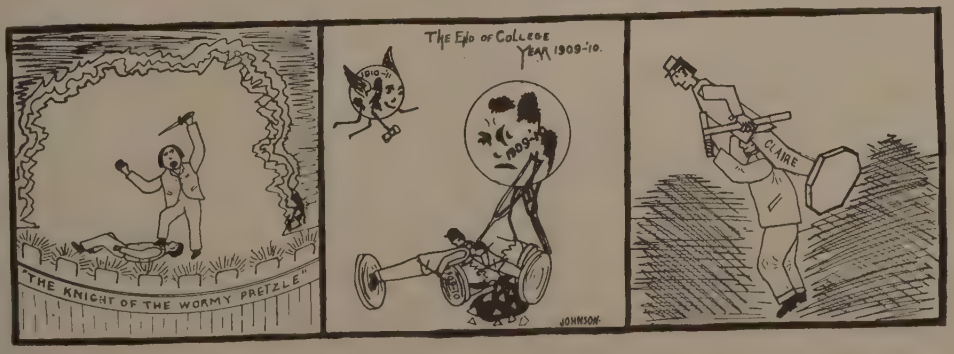
When English the Red
And Bob's blondined head
Gave an excellent chance for the knockers to thump any.
And the grief of the populace had hardly subsided,
And the average stude to smile had decided,
When **The Texan** announced that plays caused such a 'pother,
The Lanier would give one, and Rex Shaw'd give another.
Meanwhile **The Coyote** bloomed out over night,
With a sort of half-baked dramatic edition,
A month late, 'tis true, and 'twas not over-bright,
But at least it stirred up some little sedition.

Then the Second of March caused quite a discussion,
And the Laws and C. E's. came near having a ruction.
For a rumor spread
That Claire was dead
That the Junior class, as a nefarious whole,
In a spirit of sport
Had committed a tort
And parted poor Frederick's corpse from his soul.
But it all came to nothing—it seems that the Hickeys,
An ancient quartet long thought to be buried,
To stir up the strife had got drunk on gin-rickies
And the great Alec's spirit to secrecy hurried.
My hat!
Near a spat
Occurred on the campus when Alec was gone;
But some reprobate Hickey
Confessed to the trick he
And his other associates put on the town.

Where, O where is Alec Claire,
And where is Perry, too?
The Engineer is sad and glum,
The Law is looking blue.
Then where has dear Old Perry gone,
And where is Alec Claire?
O where, O where may they be found?—
And echo answers, "Where?"

Then spring
With a ring
Made its opening bow—
And the rest of the year
That was finished by now
Respectfully bowed
To the listening crowd
And sedately walked off quite calmly, which then
Was the end of College Year, 1909-'10.

—**William B. Ruggles**



THE CACTUS 1910

THE

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Robert C Doray

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The campus strollers had long departed, no noise of cab or street car floated through the air, one by one the lights in old B. Hall had disappeared as the midnight hour had come and gone, save the glowing rays from one small globe swinging near the window of a third floor room. Inquisitive stude that he was, yet he climbed three flights of stairs to demand an explanation of the bewildered Freshman. He found him nervous and excitedly turning the leaves of a "B. Hall Edition" of "The Texan." The color had left his cheeks, his trembling fingers turned the last leaf, and with a quivering voice, as the paper fell from his hands, he faintly exclaimed—"Something's wrong"—"Something"—"For the first time"—"No ad. in this Texan from Moore & Morrison."

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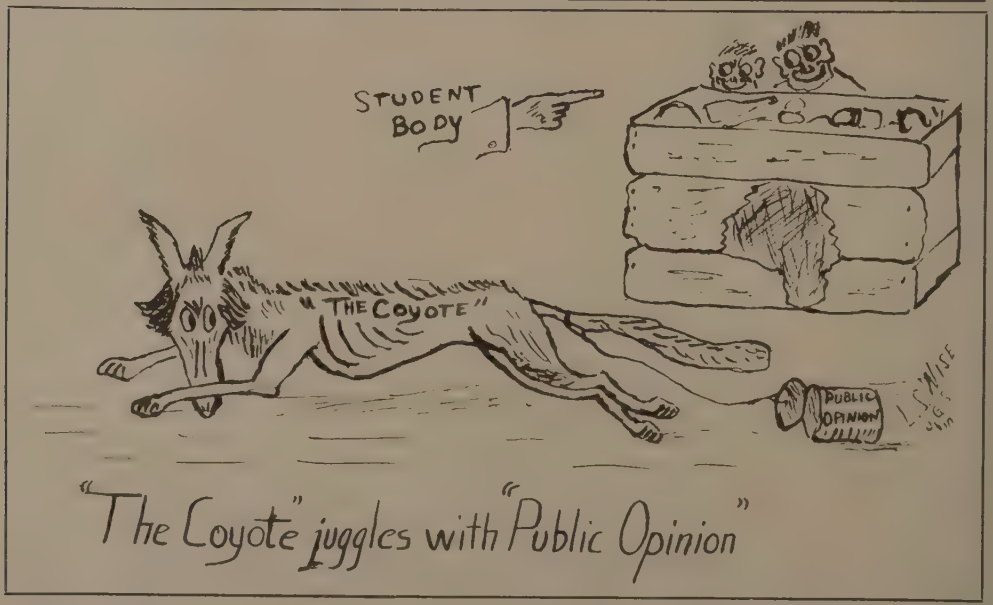


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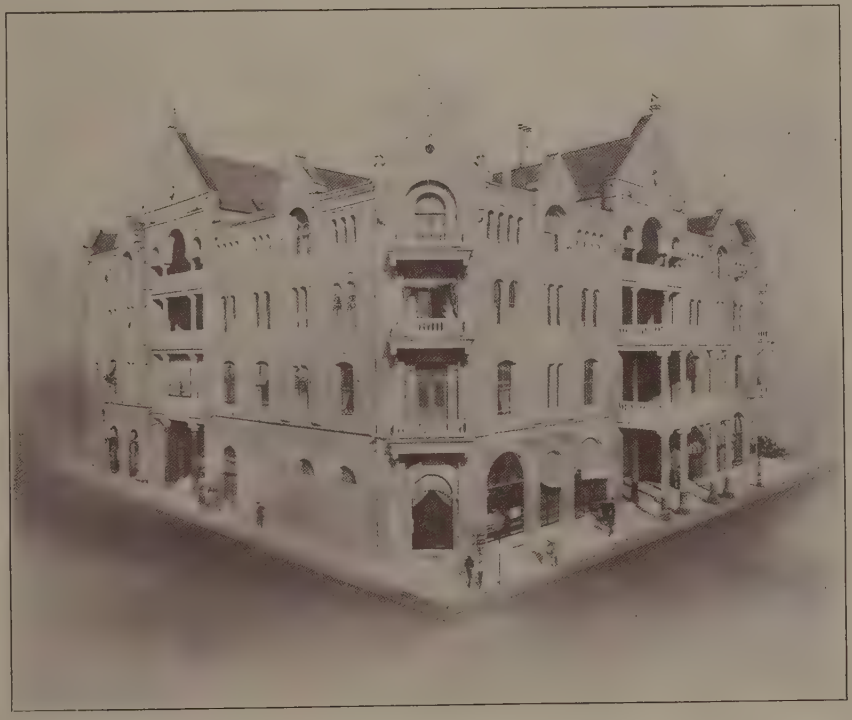

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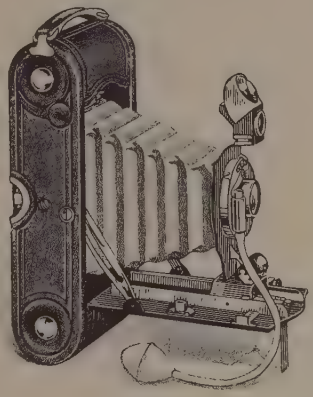

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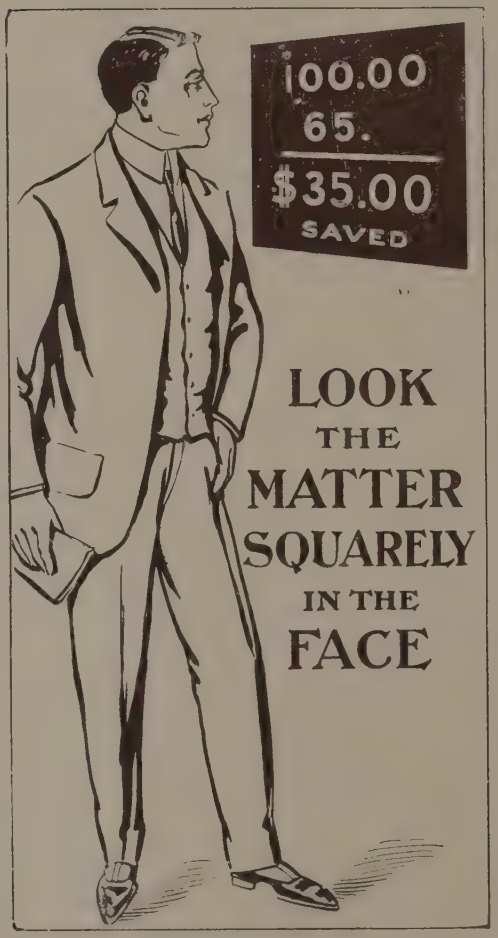


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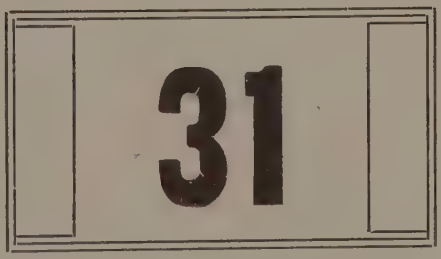


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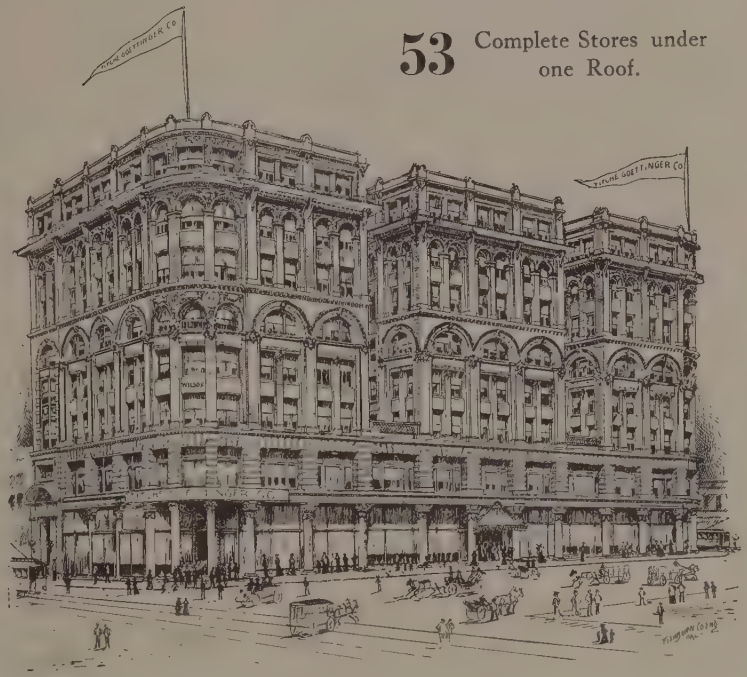

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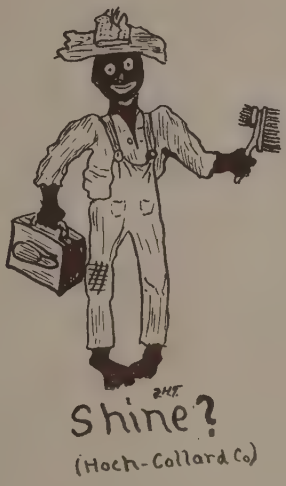


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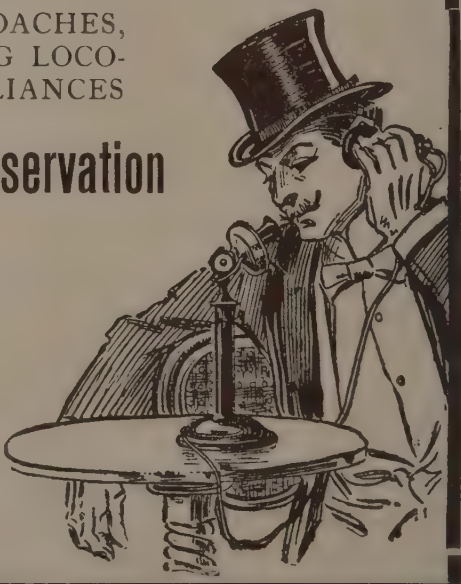

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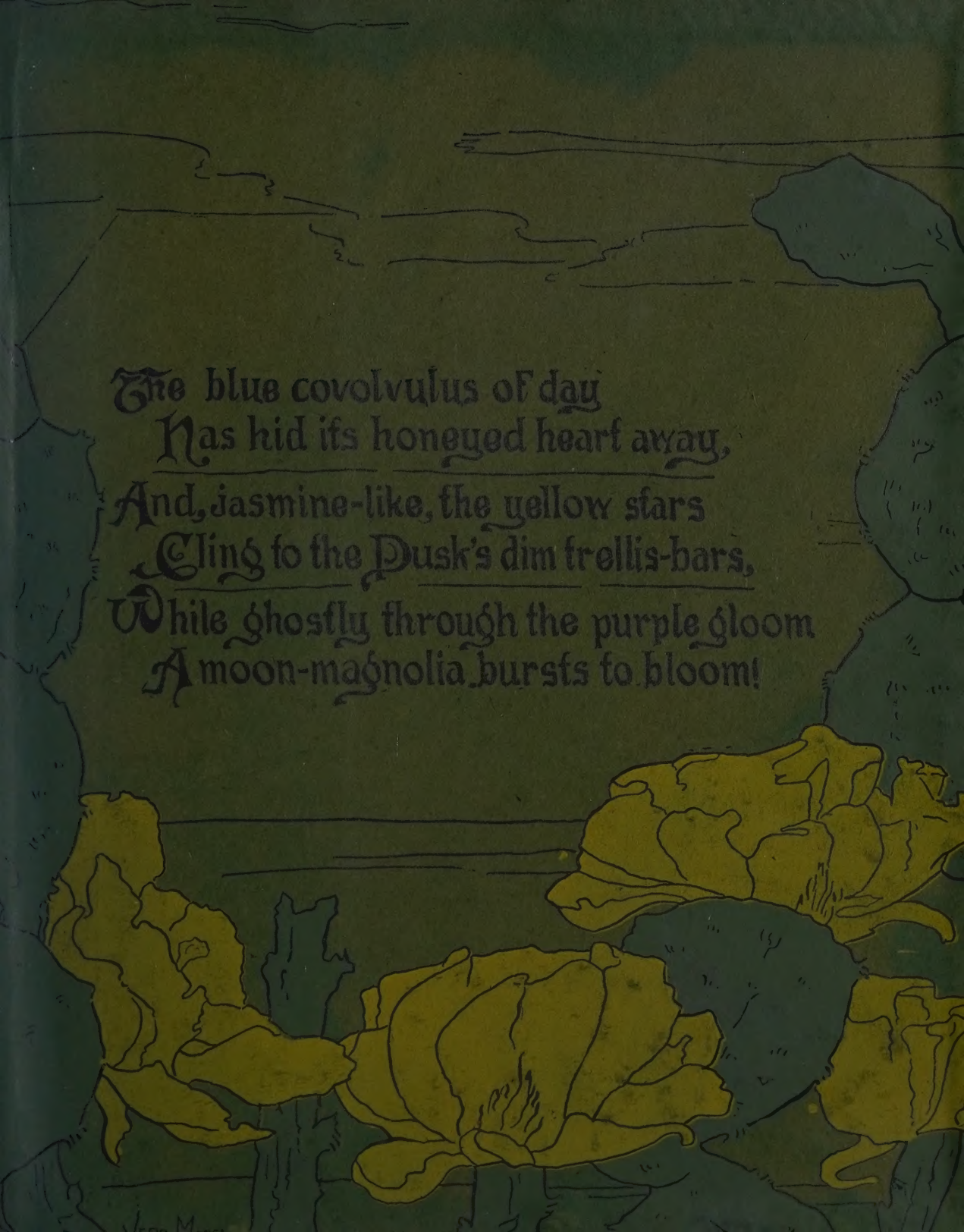
The blue covolvulus of day
Has hid its honeyed heart away,
And, jasmine-like, the yellow stars
Cling to the Dusk's dim trellis-bars,
While ghostly through the purple gloom
A moon-magnolia bursts to bloom!

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